HISTORY OF THE

BRITISH EMPIRE IN INDIA.

IN TWO VOLS.—VOL. I.

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H. B. E. Frere
1866.

THE

HISTORY

OF THE

BRITISH EMPIRE IN INDIA

FROM

THE APPOINTMENT OF LORD HARDINGE TO THE POLITICAL EXTINCTION OF THE EAST-INDIA COMPANY.

1844 TO 1862.

FORMING A SEQUEL TO

THORNTON'S HISTORY OF INDIA.

BY LIONEL JAMES TROTTER,

Late of the 2nd Bengal Fusiliers.

IN TWO VOLS.—VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

IN the following pages I have striven to put together a true, concise, I would fain hope a readable narrative of events in British India during the last years of the old Company's rule. The first volume brings the history down from the appointment of Lord Hardinge to the retirement of the Marquis of Dalhousie. The second, now not far from completion, will carry the reader onwards through the eventful reign of Lord Canning to the final enthronement of a parliamentary Council, in the place of that great Company in whose name, under the shadow of whose authority, our Indian Empire had grown and grown with gourdlike swiftness, from a little island on the west coast to a dominion wellnigh co-extensive with the whole broad peninsula. The period of history thus embraced, remarkable in itself for many great events, sweeping changes,

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for splendid conquests moral and material, for one tremendous uprising of Eastern pride, ignorance, ambition, fanaticism, against Western zeal, learning, haughtiness, strength of will, readiness to trample on all opposing claims of feeling or tradition, has yet to be handled in all its fulness of suggestive details by some future Milman gifted with all the special knowledge of the late Mr. James Mill.

Meanwhile, as that period forms a fitting complement to Mr. Edward Thornton's history of British India, I have ventured, with the leave of Mr. Thornton's publishers, to furnish the general reader with a connected narrative of events, which a very small amount of literary cunning should suffice to render interesting in his eyes. Should the venture prove a failure, the author, not his subject nor the reader's taste, will probably be most to blame. It may even be that in trying to avoid prolixity, he has erred from over-compression; that in seeking within certain limits to render his work complete, he has crowded his page with more incidents than the reader's memory can well digest. It would certainly have cost him far less effort to spread his matter, after the diffuse fashion of the day,

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over four volumes instead of two. A due regard however for the reader's patience seemed to forbid his following the easier method, in defiance of his own artistic theories.

In aiming to write a popular, I have still been true, I trust, to the paramount duty of composing a trustworthy book. As the future of British India depends so largely on our right understanding of her past, especially her recent past, it behoves all who write about her to clear their own minds of ill-grounded prejudices, political, social, or religious, to study events and questions in the largest spirit of enlightened tolerance, comparatively heedless of any popular outcry coming whether from Calcutta or Exeter Hall, from the party of Young Bengal or that of the old Indian Civil Service. Judicial calmness, so needful in any historian, is more than ever needed in the handling of Indian themes. Our government of India should rest on no narrower base than the one great rule of Christian conduct, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you." A history of India written in the interests of any particular class or creed or service, would be simply a mischievous untruth. If in the following pages I have anywhere failed

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in acting up to the spirit of my own rules, the failure must be set down to other causes than a want of will to judge fairly.

For another want, that of references to documents consulted, fault will perhaps be found with the present work. All I can say is, that such references would have taken up precious room, for no countervailing good to the English reader. The sources whence I have gathered my materials are open to all students alike, with this only difference, that some of the facts described or named by others came under the further witness of my own eyes and ears. A list however of the main authorities for my first volume will be found on the next page.

L. J. T.

September 13, 1865.

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HISTORY

OF THE

BRITISH EMPIRE IN INDIA.

CHAPTER I.

CHAP. I.

A.D. 1844—1847.

Retrospect.

The story told in the following pages opens with the forced retirement of Lord Ellenborough, in 1844, from the post which, but two years back, he had taken over from Lord Auckland. Those years, however, had been marked by achievements many and great enough to redeem that short career from future oblivion. The new Governor-General landed in India at a time of deep gloom, of fearful anxiety, of huge disaster, of overwhelming disgrace. The whole Affghan country up in arms against the foreign upholders of Shah Soojah; thousands of Englishmen and Sepoys lying stiff amidst the snows of Affghan passes in expiation of their commanders' foolishness, of their rulers' unrighteous blundering; the rest of the British-Indian garrisons shut up for their

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CHAP. I.
A.D. 1844.

lives in Ghuznee, Candahar, Jellalabad, by swarms of foemen thirsting for the blood of infidels and invaders; all India teeming with dark rumours, restless with half-formed hopes, heaving with a vague delight at each new tale of disaster to the British arms;—such was the plight of things when Lord Ellenborough first set foot in the Government House of Calcutta.

A few months pass away, the sky is already fast clearing, and, almost in his own despite, Lord Ellenborough becomes a kind of hero. After much pressing and many qualms, he has allowed his able generals, Nott and Pollock, to "retire from Affghanistan by the way of Cabul;" a movement which the hero of Candahar and the victor of Tezeen carry out with a thoroughness that nearly atones for the shame and the slaughters of that last woful January. At Cabul, Istaliff, Ghuznee, the avenging armies have left their effacing marks on the land where rot the corpses of their murdered countrymen. The gates of Somnath, borne off from the ruins of Ghuznee, are reserved to adorn the song of triumph composed by Lord Ellenborough's magniloquent pen, before they are sent on to their future resting-place in the fort of Agra. A great disaster has been greatly retrieved, a dire disgrace triumphantly avenged: Dost Mohammed, after a narrow escape from figuring, like the prisoners of old Rome, in a public show, is once more. free to reign over the people who have twice spurned his worthless

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rival; and India, amused, if not reassured, by the big words of her Governor-General, sinks back into her old acquiescence in the rule that a moment before seemed all but certain to topple over.

As if to furnish fresh laurels for an ambitious viceroy, as well as a further proof of Great Britain's unweakened power, the dispute that followed with the Ameers of Sinde was speedily shifted from the mild yet firm agency of Colonel Outram, to the strong, rash hands of Sir Charles Napier. Injustice and armed force wrought together to shed new lustre on the viceregal name, through the brilliant conquest of an almost desert, ruled by a brave but disunited body of princes. The battles of Meeánee and Hyderabad, won by a truly great captain against serious odds, strengthened the reviving trust of the people of India, if not in British honesty, at least in the might of British arms.

Before the end of that same year, 1843, Sir Hugh Gough, fresh from his Chinese victories, had fought and won the long-doubtful fight of Maharajpore, on the very same day that his left wing, under General Grey, routed another body of Mahrattas at Punniar. Happier than Sinde, the kingdom of Gwalior was still left under the sway of its child-monarch, acting for the time through a regency bound to follow the advice of the British Resident. It was only, indeed, from pure friendliness to the young, the helpless heir of

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CHAP. I. A.D. 1844.

the house of Sindiah, that a British army had been sent across the Chumbal, in defiance of the known resolve of the Mahratta leaders to hold such a movement tantamount to open war.

Thus, in two short years, Lord Ellenborough has inwoven his name with the triumphant ending of three campaigns. For the first, the whole praise is really due to the bold generals, who virtually disobeyed the viceregal order to retire from Affghanistan without leaving their mark on Cabul. The glory or the shame of the second he certainly shares with Sir Charles Napier. In the third he witnesses under fire the victorious onset of Gough's brave troops. If warlike achievements, set off by showy pageantry and frothy proclamations, could win lasting honour for the head of a modern state, if a certain readiness to use and to reward the services of a distinguished army could make up for all failures in the field of statesmanship, the Court of Directors should have been proud of such a viceroy as Lord Ellenborough, even though he hated the civil services, and wrote uncourteous letters to Leadenhall Street. To them, however, by no means thirsting for military renown or conquests at once unjust and barren, his merits seemed largely overshadowed by his faults. In spite of much opposition from the Board of Control, they used for once their undoubted privilege, and relieved their rebellious servant from the post which in their eyes he had ceased to adorn.

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The soreness which Lord Ellenborough's recall had engendered between the Court of Directors and the Ministry was presently healed by the naming of a successor agreeable to both parties. Their choice fell upon Sir Henry Hardinge, an old Peninsular hero, whose timely courage gave his countrymen the victory in the fearfully unequal fight of Albuera. Of his special fitness for the task of governing India little enough was known; but the lowering aspect of affairs on the Sutlej frontier may have seemed to warrant the selection of a tried soldier and a willing servant of the State, to replace the haughty civilian whose quarrel with the powers of Leadenhall Street had just cut short his conquering career. There was need of a "safe" man who would obey orders and not thirst too eagerly after warlike renown. At any rate, on the 23rd of July, 1844, the new Viceroy landed in Calcutta, and passed his first night in the Government-House. On the 1st of August, Lord Ellenborough, whose place from the 15th of June until Sir Henry's arrival had been filled by Mr. Wilberforce Bird, steamed down the Hooghly on his way home, regretted mainly by the army, whose good services he had always been so eager to employ.

Sir Henry Hardinge.

Meanwhile, however, a part of that army had been showing symptoms of the mutinous spirit which, some years after, spread dismay and havoc through all Upper India. Spurred on partly by a natural dislike to foreign service, partly by a

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CHAP. I.
A.D. 1844.

Mutinies in Bengal Army.

natural wish to squeeze new boons out of their indulgent masters, several of the regiments ordered from Bengal into Sinde to relieve the Bombay troops, had either refused to march at all, or else had displayed towards their officers an amount of sulky ill-feeling which might soon break out into open mutiny. Of these, the 7th cavalry, the 4th, 64th, and 69th native infantry, returned betimes to a better spirit; but the 34th native infantry maintained so rebellious a front that, on the 4th of March, Sir Hugh Gough issued an order for the complete disbanding of a regiment no longer worthy to be borne on the rolls of the Bengal army. The sentence was carried out at Meerut with all martial solemnity on the 27th. About a fortnight before this latter event there had been issued from Calcutta a General Order, which virtually acknowledged the justice of the mutineers' claims by allowing extra batta to the troops thenceforth employed in Sinde.

One of the repentant regiments, to wit the 64th native infantry, betrayed fresh signs of mutiny after its arrival at Shikarpore. In the month of June the bulk of the regiment, on some plea of a special promise made by their commanding officer, refused to receive their pay, shouted defiantly against their own officers, two of these being stoned or beaten; and hurled clods at Major-General Hunter, who commanded the troops in Upper Sinde. On the next day, the 21st, being harangued by the Major-General, nearly all of

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them took their pay; but his order to unpile arms was given in vain. Not a man would stir to obey him, and there, on their own parade-ground, in sullen disregard of the prayers and taunts of their own officers, whether native or English, the mutineers stood fast a whole day and night, with their arms piled, the regimental colours in their safe keeping, without food or drink, in avowed readiness to meet any attack that might be made upon them. At length, however, they returned to their lines, in seeming obedience to the Major-General's order. But the mutiny was not quite over yet. On the 23rd, as soon as the regiment he had sent for had marched into Shikarpore, the brave old general set off for Sukkar at the head of the rebellious 64th. On the morning of the 27th, the third day after their arrival at the latter place, the regiment was once more formed up for parade, with her Majesty's 13th foot lying in ambush on one side, while in another hollow stood a company of artillerymen with burning portfires beside guns ready loaded, awaiting but a word to sweep away whole ranks of the mutineers. That word, however, was not needed. After a short sharp harangue from General Hunter, who offered pardon to the rest of the men if they would straightway yield up their leaders, thirty-nine of these were at once disarmed and marched off to prison under a guard of their own regiment. Of the men thus yielded up, thirty-eight were afterwards found guilty and condemned to death; but the merciful

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CHAP. I.
A.D. 1844.

pleading of the court-martial drew forth a compassionate answer from the Commander-in-Chief, who in all but six cases commuted the heavier doom to imprisonment for life or for a set term of years.

Sinde.

By this time order began to reign in the provinces which Sir C. Napier had helped to tear from the unhappy Ameers. What of disorder might still be found among the robber-races of Belúchistán, was getting speedily repressed by a hand as strong to govern as it had been swift to conquer. During the dreadful sickness which in 1843 had turned the strongest regiments, English or native, into mere skeletons of their former selves, he had much ado to maintain a show of strong government amidst a newly-conquered people. But his administrative talents, not then for the first time made visible, had worked hand-in-hand with his soldierly resources to bear him safe through a very trying ordeal. A marked proof of his personal ascendency was shown this year at a great gathering of native chiefs with their followers, whom he had summoned to meet him on the Queen's birthday, the 24th of May, not far from Hyderabad. With the leaders of this array, which numbered fifteen or sixteen thousand strong, their new governor held peaceful conference, receiving anew their formal homage, listening patiently to all complaints, and offering them every assurance of his own goodwill so long as they too forbore from troubling their new

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masters. With rare exceptions, the vows thus taken were loyally kept. CHAP. I. A.D. 1844.

But if our new-won provinces were tolerably quiet, the land once ruled by Runjeet Singh had of late been sadly the reverse. From Pesháwar beyond the Indus to the banks of the Sutlej, from Mooltan up to Cashmere, the "Lion of the Punjab" had reigned, by virtue of a strong hand and a cunning brain, over a realm more than twice as large as that of which he had become sole master in the first years of the 19th century. But his death gave the signal for disunion alike among the chiefs whose power he had broken, and the kinsmen who severally claimed to fill his place. Kurruk Singh, his first successor, was a mere imbecile; and his son, the youthful Nao Nehal Singh, who ruled for a time in his father's name, fell an early victim, on the very day of his father's death, to an accident said to have been contrived by some of the rajahs whose ruin he was plotting.* His mother seized upon the reins of government, to hold them for little more than two months. By the middle of January, 1841, Kurruk's brother, Sher Singh, was strong enough to march his soldiers into Lahore; but it needed a far stronger hand than his to curb the unruly spirits by whose help he had risen into power. Their growing lawlessness vented itself in deeds of outrage which dismayed their nominal master,

The Punjab.

* Part of a gateway under which he was passing, fell upon and crushed him, so that he died the same night.

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and sowed no small anxiety in the hearts of his English allies, then floundering deeper and deeper in the mud of their Affghan policy. After a while they grew weary of their own rioting, and settled down into that state of organized self-government which, sooner or later, leads to the downfall of civil freedom and established law. Like Cromwell's soldiery, they would obey their proper officers, if only they might lay down the law in things political for the chosen minister of the State. Proud of their warlike efficiency, they also claimed to represent the whole body of the *Khálsa,* the holy race of believers in the purified Brahminism first taught by Nának, and developed to worldlier issues by the Sikh Mahomet, Gúru Govind.

For many months from the middle of 1841, the Sikh soldiery were engaged partly in carrying on a disastrous war against the Chinese within the Himalayas, partly in lending a doubtful aid to their distrustful allies, the English, who, after an interval of unworthy panic, made up their minds to do something in requital for the tragic issues wrought by Affghan treachery amidst the snows of the Khoord-Kábul. Distrust and scorn on our side embittered the feelings with which the Sikh army regarded a power that seemed bent on thwarting its every effort to enlarge the dominions of Runjeet Singh. Nor, with all his own readiness to use the British alliance as a weapon against his turbulent soldiers and ever-quarrelling chieftains, could Sher Singh free himself from the fear of

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shortly seeing his own kingdom swallowed up by the mighty neighbour whose arm was already lengthening over the plains of Sinde. After the return of the "Avenging Army" to British India, he sought to balance the power of the Jummoo rajahs by recalling to his court their old rivals, the Sindanwála Sirdars. But the well-meant step cost him dear. His new friends plotted with Dhian Singh, his able but unscrupulous vizier, against their common master; and on the 15th of September, 1843, he and his youthful son Pertab Singh were shot dead during a review of some new Sikh levies. To the arch-traitor Dhian Singh, however, short time was given for enjoying the expected fruits of his crime. He too was shot dead by his fellow-plotters on the very day of his seeming triumph. But he left a son who speedily avenged his doom on the chiefs who murdered him. Won by the youth's prayers and promises, a large force stormed the citadel of Lahore; Lehna Singh was slain on the spot, and Ajeet Singh perished in a last attempt to escape over the lofty walls. The child Dhuleep Singh, a son of Runjeet's by his favourite wife, was at once set upon the throne, with Heera Singh, the brave young avenger, for his vizier.

A child-sovereign and a minister who owed everything to his soldiery were little likely to make much way against the greed of a powerful army, or the plottings of rebellious nobles. Additions made to the pay of the former only made it

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feel the more conscious of its growing ascendency. Distrust, soon ripening into active hatred, spread like a pestilence everywhere about the court. The soldiery could not forget their old dislike of the Jummoo chiefs, headed by the strong and crafty Golab Singh. To this latter the young vizier appealed for help against his treacherous uncle, Suchet Singh. On the other hand, Jowáhir Singh, uncle to the little Maharajah, was working upon the troops to join him in rescuing his nephew from the hands of the hateful Jummoo chief. Hardly could the minister escape from one peril, when another began to threaten him. Jowáhir Singh was imprisoned, and the army pacified; but straightway two sons, real or adopted, of Runjeet Singh rose in arms at Seealkote. No sooner had these been brought to reason in the early part of 1844, than Suchet Singh tried to raise the Lahore regiments against his nephew. He too was speedily put down, his nephew having bribed or harangued the troops into a state of passing loyalty; but again in May, 1844, was a fresh revolt proclaimed by two of the Sindanwála Sirdars. Once more Heera Singh appealed not in vain to the loyalty of the assembled "Khálsa," and the death of the rebel leaders soon ended the revolt. For a few months longer the vizier maintained his uneasy post. But the intrigues of his secret counsellor, the Pundit Julla, brought him into collision with the wily Golab Singh, and upset the tottering loyalty of his excitable troops. Before the end of

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December both minister and pundit were flying for their lives in vain from the pursuit of foes inflamed to the due pitch of cruelty by the artful eloquence of the Maharajah's mother. CHAP. I. A.D. 1844.

Meanwhile, the British-Indian government was looking towards the Punjab with the natural anxiety of a strong neighbour annoyed at riots which threatened the peace of his own borders. The ill-will of the Khálsa soldiery towards the new masters of Northern India had not been lessened by the conduct of British agents during the Affghan wars, still less by the recent conquests south of the Sikh frontier. During the cold season of 1843, a British army of observation mustered along the Sutlej. The tragedies enacting across the British frontier were multiplied and embellished by the pens of inventive or over-credulous gossip-mongers, until it seemed as if British interference must soon become a need of the present, rather than a dream of the distant future. Still the year 1844 passed off with no new campaign upon our hands. Its leading events, as regarded British India, were mainly peaceful, and of partial interest. A new heir of the house of Holkar was installed amidst general rejoicing at Indore. Slight encounters took place in Sinde, and the health of the British troops in that province was at one time sadly broken by epidemic diseases. By an order of the Bombay government, the civil servants of that presidency were enjoined thenceforth to be strict in carrying on British India.

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their business in the language of the districts to which they might severally belong. Another order, issued by the late Governor-General, obliged all subaltern officers and assistant-surgeons of the Indian army to prove their fitness for certain posts by passing an examination in the ordinary speech of a Sepoy. If there was mutiny in the Bengal army, that of Madras was not wholly free from a like feeling, as shown by the men of the 47th Madras native infantry, who demurred to serving out of their presidency without an increase of pay, and by the mutineers of the 6th cavalry, two of whom were afterwards shot. On the other hand, the Bundlecund legion, having proved its devotion to its officers, perhaps its loyalty to the State, by volunteering to serve in Sinde, was rewarded by a general order attaching it thenceforth to the Bengal army, with all the pay and privileges belonging to its new rank.

Bombay.

An outbreak in the Southern Mahratta country, which began in October, and lasted through some months of the following year, opened out a new field for the varied energies of Colonel Outram, then political agent for that country, and taxed alike the courage and the endurance of the troops, English and native, employed in putting it down. Many valuable lives of men and officers were expended in taking the strongholds of chiefs who had dared not only to defy their lawful rajah,*

* The Rajah of Kolapore, then a minor, whose minister had offended his nobles by his reforming policy.

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but even to await the attack of British troops. Another rising, provoked perhaps by a more real grievance, was happily quelled at the outset by a timely concession to a reasonable demand. On the 30th of August, after a vain appeal to the civil authorities, the people of Surat rose tumultuously to resist the levying of an increased salt-tax. The troops being brought out against them, the rioters dispersed for that day, after having attacked the jail, and done some other deeds of violence. Fresh troops were ordered to the spot from other stations; but meanwhile peace had been restored by the promptness of Sir Robert Arbuthnot, collector of Surat, in delaying the enforcement of the dreaded impost until the receipt of fresh orders from his government. His good example was followed up by Sir George Arthur, governor of Bombay, who decreed the remission of certain town-dues, pending a reference to the supreme government. The answer given by the Governor-General in council was not unfavourable to the cause of peace. The increased tax on salt was to be lowered by one-half, and all town-duties done away from the 1st of October; and so the smouldering disaffection died out at once, without need of further appeals to the logic of guns and bayonets.

Some weeks before that date a marked success had rewarded the measures taken for punishing the cruel pirates who sallied out for deeds of blood and outrage from the shores of the Indian Archi-

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Borneo.

pelago. Chief among these wretches were certain Dyak tribes of Borneo, whose strongholds lay up the Linga and Sakarran rivers. Captain the Hon. H. Keppel, of her Majesty's steamer *Dido*, determined to hunt the hornets out of their nests. Accordingly, on the 5th of August, the *Dido's* boats were taken up the Linga in tow of the Honourable Company's steamer *Phlegethon*, commanded by Captain Scott of the Indian navy, on board whose vessel the commander of the *Dido* also fixed his post for the occasion. After a successful assault on Putusan, the attacking party swept up the stream, entered and burned two other towns which the enemy had deserted, and stormed the Dyak stronghold at Urdup after a stiff encounter with the large fleet of praas that barred their way. Still following up the foe, they came upon them once more on the 19th of August, strongly posted up the Sakarran. A rash attack by the boats of our native allies was bloodily requited; but the timely approach of British sailors soon settled the fate of the Dyaks, who, in their crowded war-boats and along the well-lined bank, offered an easy mark to the assailants' guns. Their boats all taken, and themselves driven from the bank with heavy slaughter, they made no further stand, and the expedition having no more work in prospect, made the best of its way down stream.

In June of this year Sir Henry Pottinger steamed out of Hongkong harbour, after a fare-

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well meeting with Keying, the Chinese commissioner, with whose help he had given the finishing touches to the treaty opened between Great Britain and China at the end of the war of 1840-2. After a long list of sad reverses, his Celestial Majesty had come to see the wisdom of making terms with his "barbarian" assailants; and in August, 1842, Keying reached Nankin just in time to save that city from sharing the fate of Tinghai and Chinkiang. Before the end of the same month, Keying and Sir H. Pottinger had signed the treaty which threw five Chinese ports open to British trade, surrendered Hongkong for ever into British keeping, and on China's part acknowledged a debt of twenty-one million dollars, to be paid part down, the rest within three years. In July of the following year, the ratified copies of this treaty, as signed by her Majesty and the Chinese emperor, were formally exchanged, and Canton once more thrown open to British trade. Three months later the British envoy, then governor of Hongkong, set his hand to a supplementary treaty, in which the new relations between the two countries were laid down with the needful clearness and particularity. Meanwhile, his efforts to deal justly between his countrymen and the Chinese met with a warmer acknowledgment at the hands of these than of those. The likelihood is that, looking at things before him with the eye of a statesman, he was sure to offend the British merchants, who naturally

China.

Sir H. Pottinger.

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thought most of their own special interests, and the seamen, who chafed at any rules that kept them from treating a Chinaman just as they pleased. At any rate, if Sir Henry left too few admirers behind him at Hongkong, his reception at Bombay, on his way home, and the flattering letters forwarded to him by the English government, must have largely consoled him for any partial failure in a task which few men would probably have done better, if indeed so well.

In spite of Sir Henry's efforts to put down smuggling and stronghanded ways among his countrymen, in spite of the sickness which made sad havoc among the British community and the Sepoys quartered in Canton and elsewhere, the new trade with China had begun to take firm root even before the arrival of the new governor, Mr. Davis. The violent seizure of our consul at Tahiti by a French officer had cast a passing shadow over the trading world of China; but the cloud blew over, and the barometer of trade was steadily rising, when Sir H. Pottinger left his post. Of those who fell a prey to the prevalent sickness, none was more generally mourned than Major Eldred Pottinger, Sir Henry's nephew, whose brilliant defence of Herat, and after-services in Affghánistán, had marked him out as among the most promising officers in the Company's army. The cruel Hongkong fever struck him down, as he was making ready to start for England with despatches from his uncle to the Foreign Office.

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Meanwhile the new Governor-General was pursuing the noiseless tenour of his way, mastering the details of Indian government, and turning his mind to all questions touching the internal welfare of his new dominions. One of his first essays in this direction was a public minute, in which he announced his wish to encourage education among the natives, by selecting from among the candidates for public offices those only who had passed, with more or less distinction, through some one of the public schools or colleges. Even in the case of candidates for the lowest offices, he ordered that a native who could read and write should always be preferred to one who could not. In a like spirit did some of the leading gentlemen in Calcutta, English and native, subscribe large sums towards getting up a new Lyceum on a comprehensive scale, for the advancement, moral and intellectual, of the native youth. One of the foremost patrons of this good work was the Baboo Dwarkanáth Tagore, who promised a yearly gift of a thousand rupees for three years towards the development of a school of native art.

Legislation.

In the lull of foreign politics, the Indian government could also turn its attention to those public works which in a country like India must in great measure be undertaken at the public cost. Its representative in the North-west Provinces, the new lieutenant-governor Mr. Thomason, ably seconded the aims of his new chief at Calcutta. He established a carriage-post between Benares

Public Works in North-west.

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and Cawnpore, direct communication between Bháwalpore and Delhi, and gave all the help he could to the growth of tea-plantations in Deyrah Dhoon and Kemaon. But that which he had most at heart was the carrying out of the great Ganges canal, a work first planned in the days of Lord Auckland, but never till this year fairly begun. This noble work, of which Colonel, now Sir Proby Cautley, was the chief engineer, was meant at once to irrigate and to bind together in the bonds of a common trade the broad plains lying between Hurdwar and Allahabad. Removed by death some years before the canal was opened, Mr. Thomason lived long enough to see his pet undertaking carried far on its way to the issue since beheld by its chief engineer.

Private Enterprise.

Nor was private enterprise wholly wanting to the evergrowing needs of a country fallen many years behind its natural resources. In Bombay, a company was already forming to build a railway from Bombay across Salsette to the Thull and Bhore Ghat roads, the great outlets for the up-country traffic in cotton and other goods. In Calcutta the talk about railroads had not yet led to so practical an issue; but a company was formed this year for supplying the Ganges with a new line of steamers in addition to those already started by the Indian government. The Assam Tea Company was steadily making its way in spite of partial failures, and the number of teaplanters on the lower slopes of the Himalayas was only

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limited by the orders of the last Governor-General, obliging all persons in the public service to give up speculating in tea.

Dr. Wolff in Bokhara.

In this year also it was that the bold Jew missionary, Dr. Wolff, heard from the khan of Bokhara's chief officer the sad story of the death of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly, who had reached Bokhara three years before on a political mission from the then Governor-General. According to the khan's own mouthpiece, the two "Feringhees" had come into his town as private travellers, bearing about them no evidence of their official standing. Conolly indeed claimed to be an envoy from Shah Soojah, but could show no papers in support of his claim. On the other hand, the khan had reason to believe that both of them were secretly plotting against him. Persuaded to turn Mahomedan, Colonel Stoddart was afterwards put to death for recanting his new creed, an offence deemed capital by Mahomedan Moulvies. Conolly was offered his life on condition of embracing the creed of Mahomet; but "on his refusing to renounce his faith"—added the khan, by the mouth of his agent—"I ordered him also to be put to death." Dr. Wolff himself narrowly escaped a like end to his perilous journey; but his own boldness, the letters he brought from the Sultan of Turkey and the Shah of Persia, and perhaps the awe he inspired in the khan's rude mind by appearing before him in the full canonicals of an English priest, combined to insure his

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final deliverance from the nest of thieves and murderers, whose cruel treatment of our brave countrymen has never since been outwardly avenged.

Other events of the year.

The other events of this year may be told in a few words. In September, Mr. Wilberforce Bird, deputy-governor of Bengal, and senior member of the Supreme Council, took his last leave of India. A stanch opponent of the Affghan war, he had been first to point out its ruinous effects on the Indian finances. While Lord Ellenborough was vapouring away among his brave sepoys at Ferozepore, Mr. Bird, as acting in his place, carried out that plan for abolishing slavery throughout India, which, first broached by Lord Auckland, was ere long assigned to the sole credit of his successor. During this year Mr. Price, the government commissioner, had been busy making experiments with American cotton, and reported himself hopeful of raising good crops from American seed in the Dacca district. It is worthy of note too, that the overland steamers which brought out to Calcutta the news of Lord Ellenborough's recall made the passage in thirty-eight days, the quickest then known. Before the end of this year, the Danish settlement of Tranquebar had been made over for a certain sum to the Indian government. And lastly we must notice the great advance in the foreign trade of Calcutta during the commercial year 1843-44. Both imports and exports reached a higher value than had ever been known

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before, "since a British merchantman first entered the Hooghly;" and the exports in particular surpassed those of the foregoing twelvemonth by two million five hundred thousand pounds. To this trade Great Britain contributed fifty-five per cent. alike in imports and exports, her imports alone being worth three millions and a half, while nearly twenty-five per cent. was the amount of goods bought and sold by China and Singapore.

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Sir W. Nott's death.

On New-year's day, 1845, died at Carmarthen General Sir William Nott, the hero of Candahar, and perhaps the ablest officer of all who won distinction during the Affghan war. Compelled by failing health the year before to leave his post of envoy at the court of Lucknow, he had only been a few months in the land of his birth, had received but a small instalment of the yearly pension awarded him by a special vote of the Court of Directors, when death cut short his dreams of a peaceful future at the age of sixty-four. About a month after Sir William's death, another old servant of the East-India Company received the honours of a peerage for special services rendered, not to the Company, but to the Crown. Twice called from the retirement he had so richly earned by his Indian career, Sir Charles Metcalfe had gone out to govern first Jamaica, and afterwards Canada, at a critical moment in the history of either colony. At the latter post he was still working on as he best could under the deadly advances of a painful disease, when the

Lord Metcalfe.

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CHAP. I. A.D. 1845. tidings of his new preferment came to gladden the hearts of all classes in the land which he had ruled with matchless prudence and first-rate ability. But the people whose strifes he had so soon healed, whose hearts he had so entirely won, were not to behold their friend much longer amongst them. Before the end of this year his illness brought him home, and, after a few months more of patient suffering, he too was taken away from amidst his sorrowing countrymen, to live in the kindly memories of all who had ever felt the charm of a nature as sweet as noble, of an intellect at once clear, massive, and graceful, of a manner whose winning courtesy flowed from the depths of a large unselfish heart.

Campaign in Trukkie Hills. In the beginning of 1845, Sir Charles Napier, having published a wordy manifesto of his reasons for crossing the Sinde frontier, led an army of nearly five thousand men into the dominions of "our friend the khan of Khelat," who had given him the leave he would else have taken by force, to go and punish three robber tribes guilty of making repeated raids into Sinde. Setting their own khan at defiance, and spurred on by one of the fugitive Ameers, these "Pindáries of the Indus" deemed themselves secure from attack amidst the rugged steeps and wild passes of their native Boogtie hills, frowning down upon the plains of Cutchee. But thither was their bold pursuer bent on following them; and he soon made good his words. His own spirit found itself

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reflected in his troops. Hard marching, baggage always light and often invisible, rations sometimes short and generally uncertain, warranted the praises lavished by their commander on the endurance shown by his men in a campaign of two months, through a dreary wilderness, against an ever-flying foe. The 2nd Bengal Europeans marched at a pace which drew forth the admiring comments of all who saw them; while the 6th and 9th irregular cavalry and the Sinde horse succeeded in surprising several of the robber bands in their own encampments, taking many prisoners, besides killing and wounding many more. Most times, however, the prisoners taken were of the four-footed kind, and the amount of camels, oxen, sheep, and goats which fell into the victors' hands, must have helped to bring the struggle to an early close. Day after day, the robbers found themselves more and more tightly hemmed in. It was in vain that their leader, Bejah Khan, tried to escape from the snare of so keen a fowler as Sir Charles Napier. His last stronghold was at length surrounded; but just as the troops were making ready to storm it, he had the wisdom to surrender on the only terms then open to him, his conqueror's mercy. By this time the whole of the Belooch leaders, save Islam Khan alone, with a large number of followers, their families and goods, had fallen into Napier's hands; and the lesson thus taught these robbers they were not likely soon to forget. In this short but trying

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campaign the 64th native infantry, whose colonel had lately been cashiered for the part he played during the mutinous outbursts of the past year, seems to have fairly retrieved its forfeit character, and shown, under the able leading of Major Brown, how much the soldier's goodness may depend on those who command him.

Napier in Sinde.

After Napier's return to Kurrachee, Sinde was troubled with no more alarms until the end of June, when its active governor sent off a body of troops from Hydrabad towards the Punjáb frontier, across which a party of Punjábies had made a slight inroad. "No part of his frontier," he said, "should be left in danger;" and the prompt sending of troops to the north of Sukkur would anyhow prove a sure check to further outrages on that side. Meanwhile, like a true chip of a rather cross-grained block, Sir Charles gratified at once his taste for fighting and his talent for governing, by penning a series of general orders, racy and stinging, if not always just, on all matters coming within his ken, and by launching many a word-bolt, whether with tongue or pen, against all who aroused his anger. If his remarks on the conduct of some erring officer, or on the shortcomings of some refractory court-martial, smacked oftener of the slashing critic than of the impartial judge; if his wild invectives against the Indian press, which failed to see all perfection in the conqueror of Meánee, redounded rather to his own disgrace than to that of his opponents, such things, at any

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rate, served to keep his name before the world, to enliven the dulness of every station throughout the three presidencies, to make men careful how they awoke the wrath of a ruler whose powers of scolding were backed by his perfect mastery of the English language. If his official vagaries offended many, and grieved his best friends, his military talents endeared him to all who ever found themselves acting under his command; while his civil government added one more proof to many former ones, that a good general may also make a very competent statesman. With all the heavy work which passed daily through his hands, it is greatly to his credit that so much of it was done on the whole so ably, in so short a time. The people of Sinde were already lightened of no small part of their old fiscal burthens; the power of life and death had passed away from the hands of the great Sindian landlords into those of certain commissioners, checked by the final vote of the governor himself; slavery, torture, the right of murdering kinswomen, were all by this time done away; a kind of rough-and-ready justice was brought home to every door; and the very robbers who had just led him so wild a dance were already enlisting by scores into his new police. The revenue was more than enough for civil purposes; and in short, but for a few acts of doubtful justice, and the check given to inland trade by a system of transit-duties which no good economist could defend, there was not much to blame in Sir

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Charles's management of a province in which everything had to be ordered anew by a single governor, armed with well-nigh boundless power, and answerable only to a government many thousand miles away.

On his quarrels with the press of India we need not dwell long. It was painful to see a man of his mark and worth stooping to fling dirt himself, in revenge for the dirt which others had either not flung at all, or flung most sparingly in comparison with his own excesses. His attacks on the editor of the *Bombay Times*, a journalist whose writings would have done honour to any of the first-class London newspapers, were as gross in substance as they were unprovoked in fact; and his sweeping charges against "the lying press" in the East found ready belief only with those who either knew nothing of the best Indian papers, or accounted as a vice in India that very freedom of comment for which they were ready enough to stand up at home. But one instance of Napierian rashness calls for a passing mention. In a letter to his brother Sir W. Napier, the governor of Sinde had ascribed the heavy sickness that wasted the 78th Highlanders to hard drinking. It was not the dreadful Sinde fever that killed a hundred and twenty-five of them in a very few weeks. "The cause," he wrote, "is their drinking," which so inflamed the liver and brain that the fever could not be shaken off. "The great disease with officers and men," he declared to be

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"drink." In answer to a letter from the officer commanding the regiment, by that time withdrawn to Poonah, the governor virtually ate his own words. He had "never heard that the sickness of the Highlanders was caused by drunkenness." If any such report had ever reached him, he would have been the first to contradict it, and Major Twopenny should have made more inquiry into the supposed charge before writing his "improper and uncalled-for letter." By thus disowning the original slander, he seemed at once to acknowledge the injustice of a statement resting wholly on his own ideas of the hurtfulness of all strong drink in a scorching climate, and to lay himself open to more telling attacks than any which the world at large had as yet been ripe to countenance.

End of South Mahratta War.

Soon after the downfall of Bejah Khan, the little war in the South Mahratta country was also brought to a desirable end. The storming of Samánghur, in October 1844, by the troops under Lieutenant-Colonel Wallace, followed by a like success against the fort of Punalla, on the 1st of December, under the orders of Major-General De La Motte, broke the neck of the insurrection; but the fighting was not all over, nor the country freed from the yoke of martial law until the spring of 1845. Meanwhile, the flame of revolt had spread into the neighbouring district of Sáwant Wárri; but this was soon allayed by the capture of one ringleader, and the flight of another into

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Goa. The shelter there given to the latter and some of his followers by the Portuguese authorities led to much bickering between these and the Bombay government, and the settlement of the question was finally transferred to Europe with the consent of both parties, the result, of course, being more in harmony with international usage than with the claims advanced by British-Indian pride.

Colonel Wallace.

Among the foremost warriors in these campaigns was Lieutenant-Colonel John Wallace, of the 20th regiment Madras infantry, whose soldierly dash and skill in command of a brigade in the Kolapore field-force were never more strikingly displayed, than in his masterly descent of the Elephant Rock in the beginning of this year. To the surprise of his own engineer officers he contrived on the 8th of January, with the help of ladders and ropes, to let a body of troops down the smooth face of a steep cliff, one of many which seemed to wall out, while it overlooked, the Konkan valley stretching far below. By this bold stroke, Colonel Wallace was enabled at any moment to advance on the enemy's stronghold at Sewapore, without facing the lines of stockades that barred the approach of the main body under General De La Motte. After some days' waiting for orders, he got some more men and two mortars down the rock, and on the 17th of January Sewapore fell into his hands. But the blow dealt at the rebels brought mishap to himself. He had taken the place three days too soon, in spite of his general's orders to await the

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advance of the main body. And some days later he was guilty of standing still, when his general ordered him to advance on a point which he himself had found to be unfeasible. For these acts of disobedience he was brought to trial by his angry chief, and found guilty of irregular conduct, opposed to good order and military discipline, but not injurious to the public service. On the strength of the latter part of the court's finding, he paid for the unsoldierly use of a wise discretion with no worse sentence than six months' suspension from rank, pay, and allowances; an award which certainly showed how little the court-martial shared in the views of him at whose instance they had been brought together to sit for three weeks on an officer, whose signal merits should have been allowed to atone for his seeming disregard of a positive order.

Local affairs.

In most parts of British India quiet reigned, the quiet of stagnation, of well-doing content, of inward expectation. While Nepaul, Affghánistán, the Punjáb, were seething over with chronic unrest, while Oudh and the Nizam's dominions were suffering from the usual curses of a decaying tyranny, the bulk of our Indian subjects were following their wonted pursuits with their wonted unconcern for things or persons outside their daily experiences. So long as the great Company let them live in peace, and enjoy a fair share of bodily and domestic comfort, they had no very lively hankering after a change of rulers which might only end

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in the change from a lighter to a heavier yoke. Only in Bombay was the voice of loud remonstrance raised by the shopkeepers against the new shop-tax ordered by the Bombay government. But the only answer made to all their outcries was a promise that the tax should be levied with perfect fairness, and with a due regard to all claims for special relief. In other respects the western presidency maintained its olden dulness, ruffled from time to time by a startling murder, a dreadful fire destroying a hundred and ninety houses, much property, and many lives, or an attack of cholera which swept away many hundreds of natives in the suburbs of the town of Bombay. The one topic of standing interest to the British community was the projected railway, the Great Peninsular, whose chief engineer, Mr. Chapman, left Bombay in October of this year, to mark out the best line of country, and to examine the difficulties of a passage over the Ghauts into the table-land beyond. An event of yet more local import was the completion of a new hospital built in Bombay, at the sole cost of Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, the rich Parsee gentleman, whose princely charities and fine patriotism, having already won him an English knighthood, were afterwards to win him a European name. Another great boon conferred by the Parsee knight and his lady on their fellow-subjects was the new causeway bridging over the creek between Mahim and Bandora, a work begun by these two at their own charge, and now finished,

Bombay.

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after a heavy outlay on their part, with very little help from the Bombay government.

Nor were the natives of that presidency backward in other fields of social usefulness. The first steam company on that side had been started by native enterprise three years before, and now a rival line of steamers was about to ply between Bombay and Guzerat. At Surat another company was formed by the natives for making paper with European machinery. A like mode of improving the cotton manufactures of Guzerat was about to be tried, at the instance of a native gentleman who did not see why the raw cotton of India should be made up by artisans in Lancashire.

In the town of Bombay, about Poonah, Hurryhur, Colaba, Belgaum, at Sukkur and several other stations in Sinde, the cholera, or some other form of deadly disease made more than its wonted ravages during this year. Among those who died of cholera was Lieutenant-Colonel H. D. Robertson of the Bombay army, no small part of whose long service had been passed in the civil government of the Mahratta provinces annexed to Bombay in 1818. During a stay of sixteen years among the people of the Deccan, he had won so strong a hold on their hearts, that when, in 1843, he came once more to Poonah on his way home, natives of all ranks and creeds thronged hour after hour for several days to get one more look or word from their ancient friend and "father." These are the men to whose strong personal sway

Colonel Robertson.

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we are mainly indebted for the great but steady growth of our Indian empire.

Madras.

Of matters in the Madras presidency there is not much to tell. Cholera, the standing scourge of India, raged for a time with especial fury in Arcot, Coimbatore, and among the villages of Mysore. In Mysore the dead bodies were lying about unburied, the survivors having run away in wild fright. At Trichinopoly, in March of this year, fever and cholera thinned the ranks of the 2nd European regiment, but lately arrived from Bangalore. The cause of public education was advanced by the measures taken to found some scholarships at the university in honour of Lord Elphinstone, the late governor of Madras. Even in this the most backward of the three presidencies, a plan was now set on foot for a railway from Madras to Wallajanuggur. There was also talk—as yet to go no further—of a pier which might lessen the dangers of the dreadful surf that thunders along the Madras coast. And the Mahomedans of the capital were once more busy praying the home government to grant them a boon steadily withheld by the local authorities, namely, the appointment of a duly qualified Mussalman to sit on the bench of magistrates, for the guidance of his colleagues in all cases touching the Mahomedan law. From Moulmain, in the Tenasserim provinces, there also came loud cries of remonstrance, firstly against the orders of the government touching the rebuilding of their town,

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which had just been well-nigh destroyed by fire; afterwards, against the abuses prevailing, or said to prevail, in their courts of justice. CHAP. I. A.D. 1845.

Calcutta. Of the Bengal presidency there is more to chronicle. Calcutta was bestirring itself not only in planning lines of railway, and forming a steam-tug company, but even in taking the first steps towards getting its unpaved streets lighted with gas. While Mr. Stephenson and his fellow-surveyors were engaged in testing the feasibility of a railway by Burdwan, Messrs. Woods and Lowe were busily counting up the probable cost of founding a large system of gasworks, for lighting the all but total darkness which still covered "the city of palaces" by night. Later in the year another question was taken up by the Calcutta people to more immediate purpose,—the question, namely, of a university empowered to grant degrees in all branches of learning, art, and science.

In August, Calcutta was visited with a flood, caused by a succession of tides higher than that which had burst the Damooda embankment some twenty-two years before. Floods as heavy and more fatal were brought on elsewhere by the unwonted wetness of the rainy season. The number of sufferers from either misfortune was wofully large. Crowds of penniless starving wretches thronged the Midnapore road on their way to Calcutta for the help which many of them were presently to receive. Among them many native women, who

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never before had shown themselves outside their own doors, might be seen offering their last trinkets to the passengers in exchange for food.

Burdwan.

In Burdwan, where the floods had swept everything clean before them, the rajah of Burdwan earned himself a name for the most splendid charity, by feeding some fifty thousand sufferers and their cattle at his own cost for five days.

Legislation.

Meanwhile the Governor-General was quietly doing his best to forward in various ways the social well-being of his great empire. Among his earliest measures for that end was a law doing away with the privilege hitherto allowed to all aliens, of having questions of property settled according to the usages of their several countries. Thenceforth the estates of aliens would come under the provisions of a law differing from that of England mainly in its uniform dealing with all kinds of property, whether real or personal. By other clauses in the same act, Mahomedans and Hindoos, who forsook their former creeds, or otherwise became outcasts from their social fellows, were, as far as it might yet be safe to go, henceforth assured of protection in all rights and properties enjoyed by them as subjects of the British Crown. In the cause of native education, Sir Henry's achievements betokened alike his good sense and self-denying industry. While some were urging him to begin the work from above, to found professorships for teaching the more occult sciences, he preferred to encourage

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the masses in gaining the kind of knowledge best suited to their average needs, and likeliest to benefit the public service. His efforts in this way had, just before the close of the last year, been warmly acknowledged by the native gentry in an address bearing five hundred signatures; and now another body of natives, who owned the civilizing, but feared the unsettling effects of popular education, met together to discuss the establishing of a school in which youths might gather the good fruits of European learning, without losing the religion of their Hindù forefathers. Less fearful, or more enlightened, Dwarkanáth Tagore added to his former services by sailing this year to England along with several native youths, who, at his expense, were to fit themselves, by a course of instruction in the best English schools, for diffusing a sounder knowledge of medicine among their countrymen at home.

Native education.

A worthy leader in a like cause showed himself in Colonel Henry Lawrence, the soldier-statesman whose death during the great Indian mutiny rendered his name a household word in Great Britain. True to the interests of his own service, and alive to the wants of his own countrymen in a foreign land, he proposed to help in starting among the Himalayas an asylum for the children of British soldiers, answering to that which had long been yielding so rich a crop of moral and even physical fruit at Kidder-

The Lawrence Asylum.

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pore, near Calcutta. In the more bracing climate of the hills north of Deyrah, many a child who would else die or wither slowly away among the barracks of some hot cantonment, might gain an amount of bodily and mental power not far short of that enjoyed by the youths of our own land. For the founding of such an asylum Colonel Lawrence led the way with a series of subscriptions, so large as to warrant the bestowing of his name on the institution presently reared in the hills not far from Kussowlie.

Bengal.

In Agra, Loodiana, Meerut, Ferozepore, and several other towns and stations of the Bengal presidency, cholera this year carried off more than its wonted share of victims, native and European. Even at Subathoo in the hills, this fatal scourge played havoc for a time with the soldiers of the 1st Bengal fusiliers. In Calcutta, of course, its ravages were felt as usual, but not so heavily as they have sometimes been. Both there however, and in many other places, the high prices caused by the long drought and the subsequent floods involved the poorer classes in all the misery of present need and possible starvation. At the opposite end of the presidency, Kurnaul, one of the finest stations of the Bengal army, had become so fearfully unhealthy, that a committee was appointed by the Governor-General to inquire into the causes of that unhealthiness, and to consider what likelihood there was of similar evils flowing from the completion of the new Ganges canal.

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From the beginning of this year dates the half-monthly communication by steam between India and England. Twice a month thenceforward the overland mails left Southampton—one for Calcutta, the other for Bombay. A few months later a new arrangement was made with the Indian government, to supply Bombay with two mails a month, by sending a government steamer to meet the Calcutta mail at Aden. At the same time Lieutenant Waghorn, whose services in the cause of overland communication with the East had already borne such good fruit, was now trying to ascertain whether the road to Alexandria by Trieste might not be shorter in time than the road hitherto adopted by Marseilles. Travelling from Egypt homewards on this errand, he did the journey in less than twelve days—a result at that time telling clearly in favour of Trieste.

Overland mail.

Among the debates of this year in the British Parliament, none were watched more anxiously by the friends of India than those which followed Sir Robert Peel's motion for a new scale of duties on the different kinds of foreign sugar. Endeavouring to keep up a fair distinction between the free-grown sugars of our colonies and the slave-grown sugars of America, he sought to lay down a standard of colour, which would tell unfairly on East Indian as compared with West Indian growths. The faults of his new scheme were clearly pointed out by one of his ablest supporters, Mr. Hogg, who had no objection to

Sugar duties.

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differential duties in themselves, but protested against classing the white but low-priced sugar of the East Indies under the same head with the finest white clayed sugar of the West, while the rich sweet yellow sugars of Demerara and Barbadoes, though worth more in the English market, would thus come in under the lower duty. The same line of argument was taken by the Court of Directors, in a formal letter to the president of the Board of Control. Their remonstrances were not in vain. For the test of colour was substituted one of quality alone; and Mr. Hogg avowed himself contented with a change which left the East-India Association little more to desire.

The Sattarah question.

Less successful were the friends of the deposed Rajah of Sattarah in their efforts to win from Parliament a reversal of the sentence passed in 1838 by the Indian government, and formally sanctioned by the home authorities. Mr. Hume's motion for inquiry into the Rajah's case led to a short debate, ending in a vote so sweepingly hostile that any further appeal to the Commons became at once a hopeless idea.

The Ameers of Sinde.

Other and perhaps worthier claimants for British justice were the Sinde Ameers, whose envoys came this year to England, in the vain hope of persuading the Court of Directors, or the English government, to undo the evils wrought upon Sinde's rightful rulers by Lord Ellenborough and the hero of Meánee. Strong as their case might be, the unhappy princes, whose

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fall had made way for the rise of Ali Morad, and the extension of British power over many hundred miles of burning desert, had small chance indeed of regaining their due from a people long since accustomed to do without fixed opinions of its own on the most momentous points of our Eastern policy. If Englishmen privately regretted the wrong done to the Ameers, they were none the less willing to stand upon the seeming advantage thereby won for themselves; to let bygones be bygones, and keep the command of the lower Indus henceforth in the hands of their own countrymen.

The Punjáb.

While the year seemed passing away in perfect peace, suddenly over the north-west frontier burst forth a mighty storm of war. Ever since the death of Heera Singh, the commotions in the Punjáb had kept up an answering turmoil in the hearts of Anglo-Indian statesmen. At first indeed, the Sikh soldiery were content to turn their arms against the wily Ulysses of Jummoo, Golab Singh; while the queen-mother's favourite, Lal Singh, and her brother Jowáher Singh, aimed at filling the chief posts in the new government at Lahore. After some weeks of anxious manœuvring, the Jummoo rajah had to save his capital from storm, by letting himself be taken to Lahore under a powerful escort of Sikh soldiery, who, halting between suspicion of his aims and gratitude for his timely largesses, treated him half as a prisoner, half as the destined head of a strong

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Sikh government. Appearing at Lahore in April, he found it still his best policy to bow before the rising star of Jowáher Singh; and so, after agreeing to pay a heavy peace-offering both in lands and money, he quietly betook himself back to his native hills before the hatred of his enemies should have time to work him further mischief. Meanwhile however, he had seen the young king betrothed to a daughter of the Attári chief, Chuttur Singh, and had borne with all meekness to behold the installation of Jowáher Singh as the new vizier.

Soon after his return to Jummoo, a bloody end overtook the rebellious Pesháwara Singh. We have already seen him and his brother Cashmeerah Singh rising at Seealkote in assertion of their rights as sons of the great Runjeet, and now, in March 1845, the former is again an open rebel, inviting the Sikhs to rally round their lawful sovereign. After various changes of fortune, he contrived, towards the end of July, to seize upon the strong fortress of Attok on the Indus; but a month later this unlucky claimant of his father's throne was driven to surrender himself to the troops of Chuttur Singh, who led him captive to Lahore. His subsequent murder, done in secret by order of the revengeful vizier, speedily redounded to the latter's own undoing. Through a meeting of all the regimental Pancháyets, the indignant soldiery called Jowáher Singh to account for his act of treason to the common-

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wealth. On the 21st of September, seated on an elephant, with the young king by his side, and a heap of gold and jewels close at hand for use in saving him from the threatened evil, he appeared before the assembled Khálsa to make atonement for his misdeeds. His bribes, however, were of no avail. They took the boy away from his side, and presently a party of soldiers, coming forward with loaded muskets, shot the condemned traitor to death.

Death of Jowáher Singh.

For some weeks after this act of solemn retribution no man was found bold enough to fill a post which left its holder at the mercy of an army, powerful indeed against all foes to the nation, either at home or abroad, but all the more dangerous to any one who, with the best intentions, might incur its displeasure. With the help of such able ministers as Deenanáth and Núrooddeen, the government went on with tolerable smoothness, under the nominal headship of the queen-mother. Early in November, however, Lal Singh was made vizier, in view of approaching war with the power whose gathering troops appeared to challenge it from their own side of the Sutlej.

By that time the Governor-General was on his way to the scene of coming strife. Some time before his arrival, the number of British troops stationed between the Sutlej and Meerut had risen to about thirty-two thousand men, with sixty-eight field-pieces, over and above the ten thousand

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soldiers allotted to Meerut itself. Here was a standing menace to the Sikhs, who remembered how, up to 1838, the force disposed along our north-west frontier amounted to between six and seven thousand men, of whom four thousand were quartered in Kurnaul. On the side of the English it might be said that a larger army was always threatening their peace from beyond the Sutlej, and that their own outlying stations might at any moment be exposed to serious danger by a hostile movement from Lahore. Nevertheless, it seemed very unlikely that an army which, however large and warlike, had hitherto been rated low by the British public in India, would ever wantonly provoke the vengeance of a neighbour by this time grown far more powerful than when he had first instilled a spirit of wholesome awe into the counsels of Runjeet Singh. On the other hand, whatever mistrust the Sikhs had long since begun to feel for their nominal allies, was sure of being enhanced tenfold by the appointment of their old enemy, Major Broadfoot, to succeed Colonel Richmond, in November 1844, as British agent for the affairs of the Sikh states. One of this officer's first acts was to claim for his government the protectorate of all the cis-Sutlej states alike, whether independent or belonging to Lahore. True to this beginning, he interfered with a high hand in the affairs of Anundpore-Makhowál, a fief long since surrendered into the keeping of Runjeet Singh. The way in which he asserted

The coming war.

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his right to stop a small body of Sikh horsemen, who in the course of duty had crossed the Sutlej without his leave, and the care with which he drilled the crews of a new bridge of boats despatched in 1845 from Bombay to Ferozepore, did much to inflame the bitter feelings begotten by the memory of his former, and the manifest tenour of his latter deeds. What Moolraj, the able governor of Mooltan, thought of the British policy, may be gathered from his asking Major Broadfoot what he was to do, should the Lahore troops march against him to enforce compliance with demands lawfully made on a refractory subject by the ministers of his liege lord.

What with the state of things on the north-west frontier, with the general tone of British-Indian journalists and politicians, with Napier's military movements south of Mooltan, and his published sayings as to the need of British interference in the Punjáb, we may well believe that to the bulk of the Sikh soldiery and people a war with the British seemed a certainty, which might come upon them at any moment, but which they could in no wise avert. Under the influence of such a feeling, it was not very hard for the wily statesmen and selfish courtiers of the Punjáb to rid themselves of a standing nuisance by goading a high-spirited army into a premature attack on its inevitable foe. While the chiefs of the Lahore government were inflaming the minds of a soldiery heated already to near the fighting-point, the

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sequestering by the English of two Sikh villages near Loodiana, and the swift approach of the Governor-General towards the frontier, combined to settle once for all the question which Lal Singh and Tej Singh might else have argued long enough in vain. The minds of the Khálsa were made up. Before the end of November troops were pouring in swift succession out of Lahore. On the 11th of December they began crossing the Sutlej, and three days later a large body of Sikh regulars had taken up its position not far from Ferozepore.

The First Sikh War.

Had the leaders of the Khálsa shared the spirit of their troops, the danger to all at Ferozepore might have been great indeed. Sir John Littler had under his command but seven thousand men, to protect a large ill-fortified cantonment from a force immensely outnumbering his own. But with the ready boldness of a true English soldier, he led out his weak array to check the enemy's advance upon Ferozepore. The challenge thus promptly given was not however taken up. What the issue might else have been, with the odds so heavy against the English commander, we need not speculate now. The Sikhs were very strong, alike in men, in guns, in general training, and in the courage born of a common enthusiasm. If our English officers had been taught to despise them, a very different feeling is said to have filled the minds of our native soldiery. But whether the Sikhs were not yet prepared to try the courage

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of British troops, or whether their treacherous leaders, Lal and Tej Singh, contrived to dissuade them from losing time in attacking so weak a foe, certain it is that, instead of trying to crush the Ferozepore garrison, they turned aside to intrench their main body some ten miles off, at Ferozshuhur.

By this time the Governor-General, from his camp on the road to Ferozepore, had already issued a proclamation, in which, after proving to his own satisfaction the goodness of his cause, he proceeded, with the usual haste of British-Indian statesmen, to confiscate the whole of the Sikh possessions on the left bank of the Sutlej. This being done, he hurried onwards to meet his Commander-in-Chief, the brave old war-loving Sir Hugh Gough, whose troops were swiftly thronging from various quarters towards the general meeting-ground. Some of the regiments began their march almost as soon as they had got their orders to make ready for it. On the evening of the 10th of December, the 29th foot at Kussowlie were ordered to start as soon as they fairly could. By nine of the next morning they had done their first march to Kalka, at the foot of the hills. The 1st Bengal fusiliers, warned at 9 p.m., two hours later than their comrades of Kussowlie, left Subathoo early the next morning, halted a short time at Kussowlie, and reached Kalka in the afternoon, just as the 29th had begun their march towards Loodiana. This station each regiment

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hoped by forced marches to reach within four days after leaving Kalka.

On the 18th of December was struck the first blow of this war. On the afternoon of that day a British force, numbering about four brigades of infantry, with five troops of horse-artillery and two light field-batteries, besides five regiments of cavalry, all under the command of Sir Hugh Gough, had taken up its ground in front of the village of Moodkee, about twenty miles from Ferozepore, and seventy-five from Loodiana. Weary with long hot marches over heavy sand,* and fainting for want of the water they could seldom get on the road, our soldiers were fondly counting on a few hours for rest and refreshment before renewing their daily toil. But there was to be no rest for them now. Tidings of a Sikh army near at hand suddenly came to put our halted troops once more in motion. Falling into rank at once, they plodded on some two miles further, until they found themselves face to face with a body of Sikhs about fifteen thousand strong, two-thirds of whom were horsemen, with an array of twenty-two or twenty-four field-guns. While the British infantry were forming from échelon of brigades into line, the cavalry rode swiftly forward in columns of squadrons, on either flank of the horse-artillery, which was not backward in taking up its own ground. Behind the frequent copses and low sand-hills dotting the

Battle of Moodkee.

* The Ambála troops had marched 150 miles in six days.

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broad plain lay screened the enemy's infantry and his guns. A brisk fire from our artillery answered and erelong overpowered the heavy cannonade first opened on our advancing troops. The moment for close fighting seemed now at hand. On the right of the British line the 3rd light dragoons, the Governor-General's body-guard, the 5th light cavalry (native), and a wing of the 4th native lancers, under the command of Brigadiers White and Gough, were sent forward to turn the Sikh left, while the rest of the lancers and the 9th irregular cavalry, under Brigadier Mactier, were ordered to threaten the enemy's right. Both moves were successful, especially the former, which sent the Sikh horse flying in disorder, and for a brief space silenced the Sikh guns. Meanwhile the artillery under Brigadier Brook pushed up to the jungle, firing steadily under a fire which again began to do mischief; while the infantry brigades, formed into échelon of lines under Major-Generals Sir H. Smith, W. Gilbert, and Sir J. M'Caskill, swept on to grapple with the enemy's infantry, now scarcely visible for the woods and the deepening twilight. Bravely the Sikhs still stood to their guns and their defences; but the rolling fire of musketry in their front, and the repeated onsets of cavalry on their flanks and rear, soon forced them back from their chosen vantage-ground. And now the British infantry lowered their muskets to the charge, and the tramp of their disciplined onset boded sure

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destruction to all who awaited it. At the sight of those levelled bayonets glimmering through the dust in the dim star-light, the Sikh infantry at length lost courage, turned, and fled, leaving seventeen guns in the victors' hands. "Night only"—said Sir Hugh Gough—"saved them from worse disaster;" and perhaps our wearied soldiers were not sorry for the darkness which disabled them from further pursuit of a foe whose defeat had been somewhat dearly won.

Results of the fight.

Out of a force of about eleven thousand men the British lost two hundred and fifteen killed and six hundred and fifty-seven wounded. The heaviest losers, at least by death in the field, were the cavalry, the 3rd dragoons alone reckoning among their killed two officers, five sergeants, one trumpeter, and fifty-two rank and file. The 31st foot lost one officer, two sergeants, twenty-two rank and file killed, seven officers, four sergeants, a hundred and twenty-one rank and file, wounded. The killed of the 42nd native light infantry amounted in all to twenty-seven, but the number wounded was not more than sixty-two. The 50th foot, on the other hand, showed ninety-seven in all wounded, against twelve killed. Among the officers slain were two major-generals, Sir Robert Sale, the hero of Jellalabad, quarter-master-general of Queen's troops, and Sir John M'Caskill, commanding the 3rd infantry division. Two aides-de-camp of the Governor-General, himself a combatant, Major Herries and Captain

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Munro, were also among the slain; while Major Patrick Grant, who did good service as adjutant-general in the room of Sir James Lumley, disabled by sickness, narrowly escaped a like doom, being dangerously wounded as he urged the infantry on to a last decisive charge against the Sikh batteries. Brigadier Mactier of the 3rd cavalry, and Brigadier Bolton of the 1st infantry brigade, were also among the badly wounded. Of the guns taken in this fight six were twelve-pounders, throwing shot several pounds heavier than any thrown by our light field-guns.

The day after the battle Sir Hugh Gough's army was strengthened by the arrival of the 29th foot, the 1st European light infantry, and a small division of heavy guns. On the same evening Sir Henry Hardinge courteously waived his rank as Governor-General by placing himself as second in command under the orders of his Commander-in-Chief. The next day was spent in making ready for further movements forward. At length, on the morning of the 21st of December, the British troops set forth to meet Sir John Littler, who, with five thousand of his Ferozepore garrison, had the night before been ordered to join the main body for the purpose of a combined attack on the Sikh position at Ferozshuhur. The junction accomplished, the grand attack began about three in the afternoon, by a movement against that face of the Sikh intrenchment which looked towards Ferozepore and the open country.

March to Ferozshuhur.

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Battle of Ferozshuhur.

Round the village of Ferozshuhur the Sikhs had for some days been strongly intrenching themselves in a kind of oblong square, a mile long by half a mile deep. More than a hundred guns, many of great calibre, were ready to do their worst in aid of an army numbering, perhaps, some thirty thousand men, but whose regular infantry could hardly have exceeded a third of that sum. These, however, were men of tried courage, high enthusiasm, and steady discipline, while the Sikh gunners had already shown themselves second to none in any native army. It was against the longer side of the intrenched camp that the British troops were led, over ground flat and open, save where it was dotted by patches of low jungle. Their strength amounted to nearly seventeen thousand men, supported by sixty-nine guns. Two regiments of cavalry from Ferozepore added somewhat to the strength of an arm whose original weakness had been heightened by its late losses. Under a scathing fire which our own light field-pieces could but ill return, the British line moved forward, Sir H. Gough commanding the right wing, Sir Henry Hardinge the left. Sir J. Littler led the right of the infantry, Brigadier Wallace the left, Major-General Gilbert the centre; while Sir H. Smith's division, with a few light guns and some cavalry, formed the second or reserve line. The rest of the artillery advanced between the infantry divisions. Up to the intrenchments came the British troops, in

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the face of such a storm of roundshot, shell, and grape, as might well have made the boldest for a moment quail. But to advance was better than to stand still. Over the intrenchments they rode or scrambled with the courage mainly of true soldiership, in some cases of headlong fear. But the fight was not to be so easily won. Behind the Sikh guns stood the bold Sikh infantry, whose steady firing made the seeming victors recoil again and again, in ever-growing disorder, until the 62nd foot, followed by the native regiments on either flank, wavered, turned, fled, in utter panic towards the rear. Only a part of the 14th native infantry found heart to fall into line with the brigade ordered up to replace the runaways.

This happened on the right of our line. Towards the left our soldiers were more successful. The brigades under Wallace and McLaren took the guns in their front, drove back the Sikh infantry, and held through a trying night the ground they had won before dark. But elsewhere the enemy either remained sole master of the intrenchments, or shared them unequally with a few straggling bodies of our own men. In vain had the noble 3rd dragoons made desperate charges on batteries taken at the cost of many precious lives. In vain had Sir Harry Smith's reserve of infantry been hurled for a time successfully against another part of the intrenched square. For that night the battle, if not lost, was certainly far from won. Tired out, thirsty,

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pinched with cold, the men lay down as they were for their dreary bivouac, uncheered by the consciousness of even a partial victory. Save where the blaze of the burning camp revealed too plainly the disciplined ranks of the 80th foot and the 1st Europeans, disorder, doubt, bewilderment seemed to reign. Men of different companies, regiments, brigades, lay clubbed together in helpless mobs, some within the intrenchments, more at various distances from their outer face. If many of the Sikh guns had been taken already, enough remained in the enemy's hands to spread dismay and havoc among the scattered masses of slumber-craving British. Exploding tumbrils intensified the alarm and confusion caused by the rushing shot, that found its way wherever a fire was lighted to thaw our soldiers' freezing limbs. So sharp was the sting of this new trial, that, about midnight, Sir Henry Hardinge himself led the 80th foot and the 1st Europeans against a battery which had been brought to bear on the left of the line. The guns were taken, but all night through did other messengers keep going forth on their fatal errand, whenever the struggling moonlight cleared the way to any available point. Our own guns kept up an answering, but ineffectual fire against the heavier batteries of the foe. All night long the groans of wounded men were largely mingled with the cries of annoyance or alarm uttered by their unhurt comrades. At one time some of the English leaders

Night on the field.

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seem to have mooted the question of a retreat on Ferozepore. But the brave old Irish gentleman at the head of our troops would hear of no such folly, and his dauntless bearing soon checked the desponding utterances of followers less bold or less foreseeing. If to stay as they were was dangerous, to retreat might have raised all upper India in arms against the British power.

End of the fight.

But the morning came at last, and with the growing light the British troops regained much of their olden discipline, and not a little of their wonted courage. Soon after daybreak the line advanced in échelon of regiments, its heavier guns in the centre, its horse-artillery on either flank. Under a fierce fire, which dismounted several of our guns, it swept onward, drove the enemy out of Ferozshuhur, and then, wheeling leftward, cleared the whole of the intrenched camp. Masters of the whole position, of many Khálsa standards, and of seventy-three guns withal, the line halted, even as on parade, and regiment after regiment greeted with loyal cheers the two leaders as they rode along the front of their thinned but victorious army. But all danger had not yet passed away. While the victors were engaged in collecting their dead and wounded, large bodies of Sikh horse came down upon them, and only after a hard struggle were beaten off by the soldiers of the 2nd and 3rd infantry divisions. Yet later in the day, when the remains of Lal Singh's army were in full retreat, a fresh array of men and guns,

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commanded by Tej Singh, came bearing downwards on our exhausted troops. At that moment a resolute commander might have snatched the victory from their failing grasp. The British artillery had nearly fired their last shot; by some strange miscommandment a part of the British force was already falling back on Ferozepore. But the heart of Tej Singh was not in the work before him, while the British general cared for nothing but to win the day. When his guns had ceased to answer the heavy fire of the Sikhs, Sir Hugh Gough moved forward his cavalry to threaten both their flanks at once, and formed up his wearied infantry for one more desperate charge. But, for some good reason of his own, the Sikh commander suddenly withdrew his men from the field they had gone so near to win back. Disheartened by the sturdy courage of our troops, and misled perhaps by the strange movement on the British right, the Sikhs may have thought it useless to prolong the struggle for that time. At any rate they were soon in full retreat towards the Sutlej, and once more our tired soldiers were free to look around them and reckon up the cost of their hard-won victory.

Hard-won indeed it was. If the enemy, in Sir Hugh Gough's own words, had suffered "an awful carnage," the British loss was heavy beyond precedent in Indian warfare. And it fell mostly on our own countrymen, who certainly bore the full brunt of the battle, although in the public

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despatches the honours of the victory were pretty equally shared between them and the native troops. Out of eighty-eight killed and a hundred and fifty-four wounded in the three cavalry brigades, a loss of sixty killed and ninety-two wounded fell to the share of her Majesty's 3rd light dragoons. In the first infantry division the 31st foot lost sixty-one killed and a hundred and one wounded, the 50th foot twenty-seven killed and ninety-seven wounded, out of a grand total of a hundred and thirty-five killed, three hundred and forty-three wounded. In the second division, that of General Gilbert, there fell of the 29th foot seventy killed, a hundred and eighteen wounded; of the 1st European light infantry forty-seven killed, a hundred and fifty-seven wounded; while the three native regiments who fought beside them lost altogether no more than a hundred and forty-five wounded, and forty-eight killed. Yet greater was the contrast in the 5th brigade, third division, where the losses of the 9th foot amounted to seventy killed, two hundred and three wounded, against a total in the other two regiments of eighty-one wounded, and thirty-two killed. A like disparity marked the losses sustained by the several regiments of Sir John Littler's division. We may remark by the way, that the killed and wounded of her Majesty's 62nd foot, whose untimely retreat was afterwards excused on the plea of its heavy losses under fire, were actually less on the whole by many than

British losses.

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those of the 9th foot, whose steady gallantry was never called in question.

The whole loss in killed and wounded was two thousand four hundred and fifteen, the killed alone amounting to six hundred and ninety-four, of whom fifty-four were officers. Among these were Major Broadfoot the political agent, and Brigadier Wallace acting in command of the 3rd division; Major Fitzroy Somerset, military secretary to the Governor-General, died of his wounds soon after the battle, in which he had borne himself, wrote his sorrowing chief, "with the hereditary courage of his race." Not less conspicuous was the bravery of Prince Waldemar of Prussia, who, with his staff of Prussian noblemen, rode through the thick of the fight beside their admiring companion Sir Henry Hardinge.

Moral effect of the victory.

When the full tidings of this great success found their way to the chief towns and stations of British India, it seemed as if a dark cloud had at length been rolled away from the political horizon. Men's minds began once more to throw off the deadening pressure of prolonged uncertainty enhanced by frequent rumours of approaching disaster, of ruin already befallen the British arms. Alike in native bazaars and British cantonments was it felt that the sun of our Indian empire might still be far from its appointed setting. Yet, amidst their joy at the late deliverance from a danger which seemed the more fearful at last by contrast with the former tendency to underrate it,

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many Englishmen looked upon the future, if not despairingly, with much uneasiness of mind. If the Sikhs had been heavily defeated, the small British army on the north-western frontier had won victories, one or two more of which might seal the doom of its foreign masters. The Sikhs might recross the Sutlej, but what further harm could their late conquerors for the present do? Sir Hugh Gough held the line of the Sutlej from Ferozepore to Hurrîki Ghat; but to advance with his weakened regiments and guns of small calibre was still beyond his power. He must wait the arrival of all the spare troops in the upper provinces, and of a powerful siege train from Delhi, while a strong force from Sinde moved northwards under Sir Charles Napier. So pressing, indeed, to the head of the Indian government seemed the need of the moment that, on the 24th day of January 1846, he issued from his camp at Ferozepore a general order for the raising of ten infantry levies of a thousand men each, among certain stations in the North-west, and six companies of native artillery, all for service in the field; besides eighteen depôt battalions of infantry, and four depôt companies of artillery, for guard and escort duties in the districts lying between Ambála and Benares.

For nearly a month after Ferozshuhur the army of the Sutlej lay all but idle, awaiting those supplies of men, arms, and food, most of which, had Sir Hugh Gough's counsel been followed, would have

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been ready to his hands some weeks before. Thanks to the late victory, the bearing of the people in the protected Sikh states grew friendlier than it had been for many months past, and supplies of various kinds came pouring into the British camp. Nor, for some weeks, did the enemy seem desirous of coming again to blows with his late victors. On the 18th day of January however, Sir Harry Smith, with one infantry brigade and a light field battery, marched against Durramkhot, a fort on the left bank of the Sutlej, still held by a small Sikh garrison as a means of drawing supplies from the British side of the river. It was taken after a few shots, the troops within surrendering at discretion. But even at that moment a large Sikh force, commanded by Sirdar Ranjor Singh, having crossed the river at Philour, was threatening Loodiana and the line of road from Bussián to the British camp. To check this movement, Sir H. Smith was at once sent off with his Durramkhot brigade towards Loodiana, Colonel Wheeler's brigade being ordered forward to support him. On the morning of the 20th, Sir H. Smith's force, then numbering four regiments of foot, three of horse, and eighteen guns, began its march from Jagraon, about twenty-five miles from its destined goal. On that same day it happened that some ten thousand Sikhs had intrenched themselves at Buddowal, about half-way from Jagraon to Loodiana. Being told of this the next morning, the British general edged

The affair of Buddowal.

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away to his right; but the enemy, as if bent on stopping him, marched out from his own camp alongside the British left, and opened a furious fire on the whole column. For a moment it was thought advisable to let our infantry loose upon so determined a foe; but the odds against them, and the bold manœuvring of the Sikh artillery around his rear, checked Sir H. Smith in the midst of his movements to that end. Once more his wearied troops set their faces towards Loodiana, the foot retiring by échelon of regiments covered by the horse, whose skilful handling helped to deter the Sikhs from active pursuit. In due time he reached his journey's end; but a heavy loss in killed and wounded bore witness to the deadly fire of the Sikh guns, while the quantity of baggage that fell into the enemy's hands enabled the latter to boast of a victory which might have been more substantial, had the Sikh commander proved worthier of his men.

Emboldened by the affair of Buddowal, the Sikh soldiery began once more to throng across the Sutlej in the very face of a British army. Golab Singh, who had hitherto shrunk from siding openly with his countrymen, now came down to Lahore at the request of a whole people, to lead the Khálsa in their coming struggle with a foe no longer invincible. But the day of Sikh rejoicing was soon to pass away. Strengthened by his junction with Brigadier Godby's Loodiana regiments, and joined soon after by the brigades of

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Wheeler, Forster, and Wilson, besides more guns and cavalry, the British general was erelong free to accept the challenge he had once declined. On the 28th of January he marched from Buddowal, which the Sikhs had deserted some days before, and presently came in sight of Ranjor Singh's array, which, reinforced the night before by four thousand of Avitabile's regulars and twelve guns, now mustered about fifteen thousand strong, with nearly sixty guns.

Battle of Aliwal.

At this moment the Sikhs stood right in the British front, upon a ridge whose centre was the village of Aliwal. They had just begun their march towards Jagraon, when the approach of eleven thousand British troops forced, or tempted them, into a change of plan. Facing round towards the approaching enemy, they formed up in line of battle, their right resting on Boondie, their left on Aliwal. Steadily over the wide grassy plain moved onwards the British line in contiguous columns of brigades, the guns between each column, the cavalry opening out from the front to either flank, while thrown back in échelon on the British right marched Godby's brigade, on the left the battalions of Shekawattee foot. As they drew nearer, the infantry columns deployed into line, their bayonets and the troopers' swords gleaming brightly in the clear morning sun. Presently the Sikh left threatening to outflank them, the British took more ground to the right. At length, about ten o'clock, the enemy's guns

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opened furiously against the advancing line. Halting his troops for a moment, Sir Harry Smith at once resolved to press the left and centre of the Sikh position. The brigades of Hicks and Godby began the struggle by a successful onset on the village of Aliwal. That taken, Cureton's brigades of horse dashed down upon the horsemen swarming on the enemy's left, and drove them back upon their foot. The left and centre thus already disordered, were speedily broken by fresh charges of British infantry; Wheeler's brigade of the 50th foot, the 48th native infantry, and the Ghoorkas of the Sirmoor battalion, doing splendid service in the British centre. On their right, however, the Sikhs strove hard to hold their ground. But the disciplined sturdiness of Avitabile's troops, the steady daring of the Sikh gunners, and the strong array of Sikh horse failed alike to beat back the fiery onsets of the 16th lancers, and the resolute rush of Wilson's noble regiments, the 53rd foot and the 30th sepoys. Thrice did a single squadron of lancers ride through the same square of Khálsa infantry, while the horse-artillery dashed close up to bodies of the flying foe. The village of Boondie was carried at the bayonet's point by the 53rd foot. A mass of infantry sought to make one last stand behind the village; but these too were gloriously driven back by the 30th native infantry, and their rout was completed by the withering fire of twelve British guns plying

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them with grape and shrapnel at less than three hundred yards. Cut up in every way, and hemmed in by an orderly array of British, the Sikhs fled in wild disorder towards the Sutlej, leaving behind them all their goods, stores, guns, camp-equipage, and losing more and more men as they thronged into the boats, or waded the difficult ford of a broad river. Even the few guns they tried to take with them were either lost on the passage, or spiked or turned against them by their pursuers.

Thus ended the battle of Aliwal, in which our troops, English and Indian, of all arms alike, behaved, by their general's showing, with a courage and steadiness never before surpassed. Fifty-six guns were either taken or accounted for, the most of them during the fight, in the teeth of a desperate resistance. Compared with the fierceness of the struggle the British loss was not heavy, amounting, as it did, to a hundred and fifty-one killed, four hundred and thirteen wounded, twenty-five missing. Of this loss a heavy share was borne by the 1st brigade of cavalry, heaviest of all by the 16th lancers, whose returns showed two officers, fifty-six men killed, six officers, seventy-seven men wounded. That the enemy's loss must have been far heavier, may, in the absence of all trustworthy detail, be gathered from the foregoing account of his sturdy resistance and disorderly flight.

So complete a victory could not but tell largely

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in favour of the victorious side. The Mahomedans of the cis-Sutlej border hailed with open pleasure the defeat of their Sikh masters. No armed enemy remained in Sir Harry Smith's front, or defended the various forts against which he was now free to march. The moral effects of Buddowal were more than compensated by those of Aliwal. Golab Singh at once gave up all thoughts of withstanding an enemy from whose needs or goodnature he might yet win some profitable bargains, at whatever cost to the Sikh state. While the brave Khálsa soldiery were making ready for one more stand on the Sutlej, he busied himself in plotting with the British government against the men whose stubborn, if self-willed, patriotism might still for many a month have barred the road to Lahore. Once defeated and driven across the Sutlej, the Sikh army—so it was understood—should straightway be abandoned by its nominal masters, and a way to the Sikh capital laid open to the conquering troops.

Changed views of Golab Singh.

Before Sobraon.

The end foreseen by the wily chieftain was soon to come. All through January a strong Sikh force was busily intrenching itself about Sobraon, on both banks of the Sutlej, in the very face of the British position. A bridge of boats connected the two camps, and the bridge-head grew gradually larger and stronger, as the days wore on without any seeming effort on our part to disturb the enemy. At length some twenty thousand

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fighting men, mostly of good Khálsa regiments, covered by lines of earthworks higher on the right than on the left, where the ground was sandier, and supported by sixty-seven guns of various calibres, besides two or three hundred *zambúraks* carrying shot from one to two pounds in weight, were drawn out in fighting order on the left bank of the Sutlej; while on the other bank a strong battery of heavy guns threatened mischief to all assailants of the Sikh right, and a reserve of several thousand soldiers promised timely aid to their comrades across the bridge. Undaunted by past defeats, the high-mettled Khálsa craved nothing better than to be led once more against the foe. If too few of their leaders shared the enthusiasm of their men, there were some at least, like the noble old chief Sham Singh, who richly deserved to command such followers in the field.

Battle of Sobraon.

Nor were the English backward in taking up the challenge once more given forth. As soon as Sir H. Smith's division and the siege-train from Delhi were within his reach, the British general made ready to attack the Sikh intrenchments. His guns, manned by nine troops of horse and eleven companies of foot artillery, being ranged crescent-wise along the whole Sikh front, he began on the morning of the 10th of February the battle which decided the fate of the Sikh arms. When the heavy morning mists had cleared away, the British guns near Little Sobraon opened a fire which soon spread along

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the whole line. For three hours they poured their dreadful hail on the foe with unflagging spirit and well-directed aim, the scream of tortuous rockets mingling ever and again with the roar of round-shot and the rush of nicely adjusted shells. Unscared and comparatively unscathed, the Sikh gunners returned shot for shot with an energy fatal to any but British troops. At length however, failing to subdue the enemy's fire, Sir Hugh Gough fell back on the British commander's favourite means of overcoming an obstinate defence. While the light field-pieces under Captains Horsford and Fordyce, and Colonel Lane's six-pounder troop, kept gaining ground from point to point until they were only three hundred yards from the intrenchments, two brigades of the 3rd, or Sir Robert Dick's infantry division, marched onward between the guns in steady even line, close up to the breastworks on the enemy's right. For some moments success seemed well-nigh hopeless against that scathing fire of arms great and small. But, cheered by the words and example of their bold leader, the brigades of Stacey and Wilkinson dashed at the opposing barrier, and soon made good their footing on hostile ground.

Meanwhile the rest of the guns turned all their fire on the left and centre of the Sikh line, while the 1st and 2nd divisions, commanded severally by Sir Harry Smith and Major-General Gilbert, threw out their light troops for a feint

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attack on the points thus cannonaded. But the growing pressure of the Sikhs on the victorious 3rd division speedily caused the turning of the feint attack into a real one. This was the sternest struggle of the day. Gilbert's division came boldly forward in a double line, recoiled under the crashing fire poured out from behind a triple row of high breastworks, but recovering itself as quickly rushed on with irrepressible might, and after a hand-to-hand struggle the centre of the Sikh position was also won. Nearly at the same time Smith's division succeeded, under circumstances very similar, in carrying the trenches on the Sikh left; while Thackwell's brigades of horse dashed forward from the British left to crown the good work begun that morning by the regiments of Dick's division. Once more the noble 3rd dragoons, led by Sir Joseph Thackwell himself, were foremost in charging the enemy's guns, sabring the gunners, and riding over everything that stood in their way, in a style which called forth the delighted praises of the Commander-in-Chief himself.

Still, like men who would sell the victory as dear as possible, the brave Khálsa fought on for some time longer, yielding only step by step, and sometimes rushing sword in hand upon the advancing foe, in the vain effort to turn back the tide of Sikh disaster. Every here and there some knot of fearless gunners still served their cherished weapons with marked though bootless

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effect; some body of disciplined footmen still dared the onset which was sure to sweep them away. While Tej Singh was far away in treacherous flight from the field, some at least of his fellow-commanders remained to fight or fall like true sons of father Govind. One of them in especial, Sham Singh of Attári, devoting himself to death like another Decius, rode conspicuous in his white garment wherever the fight was thickest, and fell at last, a martyr in no unworthy cause, on a heap of his fallen countrymen. With a fine respect for his heroic enemy, Sir Hugh Gough would let no one disturb the dead chieftain's followers in the search they afterwards made for his corpse.

But courage of the highest order seemed in vain against the stubborn discipline of the British troops. The hardy little Ghoorkas of the Sirmoor and Nusseeree battalions vied in deeds of daring with the high-bred Sepoys of the 16th, 42nd, and 48th native infantry, and the whitefaced heroes of the 10th, 29th, 31st, 50th foot, and the 1st European light infantry. After two hours in all of close fighting, the wrecks of the Sikh army were in full retreat across the river, whose waters speedily grew choked with bodies and red with blood of Sikhs mown down by the pitiless fire of our six-pounder guns, aimed from the very bank at masses of fugitives struggling to escape by the broken bridge, or by fords grown dangerous through a sudden rise of the stream. Between

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the carnage of that moment and the fierceness of the previous fight, we may reckon the Sikh loss at not less than eight thousand; among whom several chiefs and high officers shared the fate of Sham Singh. That of the victors was also heavy in proportion to the number of troops engaged. Out of the sixteen thousand who were under fire, three hundred and twenty dead, two thousand and sixty-three wounded, bore no uncertain witness to the skill and bravery of those who had held the intrenchments around Sobraon. Of this loss the bulk was borne in nearly equal shares by the infantry of the three divisions, the heaviest share falling to that of General Gilbert, whose returns showed six officers, five sergeants, a hundred and nine men killed; fifty officers, forty-six sergeants, two trumpeters, six hundred and eighty-five privates wounded. In officers alone the loss of the whole army amounted to a hundred and forty wounded and sixteen killed. Chief among the latter was Sir R. Dick, who fell mortally wounded in the act of showing his men the way into the Sikh intrenchments. Brigadier Taylor also fell at the head of his gallant third brigade. Among the former were General Gilbert, Brigadiers Penny and McLaren, and Lieutenant-Colonel Gough, acting quartermaster-general of Her Majesty's troops. Prince Waldemar of Prussia played no mean part in the battle; nor did a serious hurt prevent Sir Henry Hardinge himself from riding forward into the hottest of the fire.

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Sixty-seven guns, more than two hundred *zambúraks*, or camel-pieces, a great many standards, and a camp full of warlike stores, marked this crowning triumph of the British arms. Nor was any time lost in following it up. Three days afterwards Sir Hugh Gough was writing his despatches under the walls of Kussoor, whose strong fort had the day before been surrendered to his army without a blow. Thither on the 15th of February came Golab Singh and other of the Sikh chiefs, to treat with the conquerors on the one condition, that a Sikh government should still be acknowledged in Lahore. They were told that the English, while allowing the independent rule of Dhuleep Singh, would keep their hold on the country between the Beas and the Sutlej, and need a million and a half sterling in part payment of the costs of war. Reluctantly the envoys agreed to these hard terms, and in a day or two came the young king himself to confirm the concessions yielded in his name. On the 17th the strong fortress of Philour, on the right bank of the Sutlej, surrendered without a shot to the troops of Brigadier Wheeler. On the 20th the main army encamped before the Sikh capital; and two days later the thoroughness of its recent triumphs was proclaimed to the Indian world by the quartering of British regiments within the citadel of Lahore.

March upon Lahore.

On the 9th of March, at Lahore, the British and Sikh commissioners set their seals to the

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treaty concluded between the British government and the state of Lahore. Its terms spoke more loudly to the helplessness of the conquered than to the self-denial of the conquerors. Besides renouncing all claim to the old Sikh provinces south of the Sutlej, or those between the Sutlej and the Beas, Dhuleep Singh further agreed to surrender the whole of his rights in the hill-country lying between the Beas and the Indus, as an equivalent for two-thirds of the fine which he had promised to pay, but saw no means of paying within a reasonable time. Over the hill-country thus surrendered, including Cashmere, the Rajah Golab Singh was to hold independent sway, "in consideration of services rendered by him to the Lahore state;" in plainer English, as a reward for his secret desertion of a failing cause, and an equivalent for the million sterling to be paid by him into the British-Indian treasury. The reduction and remodelling of the Sikh army, the surrender of thirty-six more guns which had been pointed against British troops, the right of the English to regulate the tolls on the Beas, Sutlej, and part of the Indus, an embargo on the employment of white foreigners in the Punjáb without leave of the British government, were among the minor articles of this treaty. In a supplementary treaty signed on the 11th of March, it was further agreed that a sufficient number of British troops should be left in Lahore until the end of that year, as a safeguard to the

Treaty with Dhuleep Singh.

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Sikh government during the process of disbanding a part and re-organizing the remainder of the Sikh army.

Disbanding of Sikh troops.

This process was partly carried out under the eyes of the Governor-General himself. From time to time bodies of Sikh soldiery came on to Lahore to be paid up and disbanded. Sorely as they smarted under their present discomfiture, these men bore themselves before their conquerors with the proud deference of a self-reliant race. They had been worsted by their masters in the art of war: they were yet but learners in a rough school, and took their beating as a matter of course. But the children of Govind by no means despaired or doubted of the future. The faith and the power of the Khálsa would yet triumph over every hindrance; and the strangers whose superiority in arts and arms they now readily acknowledged, might yet find that in overthrowing the Mahomedan they had only smoothed the way for the final establishment of Sikh rule.

Rewards to the victors.

The honours showered by a grateful country on the army of the Sutlej were in perfect keeping with the results achieved. In some of his most eloquent speeches Sir Robert Peel called on the House of Commons to join him in solemnly thanking the brave troops who, under Sir Hugh Gough and Sir Harry Smith, had done such glorious service against so redoubtable a foe. In the Upper House Lord Ripon's motions to the same effect were followed

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up by the plain but weighty utterances of the admiring old Duke of Wellington. Close upon the unanimous vote of both Houses came that of the East-India Company, while the freedom of the City was in the same month of April awarded to the three foremost leaders in the late campaign, Sir Hugh Gough, Sir Henry Hardinge, and Sir Harry Smith. The two former were presently made peers, the last-named a baronet. Handsome pensions granted to Lords Gough and Hardinge by the India-House marked its sense of their conspicuous services, while the victor of Aliwal was preferred to a divisional command in the Bengal presidency. A knighthood was duly bestowed on General Gilbert. In India the Governor-General had already taken upon himself to order a donation of twelve months' batta for all who had any share in winning the late victories. A medal with one, two, or three bars, according to the number of battles in which he might have been actually or indirectly engaged, was afterwards issued to every officer and soldier serving in the open field, or in any of the frontier garrisons.

Outbreak at Lahore.

The second month of the British occupation of Lahore was marked by an outbreak, not of rebellious Sikhs, but of Hindu shopkeepers, who sought, by means of brickbats and other weapons, to avenge the wounding of a cow by an English sentry more faithful to his orders than regardful of Indian prejudices. But, thanks to the ready

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coolness of some British officers, especially of Colonel Henry Lawrence, the Governor-General's agent, the growing danger was quelled before night; the shops were once more opened; and one or two Brahmins, found guilty of having helped on the riot for their own treasonable ends, were summarily doomed to death by the British authorities with the express consent of their Sikh allies.

Surrender of Kangra.

In the same month of April the 44th regiment, native infantry, was toiling its rugged way towards the hill fortress of Kangra, which, as lying within the newly-ceded Jullúndar Doab, its commandant was bound to surrender into British keeping. But the wilful old gentleman answered the demands alike of his countrymen and their new allies by ordering Ranjor Singh's messenger to be kicked out of the place, and pointing his guns at the first party of soldiers that came within reach of their fire. He would yield his post, he said, to none other than Runjeet Singh himself. Against such an enemy, holding such a fort, a single regiment could do nothing. After many days of careful preparation, of unforeseen delay, of toilsome marching over steep hill-roads and the rocky beds of swift mountain streams, Brigadier Wheeler at length brought his little army, with its battering train of thirty guns, within cannon-shot of the hostile stronghold. On the 28th of May the British guns were ready to open fire. But a disunited garrison, or a timely

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gleam of good sense, compelled the commandant to break his word in good season, and the surrender of his post an hour after brought to a peaceful, if rather comical close, a campaign which had sorely tasked the skill, the mettle, the bodily strength, alike of English officers and their men.

Fall of barracks in Loodiana.

While the fate of Kangra was yet uncertain, a single regiment at Loodiana lost in one windy night as many men, not to speak of women and children, as it did in the hard-fought battle of Sobraon. On the evening of the 21st of May, there broke over that station such a storm of dust, wind, rain, thunder, and lightning, as few even of the most hardened to the ways of an Indian summer had probably felt before. Doing fearful havoc wherever it had a chance, it came sweeping with its direst fury against the clay-built barracks of the 50th foot, buildings hastily run up two years before, as a make-shift for the stouter dwellings which were meant some day to supersede them. One after another nine of these temporary lodgings were caught by the whirling storm-blasts, their roofs torn off as by a sudden explosion, and their weak walls sent crashing down on the helpless multitudes that lay within. During the next few hours there were gathered out of the shapeless ruins no fewer than seventy-nine dead bodies, of whom twenty were women and fourteen children. Of the wounded, some mortally, others more or less badly hurt, they counted a hundred and eighteen men, four

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women, and five children. The horror of the scene was deepened, if that were possible, by the wild despair of many a survivor, of husbands staring at the crushed remains of their wives, of mothers vainly seeking for their lost darlings.

Sinde.

In most parts of British India the year 1846 passed off yet more quietly than its latest predecessors. Sinde was stirred by no events more serious than the great sickness among British troops, a slight raid or two of savages from the Boogtie hills, and the death at Poonah of old Meer Roostum Khan, the exiled prince of Khairpúr, whose throne had been filched away from him through the treason of Napier's client, Ali Morád. A small outbreak among the wild Bheels of Malwa was checked betimes by the burning of a Bheel village. Another and more serious rising, that of the Khonds, was caused, in part at least, by the persevering zeal of the British agent, Captain Macpherson, in carrying out his government's orders for the suppression of child-murder and human sacrifices among the rude tribes of Khondistán. Successful at first, the new agent suddenly saw his camp surrounded by an armed mob, whose threats or promises led him to yield back the hundred and seventy *Meriahs*—victims, namely, set apart for sacrifice—whom but a week before the chiefs of the Khonds in Bode had given up into his charge. Emboldened by this success, the rebels again beset him on his retreat towards Goomsoor, and forced him to

Outbreak in Malwa.

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surrender their rajah, who happened, willingly or not, to be staying in the British camp. On the 1st of April a body of them, armed with matchlocks, bows, and axes, came in contact with a party of Madras Sepoys sent out in quest of some refractory chiefs. After a short struggle the Khonds fled, leaving several bodies on the field. The burning of several Khond villages finished the campaign for that season, and scared the rebels, it was thought, into a due sense of their late folly.

But after the rainy season the flame broke out again in Bode, and before the year's end most of the Khonds in the neighbouring hills and plains of Goomsoor had rallied to the side of Chokro Bissoi, nephew of the exiled chief Sam Bissoi, whose former services to the English had failed to clear him in Captain Macpherson's eyes from the charge of plotting against his old comrades. The Goomsoor Khonds had sorely resented the disgrace of their liege lord, whose place had been filled by a worthless, powerless nominee of the British agent's; they had reason to fear ill-treatment at the hands of plundering native officials; and they murmured to see those very sacrifices allowed but a few miles off, which they themselves had some years back been tempted to forswear. Hence arose a kind of fitful warfare, which lingered far into the third year. Villages were burnt, strong places occupied, jungles scoured by the troops; but the Khonds, un-

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daunted by defeat, held out in the depths of their highland lairs; and when, in 1848, General Dyce marched a strong force into Goomsoor, the rebel leaders still defied him from among the less approachable forests of Bode.

The Patna plot.

Another rising, planned on a larger scale, was happily forestalled by the timely discovery of the plot, and the seizure of some of its leading agents at Dinapore and Patna, in the beginning of this year 1846. Among the natives of those places the Sikh government seems to have found not a few friends willing to help it by an unforeseen assault upon a common foe. Money was lodged in the hands of some Patna bankers for the purpose of tampering with the loyalty of the Dinapore Sepoys. But the men whose comrades were bravely fighting the Khálsa in the north-west, turned mostly a deaf ear to the blandishments of their disloyal countrymen in Bengal. Disclosures were made which led to the arrest of some of the traitors, and the seizure of papers implicating many more. One of the culprits, regimental moonshee of the 1st Bengal native infantry, saved himself from the gallows by peaching against his fellow-plotters. On further inquiry, it came out that the people of Patna and its neighbourhood had been fed with strange stories of a scheme devised by the government for suppressing the popular worship; and to calm the Hindu mind, a proclamation issued by the Deputy-Governor of Bengal solemnly disavowed

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the truth of a story so likely to "create uneasiness among the people." It was nothing but a groundless rumour, spread by wicked persons out of hatred to a government which never had, and never would interfere with the religious rites and customs of any sect whatever; all sects having equal claim to its protection, and every man being held quite free to worship God in the way that best beseemed him. Such, in few words, was the drift of a manifesto as wise in motive, as truthful in essence, as we know it to be partially false in the letter. If the English never interfered with "the religious rites and customs" of Hindustan, why was suttee made penal, and why were Meriah sacrifices to be put down with the sword?

Government manifesto.

Disturbances in Oudh.

But not within our own borders only were Indo-British troops called upon to suppress some local outbreak. At Lucknow, in the middle of May, two regiments of Bengal infantry and a field-battery halted on their march from the nearest cantonments towards Constantia, where a regiment of the King of Oudh had risen in open mutiny, and, defended by several guns, stood ready, it was said, to meet the worst. Hardly however had the attacking force resumed its march, when it transpired that the mutineers had returned to their duty, rather than provoke an issue that would certainly have cost them dear. During the same month the cavalry of the Gwalior contingent were out for three weeks,

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campaigning against some refractory thakoors who had risen in the neighbourhood of Essaghur. CHAP. I. A.D. 1846.

In the Nizam's dominions, where disorder had become the rule, it was found needful about the same time to employ the British contingent against some powerful landowners of the south, who had been fighting and plundering all about them in the style of feudal lords of mediæval Europe. Another great chief was harassing the northern provinces with a large body of armed Rohillas, whose final expulsion by the troops of the contingent was not completed before the autumn. Later in the year another of the outlying half-dependent states, that of Bhopal, became the scene of a short but fierce struggle between Meer Mahomed Khan, the young queen's disgraced and graceless kinsman, and the government whose orders he had defied. Surrounded by an army of hungry clansmen, and further strengthened by a body of fugitive Rohillas from the Deccan, Meer Mahomed encamped near the town of Bhopal with so strong a force, that the regent was glad to see the troops of the Bhopal contingent come to help him in putting the rebels down. On the third day of their march from Sehore the auxiliary troops, joined by a number of the queen's own men, came up with the rebels, mustering about two thousand strong, chiefly Rohillas and Patans from Hyderabad, who, driven from one state, had caught at the first chance of warlike service in another. Their own leader,

Hyderabad.

Bhopal.

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Khurrim Khan, spurning the example set by his new master, who at once accepted the British agent's invitation to surrender, a short but sharp fight resulted in the rout of the rebel army with little loss to the allies. Among the rebel slain was their brave leader; and of the hundred and fifty made prisoners two sons of Meer Mahomed and several chiefs of less mark stood foremost, alike for their rank and for the account to which their capture might be turned. But for the timely defeat of these insurgents, the flame of rebellion might soon have been lighted up amidst the smouldering traces of past strife still visible in the neighbouring province of Saugor. Like other rulers of conquered realms, the masters of British India have always had to keep anxious watch against the spreading of political disorders among a people bound to them by no ties of common duty, faith, interests, or powers of mind.

Moolraj at Lahore.

Meanwhile the weak government of Lahore was vainly trying to coax or frighten its powerful subject Moolraj, the governor of Mooltan, into paying up the tribute-money for which he stood assessed to the common treasury. After beating the troops sent to enforce submission, the bold Dewan appealed from his masters to the British agent, Lieutenant-Colonel Lawrence. But the Englishman's award dealt far from kindly with him who had challenged it. Moolraj was bidden to surrender a third of his province to Mir Bhagwan Singh. His revenue-assessment for

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the remainder was to be raised by one fourth. His forts were to be held by government officers. In settlement of all demands for unpaid tribute he was to present the Lahore government with a *gift* of thirty-five thousand pounds. In token of his assent to these hard terms, Moolraj agreed to show himself at the Lahore court, under a safe-conduct formally pledged by the British agent. Bowing himself with all humility before the assembled *Durbar*, and making the accustomed presents to the boy-king and his regent-mother, the turbulent chieftain went on to inform her highness of his having brought "the keys of Mooltan fort and his life also to lay at her feet." His excuses for his late misconduct having been met by the queen-mother with kind assurances of her faith in the rebel's loyalty, and his proffered sword and shield having, in Eastern fashion, been duly touched and returned to him by the same lady, he withdrew from the presence in company with Lal Singh, the vizier, who with true Eastern courtliness assured his late foe that he viewed and loved him as a brother; an assurance whose value his new-found brother must have rated infinitely below that of the safe-conduct under which the meeting had taken place.

Rising in Cashmere.

Pending the settlement of this dispute, another quarrel raging in Cashmere called for the interference of British diplomacy backed by British arms. Not long had the wily Jummoo rajah been installed in his new dominions, when a

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rebellion, headed by Imám-ud-dín, son of the late governor of Cashmere, threatened to drive him out again. Aided by most of the hill chiefs, who disliked their new ruler, or hoped to gain by throwing off an untried yoke, the rebellion grew to such a height that British aid was deemed inevitable to put it down. A sufficient force under Sir John Littler was sent to hold Jummoo, while a larger Sikh army marched into Cashmere. Frightened by the help thus given to his rival, and by the seizure of all his landed estates in Jullúndar, the insurgent sheik was erelong brought to terms; and his final surrender of himself to Captain Edwardes, on the 31st of October, settled the fate of a rising in which the slippery vizier Lal Singh was afterwards found to have played no inactive part. For this crowning piece of treachery the latter gentleman was at length relieved of his high office, and handed over to the British agent, who had loudly demanded the punishment of so great a criminal. Torn from his royal paramour, the selfish swinish coward broke forth into womanish wailings over the hard fate that doomed him, the unknown adventurer of other days, to a life of easy retirement in the fort of Agra.

Treaty of Bhairowal.

The vizier's star having set thus shamefully, and the young Dhuleep Singh being still no more than eight or nine years old, it was agreed between the British government and the leading Sikh nobles that a council of chiefs should

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thenceforth carry on the regency, guarded by ten thousand British troops, to be quartered about Lahore, and partially paid out of the royal treasury. The conclusion of this new treaty was announced on the 26th of December by a grand salute of British guns, fired in honour of that day's meeting between the Maharajah and the Governor-General at Bhairowal, a few marches from Lahore. To any listener gifted with statesmanlike forecast that salute must have sounded like the boom of minute-guns over the grave of a once powerful nation. With the best intentions one of India's most peaceful viceroys had now gone more than halfway towards annexing one more independent kingdom to an empire already overgrown.

Borneo.

Barring a slight inroad of Boogtie robbers into Sinde, no other warlike movement occurred this year on or near British-Indian ground. By sea, however, an attack was made in July on the capital of Borneo by a British fleet, of which the Company's steamer *Phlegethon* formed a part. The sultan of that island having lately murdered his uncle, Muda Hassim, the greater part of his family, and several other chiefs known to be steady friends of the English, Sir Thomas Cochrane, the admiral commanding in those seas, resolved to make the royal sinner smart for his cruelty to men guiltless of other crime than the friendship he himself, but a few months before, had feigned to share. Accompanied by Mr.

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James Brooke, the hardy Englishman whose brilliant deeds as conqueror, ruler, guardian-friend of the Dyaks of the Eastern Archipelago, were soon to win him a kingdom, a knighthood, the loud applause of most of his countrymen, and the groundless invectives of the remaining few, a small British squadron of light draught made its way up the river leading to Bruni, the sultan's capital. The first battery which fired upon it was speedily silenced, and taken by a rush from the two gunboats. Another and stronger one nearer the city having opened a sharp and telling fire on the squadron, while some boats full of marines were assailed with musketry from the woods along the bank, the *Phlegethon* made such good use of her guns and rockets in return, that the battery was deserted before the storming-party had finished landing. Two men killed and seven wounded was the price paid for this part of the business. Bruni was taken; but the sultan had fled far inland, and a party of four hundred and seventy-two seamen and marines under Captain Mundy, with Mr. Brooke as political agent, was told off for the work of pursuing him over a country more or less flooded from the rain and the many streams that wound through wildernesses of thick jungle, and mangrove swamps alive with musquitoes. Marching always knee-deep, often waist-deep, in mud or water, under a steady rainpour, with no rest at night for the musquitoes, they struggled their slow way,

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after one failure, to Damuan, some thirty miles from Bruni. From Damuan, however, the sultan had meanwhile fled, and the baffled pursuers once more retraced their steps, after destroying or carrying off whatever of the sultan's property they could discover by the way. Six days in all had Captain Mundy's party spent in these toilsome marches to such little purpose. The men however had behaved excellently, and in spite of all discomforts few cases of sickness seem to have occurred. The net result of Admiral Cochrane's doings was the instilling a wholesome fear of the English into Dyak hearts, and the seizure of thirty-eight guns ranging from three to sixty-eight pounds calibre.

Nepal.

A massacre yet more sweeping than that of Borneo occurred this year in Nepal, closely following, if not in a manner owing to the retirement of Mr. Colvin, the British resident, whose health forbade his further stay in that country. In the absence of any outward check upon her savage tendencies, the queen of Nepal avenged the murder of her friend or favourite, Guggun Singh, by slaying the prime minister, his sons, nephews, and about a hundred other men of rank. Her own husband, the king, took fright at the wholesale slaughter and fled. It was even feared that her thirst for blood would lead her to attack the British Residency. But the storm had blown its worst, and with the return of her timid husband, and the approach of a new

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Resident, calm once more reigned in the Nepalese border.

Death of Dwarkanáth Thakoor.

The first day of August, 1846, saw the death, in London, of Dwarkanáth Thakoor, the noble Hindu gentleman whose name, after the death of Rammohun Roy, stood highest in Anglo-Indian hearts for enlightened patriotism, large philosophy, strong enthusiasm, and varied culture. In him, the rich descendant of a family known in Calcutta at least a century before for its wealth and eminence, hopeful Englishmen had seen the fit successor to Rammohun Roy in the work of imbuing the Hindu mind with the religion and learning of modern Europe. Born in 1795, and brought up in the strictest Hinduism, he delighted from his boyhood in the company of his English neighbours, and grew to assimilate his tastes and ways of thinking more and more closely to theirs. By birth a high-caste Brahmin, he was free to overstep many of the social usages which the bulk of his fellow-worshippers were bound at their peril to observe. Without forfeiting his caste-rights he could eat forbidden food at an Englishman's table, and avow opinions essentially at one with those of the purest Deism. As a *Vedantist*, or believer in the inner teaching of the Hindu *Vedas*, he helped to found that new school of Brahmin philosophy which, while holding to the historical groundwork of the popular creed, lent itself to the engrafting of all that was good in modern science or modern Christianity. His

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active shrewdness in matters of trade or business enlarged the fortune which his princely charities kept continually cutting down. Ten thousand pounds given in one sum to a society for relieving the blind and needy, formed but a fraction of the alms for which his countrymen have cause to bless his memory. No scheme for the good of his fellow-citizens missed the help of his personal influence or his purse. The government which for several years he served officially in the salt department, was loud in acknowledgment of the public spirit shown by him on many occasions; most signally in his efforts towards the suppression of *suttee*. A handsome medal from the East-India Company, more than one present from the Queen and Prince Albert, and the number of English gentlemen, some of high standing in the Company's service, who followed him to his grave in Kensal Green, bore honourable witness to his great worth, whether as an Indian gentleman or as a zealous servant of the State. His second and last visit to England, undertaken partly on account of the native youths whom he had sent thither to be educated in the London University at his expense, was cut short in its second year by the fatal after-fruits of an illness contracted several years before. The sorrow awakened in Calcutta by the news of his untimely death, displayed itself in a meeting held at the Town Hall, with Sir John Grant for chairman, surrounded by gentlemen of both races, of various callings,

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of three or four different creeds, but all eager alike to share in a common tribute to the memory of their fellow-townsman. With careful effort to forward his own unfinished labours, they resolved to subscribe to a "Dwarkanath Endowment Fund," for enabling a given number of Indian youths to master all or any of the higher learning taught in the London University.

Hindu bigotry.

But the bigoted Hinduism, against which a few native gentlemen and a growing number of young students had begun to set their faces, was still rampant in the very centre of European progress. A worthy rival of Dwarkanath's, the rich Baboo Matti Lal Sil, had a year or two before promised ten thousand rupees to any Hindoo who, in the teeth of a time-honoured custom, should dare to marry a widow of his own faith. As yet however, no man had been goaded even by his poverty to come forward and claim the prize. Nothing daunted, the Baboo, at a meeting of his orthodox countrymen, called for their signatures to a petition praying the government to remove all legal hindrances to the marriage of Hindu widows. But the assembly, inspired by the zeal of their priestly counsellors, the bench of Pundits, turned an adverse, if not a scornful ear to the speaker's pleading; and some of them were heard to say, that the only petition they would care to sign would be one for leave to burn up their widows as freely as they had done before Lord Bentinck's day. In Calcutta, as in some Protestant countries further

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west, it is the priesthood that moves slowest when the ice of bygone traditions is fast melting away from beneath their feet.

Spread of liberal ideas.

Nevertheless, the reforming spirit was already making slow but sure way in British India. A few of the less bigoted pundits joined with a party of bold Bengali youths in a league for promoting the re-marriage of Hindu widows, whose dreary lives, dragged out in utter self-abasement, too often in needless poverty and undeserved neglect, recalled the penances without the frequent consolations of a Christian nunnery. In the government and mission schools of the three capitals, and of many a large provincial city, the children of Hindu parents were gradually imbibing the thoughts while they mastered the language of Shakespeare and Bacon; were led on by the study of Western science towards conclusions big with ruin alike to the mythologic and the scientific claims of the ancient Hinduism. The great success of the missionary efforts in the Tinnevelly district of the Madras presidency had but lately provoked a series of violent inroads, by mobs of Hindu fanatics, into fourteen or fifteen villages full of native Christians, for whose plundered dwellings and outraged persons redress was sought, it seems to little purpose, at the hands of the Sudder Court of Madras. Amidst the jarring statements of two hostile parties, each loudly re-senting the wrongs, real or imaginary, done by the other, it was next to impossible for any court

Riots in Tinnevelly.

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to ascertain the character or the leaders of the alleged outbreak; and Mr. Lewin's treatment at the hands of the Madras government, for his bold defence of the judgment passed by himself and his brethren of the Sudder Court, seemed to justify the charges rife against that government, of using its high powers as a missionary partisan, not as the ruler of a large non-Christian realm. But how great soever the default of justice, or the aggressive rashness of the missionary side, clear it is that the Madras Hindoos were now sorely alarmed at the spread of a religious movement, which their heated fancies interpreted into the beginning of a set design to force Christianity upon all Hindustan. What with the unseemly excesses of some of the new proselytes, with the unwise zeal of several missionaries, the countenance openly given to their cause by not a few of the English functionaries, and the formal suppression of rites so barbarous as that of suttee, there was already going abroad a mischievous, if unfounded notion, that the rulers who in their days of weakness had carefully respected the native creeds, were now bent on waging war therewith, as relentlessly as some of the Mahomedan emperors had done before them.

In many parts of India however, a great intellectual movement was going on among the natives themselves, in aid of the efforts making by their English leaders. Schools, vernacular

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Intellectual movement among the natives.

and English, were founded, enlarged, supported wholly or in part, by native gentlemen of every creed. Young men fresh from the government schools opened new ones for the good of their ignorant countrymen. A native prince sent in a large subscription towards the new General Library at Bombay. Native newspapers, written more or less ably, some of them in English, discussed the questions political, social, religious, of the day, with a freedom rarely marred by scurrilous or disloyal outbreaks. And, greatest effort perhaps of all, a number of Hindu gentlemen had begun to lighten the mental darkness spread for ages past around the *Zenana*, by imparting to their wives and daughters some of that new learning which had lately found its way to their own minds.

The railway movement.

Another movement of the day, that namely in behalf of Indian railroads, began this year to take a more practical turn. After much preliminary talk and balancing of opposite claims, the main features of a scheme for linking the capital of Bengal with the great civil and military stations in the North-west were emerging into clear outline before the close of this year. While Mr. Simms was still surveying the ground first gone over by Mr. Macdonald Stephenson, at home the Court of Directors were busy settling the terms on which their aid should be given to the proposed scheme. As soon as half a million sterling had been paid into the India House, they agreed to

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guarantee the shareholders a fixed interest on their money for a certain number of years, to find the land required for the railway, to let the stock and materials sent out by the company be imported duty-free, on condition that the new line should be made by sections, starting from Calcutta upwards, that the railway fares should fall as the profits rose, and that the right of purchasing the line itself should be open to the government thirty years after its completion. Other points were left for future adjustment; but meanwhile a great step forward had been taken, which excused, if it scarcely warranted, the over-sanguine prophecies of some British-Indian journalists. Henceforth, whatever hindrances might bar the quick fulfilment of a scheme so promising, it was impossible even for official sluggishness or parliamentary crotchets long to withhold a boon demanded by all sound thinkers, in the interests alike of the Indian government and its people.

Other events of the year.

A few other of this year's occurrences demand a passing word. In a season of wide-spread sickness Sinde, as usual, showed a heavier death-list than any other part of India. Kurrachee in a few days was one vast burial-ground: out of four British regiments alone there died close on nine hundred men and women, and the native troops fared but little better, while the deaths among the inhabitants might be counted by thousands. This year, for the first time, English barristers were allowed to plead in the Sudder

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courts. A bill conferring municipal government on Calcutta received the assent of the Supreme Council. A plan of cheap uniform postage, devised by the Indian postmaster-general Mr. Taylor, and approved by Lord Hardinge, was sent home to await the final verdict of the India House. Mr. James Weir Hogg, chairman for this year of the East-India Company, was rewarded with a baronetcy for his services, parliamentary and other, done to the government of Sir Robert Peel. Another director, Sir James Rivett-Carnac, thrice chairman or deputy-chairman of the same court, afterwards for three years governor of Bombay, died in January 1846, a prey to the illness which five years before had hastened his return home.

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Death of the rajah of Travancore.

A death in some respects more unwelcome opens the history of the new year. Among the native princes of Hindustan few, if any, equalled the rajah of Travancore in all those qualities that go to the making up of a great ruler and an accomplished gentleman. His zealous pursuit of knowledge, his steady free-handed patronage of modern science and English letters, his administrative talents, and his lofty patriotism, combined to render his death a misfortune to his subjects, and a source of regret to all those Englishmen who had known him personally, or heard of his efforts to reform the national ways.

On the 7th of January 1847, the Governor-General once more left the Sikh capital, whither

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he had marched on to give the last touches to the treaty ratified at Bhairowal. It was now time, he thought, to resume those peaceful toils from which he had so long been severed against his will. An order went forth for reducing the strength of every native regiment from a thousand men to eight hundred. From the saving thus effected, and the outturn of our arrangements with Golab Singh, it would now be feasible to hasten the construction of the Ganges Canal, and other public works of which India stood in sore need. The whole of the Bengal troops were likewise recalled from Sinde; and of those which had lately been marching to and fro in the north-west of India, all but the regiments needed for garrison duty at Lahore were gradually settling down to the old humdrum business of cantonment life. Public breakfasts, dinners, balls, reviews; the arrival of a new governor, Mr. G. Clerk, at Bombay; the rumoured change in the government of Sinde; a peaceful mission to the court of Ava; the installing of a new king in Bhopal; Sir George Pollock's final departure home; Sir C. Napier's farewell flourish of trumpets to the late army of Sinde; such and such-like were the events marking the first months of the year immediately following the treaty of Bhairowal. Nothing but the little war in the Goomsoor jungles blurred the calm blue radiance of the British-Indian sky.

The first months of the new year.

British interference in the cause of humanity

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Reforms in the native states.

was bearing good fruit in some of the non-British states. The Nizam and the ruler of Gwalior abolished suttee throughout their several dominions. The Jeypore government, having done the same thing not long before, now issued a decree against infanticide; and the better to put down that dreadful custom, curtailed the heavy marriage-fees, whose payment was supposed to have made child-murder common amongst a people taught to look on celibacy as dishonour. The stealing and selling of children into slavery was another practice against which the Jeypore reformers now declared war. Burning and burying alive were forbidden throughout Jhalwar. Even in matters of less seeming moment British influence sometimes had its way. At the instance of the Resident Colonel Lawrence, the Lahore government agreed to hold no durbars (or councils) on a Sunday, and further ordered that on that day no one should be employed on the public works. It was only in the beginning of this year that public labour on Sundays was forbidden throughout Bengal and Madras.

Plots at Lahore.

In Lahore and the Punjab all was outwardly quiet, under the able supervision of Colonel Henry Lawrence, and during his absence, of his no less able brother John. Within the palace however, plots were brewing against the public peace,—it was thought by many, even against the life of the British agent. Tej Sing, the president of the council, was picked out by the restless queen-

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mother as the butt of her unwearied, her insulting hatred. On the 7th of August, amidst a full gathering of Sikh chiefs and English officers, he stood waiting to be invested with the rank and outward badges of a Sikh rajah. For more than an hour he had to await in vain the wilfully delayed approach of his childish sovereign. During the investiture a Sikh priest had to mark the rajah's forehead with the wonted sign of his new rank, because, under his mother's prompting, the young king refused to perform that act of common courtesy with his own finger. This crowning insult brought the lady's plotting to a disastrous end. Her creatures were speedily removed from about the Maharajah's person, and with Lord Hardinge's own consent, she herself was carried off to dwell a prisoner at large in the fort of Shaikpoora, some twenty-five miles from Lahore. This business over, Colonel Lawrence was at length free to recruit his failing health amid the fir-clad steeps and homelike cottages of Simlah. From thence however, a few months later, he was driven by continued illness home to the green fields of his native island.

Fighting in Sinde.

The peace of Sinde was ruffled this year by nothing worse than another raid of Beloochees from the Bhoogtie hills, a raid for which the robbers paid dear. Lieutenant Merewether, who had long been waiting his chance, dashed down upon them on the 1st of October with about a hundred and thirty of the Sinde horse. The

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enemy, numbering over six hundred foot with a small body of horse, were drawn on to meet him in the open plain. After a series of brave but bootless stands against the ruinous onsets of the Sinde horse, the remaining Beloochees, reduced by this time to a hundred and twenty men, of whom many were sore wounded and all alike cut off from their hilly fastnesses, at length accepted the quarter they had erewhile spurned; and of all who had entered into that fatal strife two horsemen only got away again. Among the slain were several chiefs of note. Of the Sinde horse no more than nine were killed or wounded in this sharp struggle against seemingly fearful odds. Of the destructive effects of the short carbines used by our troopers their gallant leader makes especial mention; likewise of the bravery shown by those who bore them. If he had also told us how the poor wretches were armed, on whom such slaughter was dealt by so few assailants, we might have been better able to applaud the courage of which he speaks so admiringly.

Sir C. Napier's retirement.

By this time Sir Charles Napier had made over the government of Sinde to Mr. Pringle, who succeeded him as commissioner under the government of Bombay. Sir Charles's retirement was hailed with different feelings by different classes of his countrymen in India. To the officers and soldiers under his command he was endeared by most of the qualities which make at once a good general and a thorough soldier: wherever he led

His character.

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them, his troops were eager to follow, proud of serving under so skilled a master, happy to fight or to suffer hardship by the side of one whose example spurred them to the highest pitch, alike of heroic endurance and heroic daring. Others, who knew him mainly for his readiness with tongue and pen, might feel an amused regret at losing an eccentric if hot-headed speaker, a writer whose general orders were unmatched, if not for judicial fairness, at least for their racy English, their homely hard-hitting humour. Others again of various classes would not be inclined to shed many tears for the departure of a public servant whom they could only remember as the slanderer of Colonel Outram, of the Indian press, of the civil service at large, as a scurrilous partisan, an overweening boaster, and, to crown all, as the reckless agent of an ambitious viceroy in a conquest, that of Sinde, which very few out of his own family had the courage or the blindness to defend. Yet with all such drawbacks to his moral worth and his general usefulness, there is no denying his excellence as a soldier, or his apparent success as a statesman set to govern a newly-conquered realm, to bring under one rule the whilom subjects of many different masters, to establish peace, order, uniform law, among races some of them new to any legislative curb, others sore with natural resentment of the wrongs so lately done to their hereditary rulers. To the main proofs of that success, as implied in the length of his

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reign, and in the peacefulness he left behind h may be added the explicit reference made i general order of Lord Hardinge's to "the ju..., firm, and able manner in which his Excellency has conducted the civil administration of the province entrusted to his charge."

Early in January the people of Agra were alarmed by a sudden attack of two hundred armed natives upon the jail, in order to rescue certain prisoners, foremost of whom was Dhoongur Singh, the robber chief of Shekhawatti. Instead of two or three, more than fifty made their way out of the prison, but to escape altogether was not so easy a task. After a deadly struggle with the police, in which fifteen of the runaways were slain, and eighteen, including Dhoongur Singh, got clear away, the remainder, eleven of them more or less wounded, were speedily carried back to their old quarters. Unluckily for the peace of Rajpootana, the arch-ruffian Dhoongur Singh was soon at the head of a powerful gang, whose doings quickened the pursuit which their skill or good fortune continually eluded. It was not till the end of the year, after much patient watching, after a series of well-contrived, of partially successful surprises, that the gang was fairly broken up and its leader once more a captive, powerless for further harm.

Dhoongur Singh.

About the end of July the town of Jalundar was thrown into a dangerous ferment by the factious attempt of the Hindoos to bar the rights of

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their Moslem fellow-citizens. For the good of the latter a butcher's shop had, with the commissioner's leave, been opened outside the city, in a spot where its presence could shock no one.

Riot in Jalundar.

Forthwith the Hindu grain-sellers threatened to close their shops. No heed being given to their remonstrances, their threat was carried out. An angry rabble thronged the bazaars, ill-used some troopers sent to disperse them, even pelted the commissioner himself. A guard of regulars turning out to attack them, the rioters broke off; but Hindu bigotry kept the grain-shops closed for several days, until the Government thwarted its evil aims by importing grain from elsewhere, for the use of those who ate beef themselves, or could see no crime in others eating it.

The Khond war.

Meanwhile the little war in Khondistan kept flaring and flickering from time to time throughout this year. Safe in the shelter of their densely wooded hills, the followers of Chokro Bissoi cared but little for the burning of their empty villages in the plains, or for the efforts made to reach them by troops whose sojourn for any time in the jungles would have been certain death. Over a large part of the Goomsoor country order was presently restored by the awe-inspiring movements of General Dyce, and the arrival of the new agent, Colonel Campbell, on the scene of his former services in the same cause. His first measure, the recall of Sam Bissoi from undeserved exile to his old place at the head of the Goomsoor Khonds,

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soon brought these latter back to an allegiance no longer at war with the loyalty owed to their feudal chief. With Sam Bissoi's willing aid, Colonel Campbell had not much trouble in allaying the fears still felt by his former clients, touching the designs of a government whose troops seemed never to have done marching to and fro in Goomsoor. They readily promised to abstain—had indeed for some time wholly abstained from human sacrifices; but it was hard that a custom put down in Goomsoor should still be virtually allowed in Bode and Jeypore.

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The Rajah of Ungool.

In spite of his uncle's reinstatement, Chokro Bissoi kept up the war in the adjoining district of Bode. Thither after the rainy season Colonel Campbell prepared to follow him, when an order came to deal first of all with Chokro's active ally, the rajah of Ungool. Accordingly, with four guns and some two thousand sepoys of the 22nd, 29th, and 41st Madras infantry, he set out in January 1848 on an enterprise more perilous in the prospect than it proved in fact; the nature of the country through which he passed offering indeed the only hindrance to his progress. In less than two months his mission had been carried out: the rebels everywhere yielded their stockades at the first shot; and the refractory rajah was led off a prisoner to Cuttack, where a few years after he died, a pensioner at large of the government whose wrath he had unwisely braved.

Returning to Bode in the spring, Colonel Camp-

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Campbell's successes in Bode.

bell found things no worse, perhaps somewhat better, than before. Chokro Bissoi was still trying to stir up fresh revolts, by promising the Khonds unlimited freedom of human sacrifices if they would but hold out against their tyrannical masters. But one poor Meriah girl had been saved by Campbell's deputy from a cruel death; and the fear of the British told heavily against the pleadings alike of popular tradition and personal reverence for old dynasties. Colonel Campbell at once set to work on his side. By keeping his coercive means just visible in the background, he ensured from the Bode chiefs a fair hearing of all he had to say in favour of full submission to the British demands. They listened to his pleadings with grave interest, smoked and chatted with him freely at all hours, tried his patience by making him again and again go over the very line of argument he had trodden just before. Like men in more civilized lands, they tried all manner of arts to shirk the inevitable issues of all that talk. Soon the deserted villages were getting peopled again. Refractory chiefs began dropping into the agent's camp, and taking their places in the general council of the tribes. Others still refractory were quietly followed up, surrounded, forced to yield in their own despite. If the younger men of the tribes were still loud for resistance, their cooler-headed chiefs and elders fell more and more readily into the agent's way of thinking. At length, before the beginning of the deadly month of May, Chokro

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Bissoi had been hunted out of Bode, the whole of the Bode chiefs had severally and solemnly sworn to abstain thenceforth from offering up human victims, and two hundred and thirty-five Meriahs, including all but three of those formerly yielded back by Captain Macpherson, had been delivered up once for all into British hands.

Death of the late Rajah of Sattára.

Return we now to the events of 1847. At Benares, in October, died the erewhile rajah of Sattára, whose wrongs, real or imagined, had for some years past furnished Messrs. Hume and Thompson with food for many warm debates in the India House and in the House of Commons. If one-sided eloquence and sweeping invective could have proved the innocence of a seeming culprit, the deposed rajah should have died a sovereign in his own palace. But for lack of the strong faith so noisily displayed by his English advocates, most men will rather believe with Sir James Hogg that a case which had been decided one way by three successive governments in Bombay, by Lord Auckland's government in Calcutta, by the Court of Directors, by three successive presidents of the Board of Control, would have defied the best efforts of pleaders more disinterested than Mr. George Thompson, better informed than Mr. Joseph Hume, to overthrow it.

Events in the native States.

In various parts of non-British India strife, disorder, violence, more or less frequent, called for the oversight or the interference of British agents. More than one popular outbreak in

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Cashmere, military commotions in the Deccan, religious riotings in Oudh, murderous plottings and daring outrages in Nepal, made up rather a lurid background to the bright peaceful scenes in front. But for the countenance still shown him by the British in return for his formal suppression of suttee, slavery, and infanticide, Golab Singh would have been hard pushed to quiet the unruly tax-payers of Cashmere. The English residents at Lucknow and Hyderabad were driven to use, the one strong language, the other strong language enforced by Sepoy bayonets, for the final quelling of the commotions in either capital. In Nepal the young minister, Jung Bahádur, had much ado to retain, by means of a strong hand and a willing soldiery, the place he had won, not without bloodshed, by favour of the queen whose husband he afterwards dethroned. Erelong, however, his native craft and courage set him firmly in his dangerous seat, while his high governing-talents turned the realms of his nominal master into a marvel of Eastern well-doing.

Surrender of Shere Mohammad.

After some years of bootless striving against the results of British encroachment on his rightful domains, Shere Mohammad, the long-hunted "Lion of Meerpore," yielded at last to the doom which had overtaken all his fellow ameers. In the early part of this year he gave himself up into the hands of Colonel Lawrence, and retired into peaceful privacy on the pension granted to other state prisoners of his rank. If British honour could

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not bring itself to restore provinces unfairly won, it was ready at least to pay their former lords a handsome percentage on their forfeit revenues.

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Piracy in Borneo.

As a matter of course there happened this year, in May, a sharp brush between the Borneo pirates and their English pursuers. Eleven pirate praas, holding about five hundred men, were attacked by the boats of the Honourable Company's steamer *Nemesis*, aided by a cutter of her Majesty's ship *Columbine;* the little *Nemesis* herself being useful in giving chase to the prey, and heading it down towards the shore. After a series of hard fights varied by vain attempts to dodge their pursuers, five praas carrying in all fifteen guns, from nine-pounders downwards, fell into British hands. Of their crews, some eighty at least were known to have been killed, and forty or fifty of those who escaped inland were presently seized and slain by the Sultan's men. Of the vessels that got away for want of more boats to tackle them, most were so riddled with grape-shot as to be scarce able to keep afloat. Seven wounded, two mortally, and one killed, made up the whole loss on the British side. After the engagement numbers of the pirates' captives were seen flying up the beach in almost equal fear of their late captors and of those who had come to rescue them. It was too late that evening to go after them; but some fifty of their number were afterwards heard of as safe in the hands of the Borneo people.

A fresh spur was this year given to the march

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of Hindoo learning, by the appointment of Mr. Harriden as Professor of Music in the Hindoo College of Calcutta. Under his guidance two classes of apt scholars were soon making steady way towards the mastery of an art in which the natives of India had for ages lagged far behind, not only the Western, but even several races of the Eastern world. Noteworthy also in a different way was the consecration, in October, of the new cathedral, which the pious enthusiasm of the good Bishop of Calcutta, Daniel Wilson, had at last, with the help of his countrymen's purses in India and at home, succeeded in rearing to the honour of his Church, if not so much to the adornment of Calcutta, as the improved tone of architectural feeling in England would have taught one to desire. In sight as it were of so many glorious trophies of old Mahomedan art, Englishmen might have looked to see some worthier rival alike of those trophies and of our own English cathedrals, than the long low walls, flat roof, feeble spire, and commonplace details of the church that stands at the bottom of palatial Chowringhee.

New spur to Hindoo learning.

The new cathedral of Calcutta.

Industrial enterprise.

In matters of industrial moment, steady, if not often great progress might be observed. Besides the railway programme already sanctioned for Bengal, the East-India Company further guaranteed the same or like advantages to the shareholders of a great trunk railway on the Bombay side. The steamers of two private companies were already beginning to race up the Ganges, in

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useful rivalry with those started by the government several years before. Already was steam-power getting turned to account in stemming the mighty currents of the Indus; while the number of steam-engines set up in the collieries, paper-mills, sugar-mills, and such-like works, had increased threefold in the last seven years. In the Dehra Dhoon, and about the lower slopes of the Himalayas, hundreds of acres were this year added, by order of government, to the land already planted with the tea which, some years later, was to furnish India at once with a new want, and an evergrowing charm for British customers.

Changes in the government.

Before the end of 1847 several changes, besides those already named, had taken place in the higher ranks of British-Indian functionaries. Early in the year, Sir George Pollock, the hero of Tezeen, the worthy colleague of Sir W. Nott, threw up his seat in the Supreme Council, and left Calcutta for the last time, to seek in England that health which but a year before he had tried in vain to recover at the Cape. His place in the Supreme Council was made over by the Court of Directors to Sir John Littler, whose able conduct in the Sutlej campaign had since been followed up by as able a discharge of the duties entrusted to the general commanding at Lahore. Before the year's end Lord Hardinge himself was making ready to hand over the reins of empire to his chosen successor, the Earl of Dalhousie. The last days of his rule were cheered by the hearty welcome which

Retirement of Lord Hardinge.

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awaited the truant on his return to the capital he had left two years before. At a moment of great commercial suffering, all classes of either race combined to pay farewell tributes of respect and kindly feeling to a viceroy who, in spite of other business of a sterner sort, had managed in a noiseless unpretending way to govern his broad empire better than it had been governed for many years past; to a statesman whose honest efforts for the moral, the mental advancement of his native subjects had already won him a high place in their grateful memories; while his own countrymen honoured him as a brave, successful soldier, trusted him as a painstaking, steadygoing. public servant, liked him as a kind-mannered, frank-spoken, unassuming English gentleman. At home, the Court of Directors never tired of avowing their steadfast faith in Lord Hardinge's judicious zeal; the old Duke of Wellington loved to dwell on the unselfishness of his ancient comrade, in laying aside his peaceful toils to save India as a lieutenant acting under the orders of his own commander-in-chief.

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CHAPTER II.

CHAP. II.

A.D. 1848.

On the 18th of January 1848, amidst a succession of farewell cheers and salutes from the shore and the shipping in the Hooghly, Lord Hardinge passed down the river on his way home. Six days earlier, on the 12th, the guns of Fort William had announced the landing at Chandpaul Ghaut of his great successor, whose reign was destined to outshine that of every viceroy since the days of Marquis Wellesley; of almost every viceroy indeed who has ever sat in the seat of Lord Clive. On the 23rd of the following month another governor, the Marquis of Tweeddale, who had been at once governor and commander-in-chief of Madras, left the scene of his labours and his religious excesses, to be replaced anon by that Sir Henry Pottinger of whose public services we have already made some mention. Yet a little later, towards the end of April, a new governor of Bombay, Lord Falkland, had taken the place of Mr. George Clerk, whose ill health had cut short a reign already beginning to fulfil the promise held out by past achievements in a narrower sphere.

Arrival of Lord Dalhousie.

Change of governors in Madras and Bombay.

The new governor-general entered on his duties during a time of deep commercial gloom. At

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Commercial crash.

Bombay, Madras, especially at Calcutta, rash trading, dishonest gambling with rotten securities, a reckless rivalry in matters of outward show, the usual vices of large trading centres, conspired with causes less amenable to human sway to bring about a series of commercial failures only less alarming than those of 1830. A year of special disaster to English trade at home could hardly end without seeing a heavy blow dealt at the trade of England's greatest dependency. The failure especially of Messrs. Cockerell, Larpent, & Co., in London, followed by the final crash of the Union Bank in Calcutta, sent all the gingerbread firms in India, and not a few houses of established name toppling down, one after another, in helpless, widely-hurtful ruin. Other houses more carefully managed, or less dependent on the well-doing of more showy neighbours, weathered the storm more or less triumphantly; but the mischief actually wrought in loss of character for many, of wealth or well-being for thousands, of much useful working-power for the community at large, was not likely to be soon forgotten or easily repaired. Nor could the native faith in English fair-dealing help being cruelly shocked by the glimpses presently revealed of the gross mismanagement, the long-sustained deceit, the desperate shifts and shirkings, which for some time past had led up to the main catastrophe, the collapse of the Union Bank. When some of the first gentlemen in Calcutta, merchants, members of the bar, public

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officers of high standing, were proved or widely believed to have taken part in dealings that bore a strange resemblance to vulgar swindling, all who were jealous for the name of Englishman might well hang their heads, to think how wofully that name had just been tarnished in the eyes of a people accustomed to admire, if they could hardly yet imitate, the proverbial good faith and frank dealing of an English gentleman. As some relief to so sad a picture, it is only fair to say that the taint of immorality seems to have been hardly visible outside Bengal: in the cities of Madras and Bombay few bankruptcies of any mark, fewer still of a dishonest tenour, took place at this time.

For the first few months of Lord Dalhousie's government British India was almost wholly taken up with the peaceful, if not always satisfactory settlement of its own private affairs. While Calcutta was gloomily watching or fiercely squabbling over each new revelation of commercial fraud or folly, discoveries of another kind were making on the north-west frontier. A new form of Thuggee had come into vogue, it seems, for some time past among the lawless fellows who haunted the country between Lahore and Umbála. Working apart in gangs of six or eight men, these ruffians attacked small parties or single travellers in lonely places, and strangled or otherwise despatched them for the sake usually of a few rupees. Before April however some thirty of them had been hunted down, and about as many more were marked out

Thuggee in the Punjab.

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for future seizing, as soon as their pursuers should have got scent of their new hiding-places. On the Bombay side a capture as important crowned a much longer chase. On the 2nd of May, at Tannah, was hanged the notorious outlaw Ragojee Bangria, leader for several years past of a band of freebooting Mahrattas, whose deeds had made them a terror to their neighbours, and an endless trouble to the police. From time to time several of the gang had been seized and duly sentenced for their share in some specified robbery or murder. But the arch-robber, bettering his father's early teaching, managed so well to baffle or defy pursuit that he was only this year brought to trial for a crime committed more than three years back, when he and his gang fell upon and slew eight out of eleven sepoys, who had little thought to find themselves overpowered by the men they had been ordered to pursue.

Ragojee Bangria.

The discovery of promising coal-beds in Kalabagh, by the Indus, in the country about the Nerbudda, and elsewhere; the farewell greetings paid to their departing governor; the death of the reigning rajah of Sattara, an able ruler, well inclined to the English and their ways; differences of opinion touching the small cause courts newly set up by the chief justice Sir Erskine Perry; the narrow escape from utter wreck of the brig that was bearing home from Bombay a fine collection of old Nineveh sculptures in marble and alabaster, the gift of Colonel Rawlinson to the British

Local incidents elsewhere.

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Museum; such were the leading events reported by the local chroniclers of Bombay life. Of Madras matters there would be still less to say, but for the little war in Ungool and Khondistan, which has been told at sufficient length in a former page. An affray at Secunderabad, ending in the complete destruction of a small Romish chapel in the sepoy lines by the men of the 84th foot, was remarkable chiefly for the fact of its being confined to Roman Catholics only, one section siding with the resident clergy, another with certain priests from Goa, whose right of entrance into the chapel had been debarred by their British rivals in the teeth of higher authority. When it was found that the brigadier commanding would have his orders obeyed, a party of soldiers of the 84th foot rushed at the chapel and in a few minutes levelled it to the ground. As a reward for the part they played in this outrage, several of the leading Romish clergy were ordered by government to leave the cantonment of Secunderabad.

First acts of the new government.

Meanwhile the Earl of Dalhousie was busy gaining that thorough acquaintance with the details of Indian government, which his native shrewdness, his statesmanlike bent of mind, and some years of official training under Sir Robert Peel, enabled him afterwards to turn to the largest account. One of his earliest measures betokened his kindly thoughtfulness in matters seemingly of the smallest moment. He ordered that henceforth every European barrack-room, library, canteen, main-

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guard in the plains of India should be furnished with punkahs, and with men paid to pull them at the public cost. Such a measure might have won for its author the title of "Soldier's Friend" on worthier grounds than the conquering of a powerless kingdom, or the bestowing of unmeasured praises on one service at the expense of another. Equally thoughtful for a higher class of public servants was the order issued in April, directing that all magistrates and other functionaries sued for acts done in discharge of public duties should, on offering fair pleas in their own favour, be allowed to draw on government for the means of carrying on their defence, such advances being of course repayable in the event of an issue clearly at variance with those pleas.

Suspension of Sir T. Turton.

On the 7th of June the never-ending tragi-comedy of the Union Bank failure was enlivened by the public suspension of one of the bank's directors, who was also its debtor to a large amount, from his post of Master in Equity to the Supreme Court. The sentence passed on him by Sir Lawrence Peel, chief justice of Bengal, was ushered in by a long, grave, carefully worded review of the strange misconduct which had provoked the Bench into a measure so greatly repugnant to their own feelings, yet so loudly demanded by their sense of public duty.

By the beginning of this year the new Lawrence Asylum for soldiers' children, enriched of late by a splendid gift from Golab Singh, had found not

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only a fixed abode near Kussowlie, but also a rector duly ordained for his charge by the good Bishop of Calcutta. About the same time, under the auspices of the lieutenant-governor, there was springing up at Roorkie, near the Himalayas, a yet more important institution, namely, a college for civil engineers, English and native, with free allowances for duly qualified government scholars, and for English soldiers sent up from their regiments to earn by a given course of studies the right to serve as overseers in the department of public works.

Roorkie College.

The Punjáb.

In the Punjáb everything seemed to betoken a long continuance of the peace to which Lord Hardinge, good easy man, could see no human chance of an early rupture. At Lahore, Peshawar, Attok, and some other towns, English officers, civil and military, were quietly drilling Sikh regiments, giving lessons in good government to respectful Sikh officials, enforcing a rough-and-ready justice among rude tribes accustomed to obey no master whom they could not personally revere. Already had Colonel Lawrence been the means of establishing throughout the Punjáb that very system of low uniform postage-rates, which Bengal was still to wait for some years longer. In March the new resident, Sir Frederic Currie, relieved Mr. John Lawrence of his temporary charge at Lahore. About that time the dewan or governor of Mooltan was treating with the council of Regency about the surrender of a post

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which he cared or was bidden no longer to fill. At length the business seemed in a fair way for settlement. A new governor was named to succeed Moolraj. In due time the Sirdar Khan Singh set out for Mooltan, accompanied by Mr. Vans Agnew of the Bengal civil service, and Lieutenant Anderson of the Bombay fusiliers, in whose presence the change of governors was to be carried out. On the 18th of April the outgoing dewan paid visits of form and business to the British officers encamped in the Eedgah, a kind of fortified temple near Mooltan. The next morning he surrendered the fort itself into the keeping of the new governor. Leaving two companies of Ghoorkas to help in guarding the works, after a few cheering words from Mr. Agnew to some of Moolraj's downcast soldiery, Khan Singh's party set forth on their homeward ride. Beside or between the two Englishmen rode Moolraj. Close by the outer gate of the fortress Agnew was suddenly wounded by a spearthrust under the arm. Thrown from his rearing horse, he turned with a stick on his ruffianly assailant, who wounded him thrice with a sword before help came. Meanwhile, through helpless fear rather perhaps than willing treachery, Moolraj had galloped off to his own pleasure-house, the Amkhas. Anderson also was riding away, whether in search of help or in chase of the seeming traitor, when he too was suddenly beset by foes and felled to earth with many cruel

Treachery of Moolraj.

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slashes. Carried all bleeding by Khan Singh's followers into the Eedgah, the wounded gentlemen hoped with the aid of their Sikh escort to hold out there, until the help for which Agnew wrote off at once could come to them from Bunnoo and Bhawalpore. But the treachery of those around them speedily put all hope to flight. After many hours of suffering, bodily and mental,—after many fruitless appeals to the dewan's honour, to the loyalty of his troops, to the gratitude or the greed of Khan Singh's followers,—after a day of open warfare between the guns of the Eedgah and of the fort, their little stronghold deserted by the last of its faithless garrison was forced, on the evening of the 20th, by a crowd of yelling savages eager to finish the work which some of them had begun the day before. It was not much that they found to do as they thronged into the lofty hall, where Anderson lay already dying, his hand pressed in a farewell gripe by that of his less hurt, and so less fortunate comrade. Up to the latter, as he sat calmly awaiting the issue of life or death, rushed a hideous misshapen monster, named Googer Singh, waving a drawn sword, and bespattering his patient victim with streams of the foulest abuse. "You can kill me if you like, but others will avenge my death," were poor Agnew's last words, as the ruffian raised his arm to strike him. At the third blow his head rolled to the floor. His dying comrade was then hacked to death by half a dozen swords. Then the

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mangled bodies were dragged outside to be hacked and mangled anew by a crowd of butchers lashed into ever worse rage by each new deed of hellish insult. The heads of the murdered, taken to Moolraj, were afterwards tossed among the mob, who smeared them with gunpowder and set them on fire. Even after a late, a sorry burial, their remains were twice dug up for the sake of the cloth that enwrapped them.

Question of Moolraj's guilt.

What share Moolraj did really take in all these outrages will never perhaps be clearly, indisputably shown. Men's hearts are seldom quite fathomable, while those of Englishmen and Asiatics look out on one another from across broad gulfs of mutual misunderstanding. The very things which seem to tell in the dewan's favour, the monies lodged in the Amritsir treasury and at Benares, the arrears of tribute paid in at Lahore just before this very outbreak, his apparent wish to be relieved from his governorship, may all have been so many blinds to a long foreshapen scheme. On the other hand, no less a judge than Mr. John Lawrence avowed his belief that, up to March of this year, Moolraj had shown no traces of a wish to undo the step he would gladly have taken some months before. Weary of a post too burdensome for his weaker nature, disgusted with the new checks placed by his nominal masters on his once unbounded sway, worn out with family bickerings, with the lectures of a bold aspiring mother, he had in December last

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renewed to Mr. Lawrence his prayer for relief from his important charge, on the understanding that his purpose might be kept a secret from the Lahore council, and that only into British hands should the Mooltan provinces be made over. Unluckily the secret kept by Mr. Lawrence was made known by his successor; and instead of an Englishman settling the transfer quietly with Moolraj, a Sikh sirdar was openly sent by the Lahore ministry to displace a popular ruler, and virtually to insult an embittered foe. It is not unlikely that his wrath at such treatment may have blazed out in his reception of the British officers deputed, as it might seem, to witness his dethronement. His moody passionate temper may have emboldened his followers to begin the tragedy which his after cowardice, if nothing worse, permitted them to carry through without punishment, apparently not without reward. The brute who murdered Agnew, the soldiers who deserted him, were decked out with rare trinkets or loaded with rupees. Neither before nor after the murders did Moolraj make one honest unmistakable effort to clear himself from the guilt that was sure to fasten upon his name. His one letter of self-defence, written on the 19th, contained at once a needless warning to the wounded officers, and a paltry tale of his being forcibly hindered from going to them by his turbulent soldiery. Instead of going to see them he let his own officers fasten a war-bracelet on his wrist. Early

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the next morning he moved his family and treasures into the fort, and sent out manifestoes summoning the people to rise in his defence. That same evening, while Agnew's messengers were making a last appeal to Moolraj's compassion, his followers were setting out on their errand of blood. Whichever be the true reading of his conduct so far, there can be no doubt that he was just as answerable for the blood shed that evening, as if it had indeed been shed at his own bidding. Of the part he played in the following events, there is still less room for doubt. Led by the joint counsels of despair and fanaticism he openly headed the movement he had erewhile seemed to follow; sent forth his messengers through all the Mooltan provinces to stir up Sikh, Mussulman, Hindoo, to a holy war against the *Feringhie;* and, while the city was yet rejoicing over the heroic butchery of two helpless Englishmen, he and his officers were making hot haste to strengthen the defences and replenish the magazines of a stronghold which Runjeet Singh had thrice vainly attempted to wrest from its Afghan master.

At the first news of these sad outrages everything was done by the British "politicals" in the Punjáb to nip the rebellion, if it might be, in the bud. Bháwal Khan, the brave prince of Bhawalpore, was speedily making ready to avenge the murder of his allies. While Sir Frederic Currie was urging Lord Gough to send off some British regiments by water from Ferozepore, Colonel Cort-

March of Edwardes and Cortlandt.

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landt from one quarter of Bunnoo, Lieutenant Herbert Edwardes from another, were already marching with a few thousand Sikhs and Pathans towards the seat of coming strife. After taking a fort or two and beating a rebel force by the way, Cortlandt, on the 20th of May, joined Edwardes at a critical moment in front of a larger army, which was straightway attacked and routed with heavy loss. Nearly a month later, on the 18th of June, some eight thousand Mooltánies with ten guns moved forward against the Bhawalpore contingent, which lay at Kineyrie on the Chenab river, about twenty miles from Mooltan, and with three thousand Sikhs whom Edwardes had crossed over in the night, mustered in all about nine thousand men and ten guns. The fight which followed lasted from early morning till past two, going hard for a time against the allies, whose right giving way left Edwardes on the other flank exposed to alarming odds, until at the right moment two of Cortlandt's regiments hurrying up with six guns turned the scale once for all against the insurgents. Six guns and a great deal of camp equipage were soon in the victors' hands, while the vanquished fled in disorder up to the walls of Mooltan, leaving hundreds dead or dying behind them. Three hundred killed and wounded was the price paid for a victory won nearly as much by Edwardes's personal hardihood as by the timely appearance of Cordlandt's guns. But the anniversary of Water-

Battle of Kineyrie.

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loo, as Edwardes wrote, was not a day on which Englishmen could be beaten; and an officer who had fought upon the Sutlej under Lord Gough, was not likely to discredit his training in circumstances which might have overtasked the resources of a younger soldier.

Still advancing and taking more forts by the way, the allies were strengthened on the 28th by four thousand men, whom Sheikh Imam-ood-deen, the pardoned leader of the Cashmere rebellion, had in token of his loyalty brought up to their aid. In despair at the frequent discomfiture of his men, at the growing split between Sikhs and Mahomedans, which forced him to get rid of the latter from among the troops of his main army, Moolraj was ready to treat with his opponents, if only his life were assured him. He was bidden to yield at discretion. For a moment he seemed to acquiesce in a demand that sounded to him like his death-warrant. His councillors were summoned to hear his resolve; some of his more faithful friends were bidden to celebrate beforehand the funeral rites of their doomed chief. But Maharaj Singh, the Lahore Gooroo, the whilom cook and disciple of another insurgent Gooroo slain in battle a few years before, had lately made his way to Mooltan, where his holiness and fanaticism were sure to cast their spells over the minds of his impressible countrymen. Inflamed anew by this man's counsels, the dewan once more appealed to the chances of battle

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Battle of Suddosam.

against the doom he had all but resigned himself to undergo. On the 1st of July he had about twelve thousand men with eleven guns drawn up for battle by Suddosam, not far from Mooltan, face to face with some eighteen thousand of the allies under Edwardes, Cortlandt, Imam-ood-deen, and Lake; the last-named having just taken charge of the Bhawalpore troops. After a mutual cannonade of some hours, the brilliant charge of one of Cortlandt's regiments, led by a brave young volunteer named Quin, settled the question against Moolraj. His troops quailed before the advancing line; the sight of their leader knocked by a cannon-shot from off his elephant turned their quailing into panic; they fled like scared sheep towards Mooltan, followed up close to its walls by an unsparing foe. Two guns fell into the victors' hands. Moolraj himself, recovering from the shock of his fall, had ridden off at the head of his flying soldiery, to shut himself up within a fortress strong enough to stand a regular siege. Mooltan was invested by the allies, but nothing could be done towards taking it without more good troops and a due proportion of heavy guns. For these an urgent demand was made by Edwardes on the Resident of Lahore, and it was fondly hoped by many that a few weeks more would see Moolraj a captive and the Punjáb again at peace.

Plots at Lahore.

Meanwhile Lahore had been disquieted by evil rumours, and the discovery of a plot in which some of the Sikh sirdars were believed, and the

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ever-restless queen-mother known, to have taken part. Taking up the clue first given by some native officers and sergeants of the 7th irregular cavalry, the Resident was enabled, on the 8th of May, to order the seizure of fifteen criminals, chief of whom were Gunga Ram, the queen-mother's confidant, and one Khan Singh, late colonel of Sikh artillery. These two were speedily hanged, while a third arch-plotter saved himself from the gallows by a timely confession of all he knew. It seemed that, in furtherance of a wild plan of massacring all the British officers in Lahore, emissaries had gone about tampering, not always vainly, with the native troops, by whose aid alone could the dreadful butchery be accomplished. Out of seven thousand sepoys some twenty had already agreed to prove unfaithful to their salt. These were afterwards punished in various ways. Of the queen-mother's guilt there was so little doubt, that, in order to keep her for the future out of temptation's way, she was carried off under a strong escort from her retreat at Shaikopoora to that common goal of discrowned Indian potentates, Benares. Soon after the failure of this plot troops were ordered off in the fierce May heats to hunt down the rebel Gooroo Maharaj Singh, who had gathered round him at Pathankote a rabble of four or five thousand half-armed Punjábies. These were speedily dispersed or taken prisoners; but the Gooroo himself got away, as we have seen, to plot more mischief elsewhere.

Rising of Maharaj Singh.

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Some of his papers, seized in Lahore, implicated several Sikhs of rank or monied influence, notably Moolraj himself, in a plot to imprison, not murder, the two Englishmen slain at Mooltan: the expected ordering of the movable brigade from Lahore out against Moolraj being fixed upon as the signal for a general rising of the Sikhs. At Peshawar a wandering fanatic was caught trying to stir up the soldiery there against the *Feringhi.* It was clear that a widespread disaffection waited but the right occasion to burst forth in open deeds. And still, both in India and England, the cry was that everything would be settled before the year's end, if not indeed before the cold weather.

On the receipt of Edwardes's prayer for reinforcements after the battle of Kineyrie, Sir F. Currie took counsel with Major Napier of the engineers, whose opinion, that Mooltan could now be taken with the help of an infantry brigade and thirty siege-guns from the British army, tallied with the Resident's own belief, with the firm conviction of Cortlandt, Edwardes, Lake, the three commanders of the rude force which in ten weeks had reconquered a large province and shut up a rebel army in its last stronghold. But the Resident's desire to help Edwardes in a scheme whose very boldness might have insured its success, was still checked by the cooler, if less convincing arguments of Lord Gough, whose refusal to move at such a season found full approval

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among the members of the Calcutta council-room. The Governor-General himself was naturally slow to realize the true meaning of events so little understood by nearer witnesses, perhaps by fitter judges than himself. For a while, accordingly, no troops were sent from Lahore, save those which Rajah Shere Singh marched off avowedly to help in crushing, really as it turned out to forward the rebellion. But with the news of the next victory at Suddoosam, the Resident's mind was made up.

March of General Whish on Mooltan.

Without further reference to Simlah, he took upon himself to get the needful reinforcements ready for Mooltan. About the end of July two columns of a field-force over six thousand strong, a third of it English, the whole commanded by Major-General Whish, set out from Lahore and Ferozepore; the siege-train of thirty-four guns, the foot artillery, the 10th and 32nd foot, making the most of their way by water, while the native troops, including the horse-artillery, marched as they best could over the sun-dried sandy plains bordering the Sutlej and the Chenab. On the 18th of August, Hervey's Lahore column, accompanied by General Whish, took up its ground at Mareeseethul, within sight of the rebellious stronghold, after having met and routed a small body of insurgents two days before. The greater part of the other column joined their comrades on the 19th, followed five days after by the remainder. The siege-train however, which only reached Bhawulpore on the 19th, came into camp as late as

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the 4th of September. On the very next day the garrison of Mooltan were invited to surrender the place, on a promise of free departure for all save Moolraj himself and a few of his chief associates. After a grace of twenty-four hours, which led to nothing, some mortars already pointed were opened upon the town, and the siege had fairly begun.

First siege of Mooltan.

The walls of the fort, a mile all round, and covered by a ditch twenty feet wide, adjoined those of the city, whose circumference was about two miles. Two thousand picked troops garrisoned the fort, while some ten thousand more were strongly entrenched outside. Fifty-two guns defended the walls, crowned the old brick-kilns, lay hid among the trees and enclosed gardens that begirt the city, itself standing high above the surrounding plain. The allies, in all about twenty-eight thousand strong, had taken up their ground, Whish's two brigades at two miles' distance from the eastern angle of the fortress, the troops of Edwardes and Lake a mile and a half to the south-east, Imam-ood-deen's Cashmeeries about as far to the south, and the royal Sikh troops under Shere Singh a little further to the west. On the 7th of September some heavy guns and mortars were planted about twelve hundred yards from the town walls; but the assault planned for the next morning was happily countermanded, and the general resolved to work his way carefully by regular approaches. Eight hundred British soldiers by night relieved a like number of sepoys

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working in the trenches by day. A hot fire was kept up on the working parties. Some sharp skirmishing, in which the rebels were worsted and driven back, led on the night of the 9th to an attack on another outpost, which kept up a galling fire on one of our working parties from a village and garden only a hundred yards away. About ninety men of the 10th, followed by a party of the 49th and 72nd native infantry, went bravely at the obnoxious post, drove the enemy from the garden, and fought hard to dislodge them from their last shelter in the village. But a scathing fire from one large loopholed house in particular made such havoc among the assailants, that eventually they had to fall back to their trenches with a loss to the 10th foot alone of about forty men disabled, besides three officers and twenty-eight men wounded in the 49th native infantry. For the next two days a storm of grape, shrapnel, and round shot hailed down on this same outpost, but in vain. At length it was resolved to make one grand attack on all the outworks fronting the allied camp. On the morning of the 12th, two columns of a storming party, mustering in horse and foot about two thousand five hundred strong, dashed onward under the command of Brigadier Hervey, with a fury heightened by the thought of late reverses. The first line of entrenchments won under a fierce fire, the bulk of the assailants hurried on against the second; past that again close up to the enemy's working-trenches, whence

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an overwhelming fire hastened their retreat betimes to the ground already won. Here parties of desperate men still held out in places utterly surrounded by a raging foe. Their former strongholds were now turned into so many slaughter-yards. In one courtyard four hundred rebels were bayoneted or shot down. From the second line of entrenchments the victors presently returned to the first, where like scenes of wholesale slaughter had to be enacted before the ground was fairly cleared of its late defenders. Caught in their own trap, the rebels died hard, and the victors paid dearly for a success which brought their batteries at one leap within six hundred yards of the beleaguered town. Of the two officers who led the columns, Colonel Pattoun of the 32nd foot was killed, Colonel Franks of the 10th foot wounded. Including four more officers killed and fourteen wounded, the whole loss of the two columns amounted to a hundred British and a hundred and eighty sepoys.

Raising of the siege.

On the next day, the 13th, a fierce but fruitless onset was made by the enemy against Edwardes's camp. On the 14th an outwork, called the Hummund Ghurri, was carried by the besiegers, whose batteries would now be able to fire unchecked on both fort and town. Everything looked well for a happy issue to their work. But sudden treachery wrested the prize for a while from hands just reaching out to grasp it. The Rajah Shere Singh had been desired to take his troops out

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from camp, in three divisions, to three different points commanding the neighbourhood of Mooltan. He moved them out, but only to march five thousand good soldiers, chiefly Sikhs, with half-a-dozen guns, over in a body to the hostile camp. The news of his father's revolt, the reproaches of his own men, the distrust of himself implied in the order now given, worked together to turn a wavering ally into an open rebel. Yet wellnigh to the last had Edwardes given him credit for the loyalty that depends on self-interest. Moolraj, on the other hand, kept his new friends at arm's length until he could make quite sure of their friendly purposes. Before he recovered from his first misgivings, the besieging army had ceased to annoy Mooltan. On the 15th the trenches were deserted, the guns withdrawn under a hot fire, the allied troops set in motion for a safer camping-ground. Before the next evening General Whish had fallen back to Surajkhond, about seven miles off, on the road leading southward to Bháwalpore. His siege-train was safe; but though each native trooper bore off a shell or a round shot on his saddle-bow, much ammunition and a quantity of camp-stores fell unavoidably into the enemy's hands. Strongly entrenched in his new ground, his troops in good health, spirits, discipline, with a navigable river handy for his supplies, he could well afford to wait for the reinforcements which he knew must shortly come.

By this time indeed the question of a local out-

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Spread of the Sikh revolt.

break had been settled once for all. The flame of rebellion was spreading fast over the Land of the Five Rivers. At Lahore some of the Sikh chiefs had been arrested, nearly all were carefully watched. The palace itself was guarded by an English regiment. British sepoys were sent to garrison the strong, the holy Sikh fortress of Govindghur. At Peshawar Major George Lawrence, a worthy brother of John and Henry, was striving against hope to keep his own province free from the fire which, already raging in the Hazárah country, was soon to sweep across the Indus up to the mouth of the Khyber Pass. Nor was the danger to stop even there. While Shere Singh and his followers were raising the south of the Punjáb, Chutter Singh was bargaining with Dost Mohammed and his brother to render Peshawar back to the Affghans in return for Affghan aid against the English. The ruler of Cashmere was only waiting to see which side it would pay him best to uphold. Ere long the storm was at its height. The rising of the Bunnoo troops hastened forward the mutiny at Peshawar. Flying for their lives from the residency on the 24th of October, Major Lawrence and his party of officers and ladies were afterwards delivered by their faithless Affghan escort into the hands of Chutter Singh, who led them back prisoners to their late dwelling-place. Only a few brave gentlemen, Herbert in Attok, Abbot, Nicholson, and Taylor in the hills between the Jhelum and the Indus, still held together the last shreds

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of British influence outside Lahore and the camp of General Whish. Left to their own resources, namely, to their skill in turning to account the old-standing hatreds between Sikh and Mahomedan, these men long stood their ground amidst the surging floods about them, with a courage all the hardier as their hopes grew less. Nicholson indeed rode off at last with a few Patháu horsemen for Lahore, and Herbert was overtaken in the bootless effort to escape from a stronghold full of traitors through a country beset with foes. But the other two, with better fortune, held on through the worst of the storm, and helped in due time to clinch the final discomfiture of the Sikh sirdars.

Causes of its success.

If the delay in crushing the rebellion sprang in part from a secret hope of its spreading far enough to furnish government with a fair excuse for annexing the whole dominions of Runjeet Singh, that excuse grew more and more feasible as week after week of the hot and rainy seasons slipped by. Lord Gough's ill-founded fear of a hot weather campaign, the Governor-General's willingness to accept the judgment of an old soldier against the bolder reasonings of a young one, the strange blindness of his council to the true meaning of events so far away, concurred to ensure the very issues which Edwardes and Sir Frederick Currie might else have forestalled. The delays which seemed inevitable at Simlah, and wise in Calcutta, begot only fresh disorders, new tempta-

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tions, in the Punjáb. Had Edwardes, Cortlandt, and their brave Bhawalpore ally, been strongly reinforced at the very outset, the rebellion might have been confined to Mooltan. Had a few thousand troops been sent betimes up into the Hazárah country, Chutter Singh would have been baffled in his designs against Peshawar, his son would probably have kept true to the stronger side, his Affghan friends would have found Attok too tough a morsel for their swallowing. On the other hand, it may be said that the crisis, which delay may indeed have hastened, would only have been put off to a more tempting season. The Sikhs were everywhere chafing against the new rule, which placed the noble Khalsa and the base Mahomedan on the same low level of forced obedience to a small band of white-faced heretics, installed in the high places once filled by the councillors and barons of Runjeet Singh. Beaten at Sobraon but unsubdued, surprised into submission by the treachery of their own leaders, won upon for a time by the moral and mental greatness, the fine personal atmosphere of a Henry Lawrence, they had yet to learn that, even in the absence of so great a master, the fabric he had so far helped to rear was not very easy to overturn. The sooner they learned that lesson the more entirely would they bend thereafter to the doom involved in a brave but fruitless struggle with the stronger race. Meanwhile, their hands clutching at the hilts of their dearly prized swords,

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they were ready to draw them at the first summons of leaders who, like Shere Singh, appealed to them in the name at once of an imprisoned queen, an outraged religion, a kingdom maimed and overridden by the tyranny of cunning foreigners. At the well-known call to arms the old warlike spirit stirred within them, driving all but a faithful or cool-headed few into that path of open rebellion which it had now become their duty as well as their delight to follow.

Rising in Jalúndar.

In September the newly-annexed province of Jalúndar became the scene of partial risings, suppressed in their earlier stages by the promptitude of the British authorities. Under the rebel chief Ram Singh armed bodies of Sikhs began to muster strongly in the hill-country about Pathankote and Noorpore. Troops were at once marched towards the seat of danger. One body of insurgents, encamped outside the fort of Shahpore, was attacked by Major Fisher's party as soon as seen. Their leader with many more being killed, and the rest put to flight, the fort soon fell into the English commander's hands. On the 19th of September Ram Singh himself was beset by four columns of Fisher's force in his strong position at Bansha, a few miles from Noorpore. After a short but sharp fight in which the rebel band, many hundred strong, lost nearly a fourth of its numbers in killed and wounded, the rest were driven in headlong flight towards the neighbouring country of Golab Singh. Scores of runaways

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afterwards fell into the hands of their keen pursuers. Ram Singh himself was tracked by Ferris's hill rangers into the jungle near Haripore; but once more he got clear away with a wound and the loss of all his papers.

Preparations for war.

The news of the raising of the siege awakened the British authorities from their lengthened slumber. A large army was at once ordered to assemble at Ferozepore; a smaller force of Bombay troops was to muster at Roree, on the Indus, for an early march upon Mooltan. At Calcutta the Governor-General shook himself free from all vain delusions, put the Bengal army at once on a war-footing, wrote home to explain the need of prompt action on a large scale, and followed up his formal acceptance of the challenge flung at him from the whole Punjáb by hurrying up the Ganges towards Amballa. "Unwarned by precedent, uninfluenced by example, the Sikh nation has called for war, and on my word, sirs, war they shall have, and with a vengeance," were among the last words spoken in public by Lord Dalhousie, at a banquet given him by the officers of Barrackpore a few days before his departure from the capital. Of one mind with him was now the commander-in-chief, whose former measures in aid of Sir F. Currie, if taken cheerfully, had still been taken under a protest. Now however things wore another look; the time for moving British troops was come; and the prospect of a grand cold-weather campaign gave wings to the energy

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which had only been half awakened by the earlier plottings at Lahore and the victory at Suddosám. Before the end of September regiments were marching from Meerut, Amballa, Sabathoo, Jalúndar, towards the Sutlej and the Ravee. Before the end of October the leading brigades of the army of the Punjáb under Brigadier-General Cureton had marched past Lahore, across the Ravee, to a camping-ground hard by, which covered the bridge of boats and the city, imperilled but a few days back by the sudden approach of Shere Singh. Had that leader known or fairly tested the weakness of the Lahore garrison, he might have dealt his enemies a heavier blow than the burning a couple of boats. Instead of making a dash at Lahore, he withdrew his main army, mustering by this time ten thousand strong, towards the Chenab, on the road by which his father would come down to meet him, as soon as the brave defender of Attok should have shared the doom already inflicted on Major Lawrence at Peshawar.

Events near Mooltan.

But what meanwhile had happened in the country about Mooltan? By the 24th of September General Whish had taken up the ground he meant to hold till the time came for renewing the siege. Freed by their desertion or his own doing from the rest of his Sikh allies, he had little to fear now for his troops from the courage or the craft of Moolraj. The enemy might still seek to harass him by frequent cannonadings and sudden attacks

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on weak points or detached parties, by sundry attempts to cut off his supplies, by constant tampering with his native soldiery, by daring plots against his own life and those of the officers in Edwardes's camp. But on the whole Moolraj got far worse than he gave. The steamers on the Chenab intercepted many a boat-load of warlike stores on its way to Mooltan; four hundred camels laden with grain fell into the hands of Edwardes's Pathans; two lakhs of rupees sent from Lahore for Shere Singh were brought into the British camp just as the general was about to borrow of his Bhawalpore ally. If two or three hundred of Cortlandt's men deserted in a body, the rest remained stanch; while Moolraj was weakened early in October by the retreat of Shere Singh with the whole of his troops from a fortress where the old distrust of a friend, so late in showing himself, had been kindled afresh by a forged letter purporting to be written by Edwardes to his secret ally the Sikh rajah, but purposely delivered to Moolraj by one of those spies whose twofold treachery Edwardes knew how to turn to his own advantage. Leaving the comrade with whose cause he was thus forbidden, if indeed he had ever cared thoroughly to blend his own, Shere Singh marched off to raise the Khalsa war-cry further north, and to vindicate the Khalsa faith by plundering the villages, defiling the temples, heavily taxing the wares, vexing or taking the lives of Mahomedan dwellers on the way.

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After his departure, which the English general was not in time to prevent, Moolraj spent the rest of October in strengthening his works, recruiting his forces, and beating about for fresh allies. The rebel Sikhs of Dhuleepghur, fresh from murdering the brave, loyal, ill-starred Futteh Khan, laughed Moolraj's messengers to scorn; but the Candahar princes and Dost Mohammed were lured by hopes of coming gain, the one into raising an army which never took the field, the other into sending towards Bunnoo a body of Affghans whom Lieutenant Taylor managed with his own raw levies to hold in check. Emboldened by the promising look of things abroad, by the growth of his own garrison, by the inactivity, the seeming weakness of his enemies, Moolraj attempted to besiege them in their turn. In the night of the 1st of November his troops succeeded, by dint of numbers and hard work, in planting some batteries on the raised banks of a dry canal running south from the western side of the city, and dividing Whish's camp on the right or eastern side from that of Edwardes and the village of Soorajkhond on the left. The fire of these batteries so annoyed the irregular camp, that after a vain attempt to silence them by a battery of heavy guns playing at eight hundred yards off to the eastward, it was resolved to clear the nuisance away with the bayonet. On the 7th of November a strong column of all arms, under the gallant Brigadier Markham, was to attack the army — at least twelve thousand strong — in-

Battle of Soorajkhond.

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trenched beside the offending batteries, and drive them back to Mooltan. Before the hour for attacking had come, Edwardes's outpost troops found themselves fiercely assailed by the foe, whose numbers had but a few hours back been increased by the sudden treachery of half a regiment of Cortlandt's regulars. A sharp hand-to-hand fight ensued in and about the covering batteries. Edwardes's men were hard pressed by still increasing numbers, when Cortlandt called on the rest of his regulars to prove their loyalty then and there. With a shout they bounded forward: to their aid presently came the fierce Daudpútras of Bhawalpore: driven back at length from the works they had nearly won, the assailants were hotly chased to their own intrenchments by men whom, an hour before, Edwardes himself durst not have asked to follow him thither in aid of the work cut out for Brigadier Markham.

By this time that officer's command, amounting to nearly two-thirds of the whole British force, was marching in matchless order across Edwardes's front, whence, wheeling its left shoulders forward, it passed along the enemy's rear until it had fairly overlapped their left flank. Then deploying from open column into line with the nice steadiness of a parade movement, its front kept clear by a timely charge of Wheeler's six squadrons of horse, it swept down upon the enemy's intrenchments with unshakable coolness, with irresistible power. At the same moment Edwardes brought up his line

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along the western bank of the canal, and the two divisions between them speedily finished their several shares of the common task. Out of the six guns planted on the canal bank not one returned to Mooltan. About a thousand of the enemy were slain or disabled, and the rest fled in wild disorder down the canal to Mooltan. Among the slain were many of Cortlandt's traitorous *Kutarmookhies;* also Hurree Singh, the Sikh commander who had deserted the unfortunate Vans Agnew in his worst need. On the side of the allies, if Edwardes's loss was naturally somewhat heavy, that of Markham was wonderfully small, owing mainly to his own good generalship, to the high discipline of his troops, to their excellent handling by such leaders of infantry as Franks and Brooke, of cavalry as Major Wheeler, of horse-artillery as Captain Anderson. After the victory of Soorajkhond the British general had no more attacks to fear from his utterly baffled enemy during the weeks that still remained before the renewal of the siege. While Edwardes's and Lake's irregulars kept the road open to the Sutlej on the one hand, to the Chenab on the other, while Sheik Imam-ood-deen was driving the rebels out of the neighbouring province of Jhung, while Major Napier and his pioneers were laying up huge store of fascines and gabions for the coming siege, the rest of the troops had leisure to watch the changeful humour of events elsewhere, to wonder at the long delay in starting the Bombay

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force from Roree, to discuss the recent mutiny at Peshawar, the chances against Herbert's holding out long at Attok; to speculate on Golab Singh's reasons for sending several thousand troops under Colonel Steinbach towards the Jhelum, to follow the movements of Lord Gough's army from the right bank of the Ravee to the place where it halted after the fruitless victory of Sadoolapore.

Advance of the main army towards Ramnuggur.

To those movements our eyes may now be turned. Before the 3rd of November Cureton's force at Shadera across the Ravee had been swelled to about seven thousand good troops. On that day his cavalry, guns, and Godby's infantry brigade marched off by Goojranwalla towards Wazeerabad on the Chenab. On the 16th, at a place about ten miles from Ramnuggur and a little farther from Wazeerabad, he was joined by two more regiments of foot under Brigadier-General Colin Campbell, who as senior officer took command of the whole. By the 19th Campbell's command numbered more than ten thousand, including two fine regiments of English cavalry and three of British foot; a force which many deemed more than equal to anything that Shere Singh could then have opposed to it. On the 21st Lord Gough himself came into camp with several thousand more men. Other regiments were still behind, and the heavy guns, after so many months of warning, only left Ferozepore on the 15th of this month. The enemy however were still in force about Ramnuggur, and his lordship was eager to drive them at once across

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the Chenab. At three o'clock the next morning the whole of Cureton's cavalry, two brigades of foot under Godby and Hoggan, the light field-batteries of Dawes and Austin, the six-pounder troops of Warner and Duncan, marched off in the darkness towards Ramnuggur, with Lord Gough himself at their head. Some skirmishing took place soon after dawn about the village and fort of Ramnuggur; but the Sikhs were already retreating across the river when our guns first opened on them a quick, for some minutes a telling fire. Still bent on worrying the fast-vanishing foe, Lane's and Warner's men galloped their guns far into the deep sands, that formed at certain seasons a wide border to the stream whose bed they became at other times. There as they still fired on the runaways crowding across the ford, answering shots began at length to reach them from the heavier guns placed in battery on the opposite side of the Chenab. Presently the fire grew too hot even for British gunners to face without due cause. The order being given to limber up, one of Lane's guns was found to be sticking hard and fast in the sand. All that brave men could do to move it, was done in vain under a ruthless storm of shot and shell. To waste more lives in such an effort would have been wilful murder. Unwillingly spoken, the command to abandon the gun was yet more unwillingly obeyed. Slowly the bereaved gunners followed their retreating comrades, while a squadron of the

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far-famed 3rd dragoons, under Captain Ouvry, drew off the enemy's attention by a daring charge into a large body of Sikhs posted near a kind of green sand-girt island, within easy cover of their own guns.

Action beyond Ramnuggur.

By this time the British infantry lined the low ridge marking the river's width at its time of flood. Halted just within range of the Sikh fire, they had an easy view of the whole scene, the broad stretch of uneven sand dotted with a clump or two of trees, with charging dragoons, retiring gunners, bodies of Sikh horse and foot; beyond these a thin white line of water; in the higher background among their tents a long bright moving array of Sikh warriors clad in white or yellow, and numbering in all some fifteen thousand. After two or three more charges by the 3rd dragoons and the 8th Bengal cavalry, Brigadier White recalled his men from further efforts to cross a deep dry nullah, from whose steep banks lined with matchlock-men a murderous fire was kept up on troopers powerless to return or quell it without a fearful waste of precious lives. It was plain that nothing more could be done by cavalry or light field-pieces against a whole army of horse and foot, covered by the fire of numerous heavy guns from the further side of a scarcely fordable river. Lord Gough's mind not being made up for a general engagement, the mounted troops sought the shelter of some trees near the ridge, while the columns of infantry fell back

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behind it out of cannon-shot. For that present the fight seemed over. The English had beaten up the enemy's quarters, ascertained their strength, driven them virtually into their intrenchments across the Chenab.

But their seeming retreat emboldened the enemy, who again swarmed across the river, over the sands, up to the abandoned gun, at last within tempting reach of the British cavalry. The fiery Colonel Havelock of the 14th dragoons sought and got leave to check their insolence by a timely charge. His impatient troopers thundered after him, nobly seconded by their swart comrades of the 5th cavalry under Colonel Alexander. In a few minutes the enemy were cut through, broken up, scattered on all sides by the headlong onset of an officer famed for his daring in the wars of an earlier day. Had he but stopped there, all would have been well. But the sight of another body of Sikhs tempted him on to his own ruin and that of many more. Waving his sword aloft, and calling on his men to follow him, he dashed onward through the ever-deepening sands, further yet into the mud and water, where horses floundered, and men sat helpless under a cruel fire from guns and matchlocks, aided by the sharp *tulwárs* of light-horsemen watchful for every chance of taking a dragoon at disadvantage. The famous charge of the light brigade at Balaklava was not more splendid, not much more fatally absurd. The Sikhs indeed were driven back

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with heavy loss to the river's brink, to the shelter of their own batteries beyond the river and on the green island before named. But their temporary defeat had been dearly purchased by a loss in all of twenty-six killed or missing, and fifty-nine hurt. Sore wounded, overpowered by foes, the daring Havelock fell fighting to the last by the very river-side, where his mangled headless body some days after was found by his mourning comrades, and recognised for his by its hair. Captain Fitzgerald of the same regiment was mortally wounded: Colonel Alexander had to lose an arm; and several other officers of the two regiments which had followed Havelock's lead were more or less badly hurt. But the heaviest loss of that day was the death of Brigadier-General Cureton, who was riding forward to check or support the rash advance of his dragoons, when a matchlock-ball from the nullah laid him low. Renowned for his services in many a hard campaign against French, Affghans, Mahrattas, Sikhs; beloved by the officers and men he commanded or came across; Lord Gough's dear friend and trusted counsellor, whose military talents justified his preferment over the heads of seniors meritorious in their own way, he fell by the side of that regiment in which, a wild boy fleeing from his creditors, he had once enlisted as a private trooper. His body, which Captain Holmes of the irregulars was badly wounded in trying to rescue, was afterwards buried by the Chaplain-General, the Rev. Mr.

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Whiting, amidst a crowd of officers prompt in availing them of Lord Gough's special leave to pay that last honour to one whom living they had held in such hearty esteem.

Lord Gough in camp.

It was after noon when the last trooper rode back to the army, which fell further back to its camping-ground between Ramnuggur and the sands of the Chenab. By this time Sir Joseph Thackwell had brought up the troops left behind that morning at Sahárun; the noise of the firing having impelled him to march without waiting for further orders. The Sikhs were still playing at long balls, which fell short of the British camp. Unable to answer them with any effect, his lordship resolved to make no forward movement pending the arrival of his heavy guns. Meanwhile the various regiments were told off to their proper brigades and divisions: Brigadier-General Campbell took command of the 3rd infantry division in the stead of Major-General Sir J. Thackwell, who replaced Colonel Cureton in command of the cavalry, besides acting as lieutenant to Lord Gough. Sir Walter Gilbert commanded the second division. In a day or two working parties began to throw up a line of intrenchments, whence the heavy guns might open fire on the Sikh batteries. But the escorting regiments under Colonel Penny were delayed on their slow march by the unforeseen resistance of a fort named Jubbur, midway between Ramnuggur and Lahore. A few rounds however from Horsford's

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guns frightened the garrison into a timely surrender. The fort once taken and levelled with the ground, Colonel Penny made the best of his way onwards, and on the 30th Horsford's eighteen and twenty-four pounders were in camp ready to take their place in the first line of trenches. On the 1st of December a battery some way in front of this line was thrown up by working parties of the 2nd Europeans. A third line of batteries and breastworks, finished during the next night, gave Lord Gough command of the main ford. On the morning of the 3rd he was free to renew the heavy firing of the last two days from another battery a hundred and fifty yards only from the river's brink.

Sir J. Thackwell's flank march across the Chenab.

But his shots were wasted on an empty camp. The enemy having got an inkling of his lordship's game, had stolen off to attack or check the force which Sir J. Thackwell was marching down upon their flank by the right bank of the Chenab. An hour after midnight on the 1st of December, that general had led away from Ramnuggur a force composed of five regiments of horse, eight of foot, two light field-batteries, three troops of horse-artillery, two eighteen-pounders with their men, a party of sappers, and the pontoon train, numbering in all about eight thousand men. Moving up to a ford which was found quite impracticable, he resolved instead of returning to march on to Wazeerabad, where Nicholson's Patháns had got sixteen or seventeen boats together ready for his

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use. A long march under a hot sun brought the half-fainting troops by dusk to their new halting-ground, more than twenty miles from Ramnuggur. The crossing of the river was begun that evening, the cavalry wading, the infantry and guns being ferried over; but the growing darkness, the dangers, the delays of a passage across several branches of a sandgirt, a barely fordable stream, soon brought the work to a standstill for that night. By noon of the 2nd the remaining troops and guns were safe across, except those sent by Lord Gough to cover the major-general's movements. Two hours later, when the troops had eaten their scanty dinner, the march along the right bank began, and twelve miles were done by nightfall. Early the next morning, in compliance with orders brought to him the evening before, Sir J. Thackwell set forward to attack the left of the Sikh position, still some miles away, while Lord Gough helped him by a simultaneous attack on its front. He had not gone six miles, when another messenger came to forbid his taking the offensive until he had been joined by Godby's brigade, then on its way to a ford about six miles from Ramnuggur. His troops were accordingly halted near the village of Sadoolapore, a strong party of horse and foot being sent down to guard the ford. The enemy were supposed to be two or three miles off, and Godby's coming was eagerly awaited, as the signal for a fight that would settle the chances of Shere Singh, and enable the victors

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to taste once more the comforts of a good dinner and a tent at night.

Battle of Sadoolapore.

Suddenly one shot, then another rolled among the knots of officers resting in front of the line. In spite of their advanced patrols, this was the first clear warning the British had received of their nearness to the foe. Standing to their arms they formed line, and fell back to a safe distance from the fields of tall sugarcane spread between them and the Sikh position. Emboldened at their seeming retreat, the enemy came on shouting, beating their tomtoms, and blazing away with their field-pieces. Swarms of light-horse threatened either flank. Forbidden to move forward, Thackwell made his infantry lie down under a fire which might else have done them heavy harm. On his right the 3rd dragoons, 8th native cavalry, and Christie's six-pounder troop, baffled, worried, drove back the advancing foe, who relished neither the well-aimed shrapnel-fire nor the bold skirmishers of the dragoons. A like service was rendered the British left by the 3rd irregulars, the 5th light cavalry, and Warner's troop of horse-artillery. The remaining troops and batteries posted to cover the three brigades of foot poured in so steady a hail of shot upon the Sikhs, that about 4 p.m., two hours after the fight began, the enemy's fire had clearly slackened. Yet a little later, and their line was falling back, guns and all, out of reach of the British fire. At that very time Thackwell had received from Lord Gough another letter

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giving him free leave to go on, if he liked, whether Godby's brigade arrived or not. Had that brigade been with him then, he might have ventured, even at that hour, to unleash his "brave, steady, ardent infantry" against the retiring foe. But Godby was still at the river-side busied in ferrying his troops over a ford that was no ford, by means of a pontoon train which had once more utterly failed to serve him for a flying bridge. It was growing late; the major-general's troops were tired and hungry; nothing was known for certain of the Sikh position, which might or might not be close to the intrenchments opposite Ramnuggur. An advance by twilight over unknown, perhaps rough ground, against an enemy of twice his own strength, seemed to Sir J. Thackwell and most of his advisers a measure the less desirable, in that Lord Gough had finally avowed himself—wherefore it is hard to guess—unable to offer the promised help from his own camp. So the warier, if not the wiser counsels turned the scale against the bolder pleadings of Colonel Pennycuick, backed as these were by the wishes uttered or unsaid of nearly the whole force. Balked for that evening of their promised prey, the tired soldiers had time to eat and rest beside their arms, and dream of giving the foe a decisive beating on the morrow.

Shere Singh's retreat.

But disappointment was again to be theirs. During the night a loud barking of dogs was heard in the villages beyond the fields of sugar-cane fronting the British line. When morning

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dawned the Sikhs were already miles away on the road to the river Jhelum, leaving behind them no other traces of the fight than a few score bodies torn and mangled by the well-aimed British shrapnel, and a few Sikhs found dead or dying in the villages afterwards entered by the pursuing cavalry. Early that morning Sir W. Gilbert had crossed over from Ramnuggur with some dragoons and horse-artillery to help in worrying the Sikh rear. But not before the 6th of December was anything seen of the enemy. On that day two large bodies of Sikhs were found by a scouting-party on the Jallálpore road, posted in thick jungle about eight miles from Heylah, where the British infantry were resting at length from the toils and hardships of the last four days. Marching all day in the hot Eastern sun, lying out all night in the sharp December cold, keeping off hunger with parched gram, sugarcanes, and raw turnips, murmuring only at the withholding of their expected prize, they had fairly earned their right to a cooked dinner, a change of clothes, and a warm tent to sleep in.

Lord Gough's magniloquent despatch.

That the Sikhs had lost heavily in the cannonade at Sadoolapore might be gathered from the number of bodies found on the field and about the neighbouring country. Colonel Grant's artillery had given them a foretaste of a bloodier field to come. On the British side twenty-one men killed, fifty-one wounded, made up the whole loss, nearly half of which was borne by the cavalry

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and artillery. Lord Gough's despatch converted the partial success into a splendid triumph of British strategy, the skilful retreat of the Sikhs towards ground chosen beforehand into a disorderly despairing flight from a signally victorious foe. And what after all had indeed been done? A continuous chain of blundering movements, which his lordship called "extensive combinations," had opened the passage of the Chenab to the whole British force, and caused the Sikhs to retire by the road to Jhelum instead of moving southwards on Mooltan. Thanks to impracticable fords, unmanageable pontoon-trains, intelligence vague or misleading, over-wary tactics both in camp and at Amballa, where the Governor-General was staying, an easy-looking plan for circumventing Shere Singh had miscarried in every point, save only in the cutting him off from any movement he might have thought of making against the force under General Whish. Had Lord Gough trusted more to his own instincts, or been less hampered by the waiting policy of his civil chief at Amballa, his despatch might, nay, certainly would have announced a victory almost as crushing as Goojrat. There seems to be no good reason why his main body should not have crossed over the Chenab at Ramnuggur before the Sikhs had begun cannonading Thackwell. The utter silence, the seeming absence of all movement in his front, should have told him the truth, that Shere Singh's whole army was gone to meet Thackwell's advance

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upon its flank. Caught between two fires, the rebel army must have been half annihilated, its guns all taken, its flying wrecks dispersed or hunted down, Goojrat forestalled, even Attok saved from falling into the hands of Chuttur Singh. There would then have been no rash advance into the jungles of Chilianwalla, no unseemly waiting afterwards for help from the army that took Mooltan.

True cause of his long inaction.

Even after the 5th of December much might have been done to retrieve the late miscarriage, had Lord Gough been allowed to leave the safe, the convenient shelter of the Chenab. A swift pursuit, such as he himself desired, would still in all likelihood have saved Attok, would certainly have enabled him to crush in detail the armies of Shere and Chuttur Singh. But the cold hand of a higher authority was again upon his shoulder. Looking mainly towards Mooltan, which the Bombay troops were slowly nearing, Lord Dalhousie was more than ever shy of risking a well-timed blow at the real centre of the Khálsa rebellion. And so for more than five weeks the brave army of the Punjab lay idle about Heylah, while Shere Singh was busy intrenching himself on the heights of Russool, covering the road by which his father would join him as soon as Attok, cut off from all hope of timely succour, should have been made over to Dost Mohammed's care.

Leaving the two armies thus watching each other, let us look at things elsewhere. And first

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Death and character of Colonel Sutherland.

let us note the death of Colonel John Sutherland, at Bhurtpore, on the 24th of June. An officer of the 2nd Bombay light cavalry, he had early been taken thence to serve on the personal staff of the Honourable Mountstuart Elphinstone, then governor of Bombay. After some years of political service under the Bengal government he became, in 1833, private secretary to Sir Charles Metcalfe, then deputy-governor of the North-west provinces. A few years later his commanding merits had won him the post of political agent for the Rajpootana states, and this, or nearly the same, he held for the remainder of his life, save only the two years that sickness drove him to spend at the Cape. Like many of our greatest Indian heroes, he combined the hard-working officer with the zealous lover of all manly sports; and the cause of his two years' furlough in 1843, of the ill-health which killed him in his fifty-eighth year, was a sunstroke brought on by a day's hard pig-sticking. A clear head, a large heart, a firm all-mastering will, the sweet courtesy of his manner, the spotless purity of his ways, combined to ensure him an easy, a lasting hold on the respect, the affection, the co-operative zeal of those Indian princes, nobles, high officers, among whom his work was carried on. In his efforts to advance the general welfare of the Rajpoot states, he never ceased to consult the tastes, the prejudices, to respect the independence of their native rulers. Without bullying, yet without trickery, he prevailed upon them to

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reform many of their laws and customs in accordance with the example set by their English neighbours. His court of delegates from the different states smoothed the way to the settlement of many questions bearing manifestly on the general good. He lived to see suttee, infanticide, the selling of children for slaves, and other such remnants of a ruder age, abolished by common agreement of the Rajpoot nobles. Yet in warring against evil, he never overlooked the good with which that evil had become blended, or out of which it sprang: his natural good sense teaching him to build up again on as much of the old foundations, with as much of the old materials, as his long acquaintance with Indian laws and usages empowered him to retain. His almsdeeds were great and many, one medical college in particular having owed its birth in no small measure to Colonel Sutherland's private purse. His active mind, always hungering after new knowledge, amused itself during his Cape furlough in discussing the character, condition, right treatment of the Kaffir, Bushman, and Hottentot tribes, by the light of his old experiences among the Bheels of Central India. The fruit of his researches was gathered up in an able memoir written for the special use of the English government, but afterwards published for the general reading. Another memoir, yet more researchful, if not richer in statesmanlike ideas, touching the political relations of the north-western states of India with

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each other and with the British power, his untimely death alone prevented him from working thoroughly out. By how wide a circle of friends and fellow-workers, white and black, high and lowly, that death was mourned, the foregoing sketch of him may help, however scantily, to show forth.

Seizure of Pertab Chund.

Towards the end of the year Calcutta was startled by the discovery of a plot for the seizing of Fort William, the wholesale murdering of English officers, and the setting up of a native dynasty in Bengal. All this was to be done through the sepoy regiments quartered in Dum-dum and Barrackpore; the plunder of the British-Indian capital being held out as a rich reward for the frightful treachery cut out to their hands. The apparent, if not the real author of this precious scheme was the self-styled Rajah of Burdwan, Pertab Chund by name, who had managed for some years past to live at the cost of his credulous countrymen, on the pity inspired by the tale of his fancied wrongs. Making a free, perhaps a wholly unauthorized use of names like those of the rulers of Oudh and Nepal, his agents at length broached their secret to a havildar-major of the 16th grenadiers. Between this man and his colonel, to whom the plot was at once revealed, it was settled to carry on the semblance of abetting in the movement so planned. In due time the leading agents were arrested, and their confessions led to the seizure of Pertab Chund in his own

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house at Mirzapore. An agent of the imprisoned queen-mother of Lahore was also arrested by order of Sir Herbert Maddock, acting governor of Bengal; but the absence of aught tending to that lady's or his own arraignment brought about his speedy release. Further inquiry seemed to strengthen the conclusion that this wild plot, suggested though it might have been by the outbreak in the Punjab, sprang wholly or mainly from the brain of an ambitious schemer catching at any means of repairing his wasted fortunes, of gratifying his thirst for power and pleasure, his craze for a long-delayed revenge.

Progress of Brigadier Wheeler.

During October Brigadier Wheeler was employed in the siege and capture of some rebel strongholds in the country north of Lahore. The forts of Rangrúngal and Morári gave his troops some trouble before they fell into his hands. In November he found fresh work cut out for him in clearing the country between the Ravee and the Chenab. His quick movements however led to the scattering of two or three insurgent bodies with heavy loss, and to the capture of a strong fort whence the enemy were driven with much slaughter by the British fire. While he was thus engaged, a fresh rebellion, fomented by the Sikhs across the Beeas, broke out in the Jalúndar Doab. But if Wheeler was absent, John Lawrence was at his post, and the commissioner's presence alone was worth a strong garrison. Trusting to himself and his assistants, he at once collected a

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force mainly of Sikhs and Hill-men, with which in thirteen days the budding danger was once for all put down. Forced back from Pathankote by Major Simpson, the rebels headed by Ram Singh of Noorpore, who had made his way back from Cashmere, were utterly routed by Hodgson's Sikhs on the 26th of November at Deenanuggur. About this time the Bedee or high priest of the Sikhs in the lower, the Malmóri rajah in the upper range of hills, had swelled the ranks of the insurrection. On one same day, the 2nd of December, at Oonah and Aknot, these chiefs saw their forces scattered with heavy slaughter, their strongholds taken or dismantled by Hodgson's Sikhs and a wing of the 29th native infantry. On the 3rd of December Mr. Lawrence could report the restoration of peace and order throughout his province. His timely daring had quenched at the least possible outlay of life and treasure a flame which would else have speedily blazed up into an all-devouring fire.

The siege of Mooltan renewed.

Meanwhile the troops at Soorajkhond were still waiting for the reinforcements which, from causes more or less avoidable, were still some scores of miles away. Not till after the 25th of November had the whole of the Bombay column set out from Roree; nor had the last regiment taken its place in the allied camp before the 21st of the month following. On the 25th and 26th General Whish was engaged in taking up the ground his troops were to hold during the renewed siege. After more than three months of unwarrantable delay,

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the British tents were again rising in long white lines on the spot where they had stood before the raising of the siege. Those of the Bombay contingent filled the space erewhile allotted to the allies: the Bengal troops lay a little to the rear of their old position; while Edwardes placed his soldiers in reserve, near the old camping-ground of his false ally Shere Singh. Some thirty thousand men in all, of whom sixteen thousand were British or Indian regulars, with more than sixty siege-guns, were now arrayed against the rebel stronghold, whose natural strength had of course been doubled during the months elapsed since Edwardes first drove Moolraj for shelter beneath his own walls.

Grand attack on suburbs.

Not an hour was now lost by the British commander in recovering the vantage-ground so unwillingly yielded on the 15th of September. On the 27th of December a combined attack in four columns was made on the suburbs commanding three sides of the town and fortress. The right attack under Colonel Young aimed at winning the ground which covered the north-east corner of the citadel itself. The right centre column was led by Colonel Nash to the right of the high mound called Mundi Ava, facing the Khooni Boorj, or Bloody Bastion of the city. To the left of this mound moved the left centre column under Brigadier Capon. A like mound further leftward formed the goal of the left attack under Colonel Dundas, whose column, like Colonel Ca-

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pon's, was composed of Bombay troops. On the western side of the city a fifth column of his own irregulars was led by Major Edwardes towards the canal bridge at Sheesh Mahal. This was meant to be wholly a feint attack, to beguile the enemy from what at first was the only real one on the right. Those in the centre were to become real only if circumstances favoured such a departure from the original plan. At noon Edwardes moved out his men, and in half an hour was briskly engaged with the enemy on that side the town. A little later the remaining columns set forth on their several missions. While Colonel Young was quietly making his way to the brickkilns in his front, the columns of Nash, Capon, and Dundas struggled forward under a heavy fire from the fort, the city, the intrenched outposts, beat back the enemy whenever they barred the way, and planting a few guns on the Mundi Ava and the Sidi-lal-ke-Beyd, swept on with unflagging fury wellnigh up to the city walls. Scared at these successes, the rebels made no serious effort to check the advance of the right column. One after another the noble tomb of Sáwan Mull, father of Moolraj, the Blue Mosque filled even then with priests and women, Moolraj's garden-house the Am Khas, all posts of remarkable strength, were abandoned without a struggle by the bewildered foe. By four in the afternoon, at a cost comparatively small, the British troops held the whole line of suburbs between Mariseetal and

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the canal. At last Major Edwardes, who all this while had kept the enemy on his side well employed, was free to withdraw his men to their own camp.

Attack upon the city.

This day's success, so great, so little foreseen, gave a new turn to the general's game. Instead of attacking the citadel only, he at once resolved to take the city first, in pursuance of the plan before recommended by Colonel Cheape of the Bengal Engineers. That very evening the trenches were dug; batteries were planted on the Mundi Ava at six hundred yards, on a mound to the right at four hundred yards from the fort, on another to the left, called Sidi-lal-ke-Beyd, about a hundred and fifty yards from the Delhi Gate of the town, on a fourth yet more to the left at a hundred yards from one of the city bastions. Through the whole of the next day and night a fierce, a telling fire was poured into both fort and city; Moolraj returning the compliment with more of earnestness than effect. On the 29th the whole of the British mortars were playing on the doomed town with a force which neither stone nor flesh and blood could long withstand. Hardly a shot seemed to miss its mark: one building after another was set on fire; and the brave garrison could send back but few and feeble answers from their own guns. A bold sally was made by two thousand of their best soldiers against the Sidi-lal-ke Beyd, now held by Edwardes's troops. But after an hour and a half's hard fighting they were driven back within the

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walls by the dashing onsets of the few young English heroes, whom duty or their own choice had brought together under the command of Major Edwardes, himself still a young lieutenant in the 1st Bengal Fusiliers. By their leader's side, as he gave his orders during the fray, stood Sir Henry Lawrence, who had come into camp the day before, having hurried back from England to Bombay, his health still weakly, as soon as he heard of the growing storm in the Punjab.

Fearful explosion.

Early the next morning, the 30th, new batteries opened on the city wall at eighty yards off. That was a fatal day for the besieged. Four hours the heavy guns and mortars kept pouring their cruel rain upon the walls and into the town. Four hours also did Moolraj's gunners send back shot for shot with unflinching steadiness, with an aim unusually good. Suddenly at noon, amidst the din, the dust, the smoke of that fierce battle, there happened that which swallowed up all lesser noises in one grand far-echoing crash of its own making. A shell from a mortar laid by Lieutenant Newall of the Bengal Artillery, piercing the almost bombproof dome of the Great Mosque in the citadel, blew up the enemy's chief magazine which lay therein. With a roar that seemed to shake the earth for miles, the huge building rose slowly, a column of smoking ruins, into the air. At the height of a thousand feet or so the column spread and spread like a huge cloud brooding for a few moments over the hostile camps below. As the

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cloud presently passed away, its heavier parts having fallen again to earth, a great shout of triumph filled the air. The sudden explosion of four hundred thousand pounds of powder had cost the lives of five hundred men, annihilated a noble old temple, caused heavy damage to all the neighbouring defences. Once more raged the battle of the guns, Bengal and Bombay artillerymen vying with each other in their efforts to subdue the enemy's fire, which kept thundering on as if nothing unusual had just taken place. CHAP. II. A.D. 1848.

Storming of the city.

For two more days the dreadful argument was carried on, with the fierceness of despair on one side, on the other with a stern foreknowledge of the coming victory. About noon of the 31st a great fire broke out in the citadel in the enemy's chief storehouse; raged unappeasably all day and night, helping the British gunners to pour in their deadly salvos by the light of flames that fattened on the ruin of many tons of oil and other combustibles, besides fifty thousand pounds' worth of good grain. On the morning of New Year's day the fire was still blazing. Throughout that day 1849. the British batteries kept widening the breach in the Bloody Bastion, and making, as it seemed, good practice at the wall by the Delhi Gate. The next morning was marked out for the final storming of the city. An hour after midnight Edwardes moved out his men for a feint attack on the left. Two hours later a Bombay column under Colonel Stalker was far on its way to the breach in the

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Bloody Bastion, while a Bengal column under Colonel Franks was beginning an experimental attack on the breach by the Delhi Gate. When Captain Smyth of the 32nd foot had led his stormers through a heavy matchlock-fire across an intervening hollow, he found himself in front of a thick wall thirty feet high, unbreached, and therefore utterly insurmountable. It was useless staying there to be shot down. So the Bengal column turned off towards the Khooni Boorj, into which after a short but sharp struggle the Bombay stormers, led by Captain Leith of the Bombay fusiliers, had already forced their way. The breach itself was easy to surmount; but the new works hastily run up inside checked the assailants, who were falling fast under the murderous musket-fire, when John Bennet, colour-sergeant of the fusiliers, springing up the parapet, planted the British colours on the top. In a moment they were riddled through and through. But the sight of them and their fearless bearer spurred his comrades to fresh efforts. With a rush that nothing could withstand they overleaped the barrier, drove the rebels before them with great slaughter, and getting reinforced by the Bengal party, were soon masters of nearly the whole town. At daybreak of the 3rd the work was finished by Colonel Young, who with three companies of the 10th foot scaled and blew in the defences at the Dowlut Gate, and sent the enemy flying pell-mell through the narrow lanes beyond. Those who escaped the

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shot or steel of the victors had to steal by night away from a captured city, from the shadow of a fortress whose gates their thankless master had shut against them as soon as he saw the city held by his foes.

Investment of citadel.

A sad wreck that city had indeed become. Its streets were thickly strewn with dead and dying, mostly Sikhs unearthly in their long hair. Its houses everywhere stood shattered, blackened, pierced through and through, by that long-continued storm of shot and shell. Of the inhabitants, few who had escaped death during the siege remained to witness the work of plunder which went on everywhere, even after the major-general had sternly forbidden it. Meanwhile not a day was lost in pushing on the siege of the citadel, which Moolraj with three thousand picked troops was resolute to hold. On the 4th of January it was invested on every side. For many days yet Moolraj and his brave followers held their battered desolated stronghold, amidst a cannonade which repeatedly drove the gunners from their guns, unroofed nearly every building, and left Moolraj himself no safer shelter than the gateway of the Sikhi Gate. In vain more than once the rebel leader sought for a parley. Unconditional surrender was still the British general's stern reply. But the citadel was very strong, and defied taking in other than the regular way. Nearer and nearer crept the breaching batteries, more and more fatally burst the shells. Still the hard shot sank

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nearly harmless into the thick walls, and still the rebel gunners plied their dangerous work. One battery manned by seamen of the Indian navy gave special annoyance to the besieged. In return for the compliments showered on "that 'ere pirate, Moll Rag," so fierce a fire of shells was hurled at the sailors who had thus christened their foe anew, that on the 9th of January their battery works were burnt to the ground, their guns and powder with great difficulty withdrawn from the blazing wreck.

By this time the besiegers had begun mining up to the walls, which their heavy guns kept pounding to such little purpose. On the 12th of January the first and last sally made by the besieged was soon repulsed by a covering-party of the 10th foot under the guidance of the engineer on duty, Major Napier. Two days later the sappers had worked their way to the crest of the glacis on the north-east corner of the fort, within reach of the brickbats thrown at them from a bastion across the moat. On the 17th a steady fire of eight-inch shells kept tearing up as they burst the mud and brickwork of the walls into which they plunged; while the eighteen and twenty-four pounders enhanced the havoc with their ceaseless battering at close quarters. On the 18th the counterscarp by the Gate of Dignity was blown bodily into the ditch. On the city side of the fort a like success was attained on the 21st. Over these two breaches dogs and horses were

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driven by the rebels with perfect ease. Inside the fortress was an utter wreck. In spite of all their efforts to raise new defences, the weakened weary garrison saw nothing left them but prompt surrender, or one last dash for life and death through the ranks of a triumphant foe. To this effect they spoke openly to Moolraj. His mind had been nearly if not quite made up two days before, when he had again asked leave to send a messenger to the British camp. Bidden to send one the next morning, he had failed to give that pledge of a submission that would place the murderer of helpless Englishmen utterly at the mercy of English law. But now once more his courage failed him. Life was still dear to the man whose followers had thrown theirs away by hundreds on his behalf: he would neither die in the breach like Tippoo, nor head his Sikhs in one wild effort to cut their way through the besieging armies. So on the 21st his messenger came in to beg for his master's life and the honour of his master's women. The major-general wrote in answer that Moolraj's life would lie at the disposal of the Governor-General only; but as for his ladies, "the British government wars with men—not women." If Moolraj meant to come in at all, he had better do so before sunrise of the next day. "After sunrise"—added Whish—"you must take the fortune of war."

Moolraj surrenders at discretion.

By the hour appointed Moolraj sent word of his own approach and the unconditional surrender of his stronghold. The batteries which up to

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that moment had maintained their fire on the fort, now ceased to play, and the troops already waiting under arms for the final assault were now drawn up in line on either side the road, by which the rebel leader would shortly pass out from the Dowlut Gate to the tent of the British commander. It was a wet stormy morning, and the delay in completing the surrender tried the patience while it roused the misgivings of many an expectant soldier. At length, about nine o'clock, the long train of humbled warriors began winding down that human avenue amidst ever-widening gleams of returning sunshine. Giving up their arms, horses, and other valuables into the hands of the prize-agents, they stalked away as half resentful of an issue which saved them from dying for the cause they had so long, so manfully upheld. Behind them, in the midst of his chief friends and kinsmen, rode Moolraj himself, his small, strong, graceful figure clad in rich silks, handsomely armed, and seated on a noble well-kept Arab splendid with its scarlet trappings; the small dark eyes in his fair fine countenance glancing restlessly, keenly, from right to left in answer to the curious gaze bent on him by soldier after soldier, as he passed on to deliver up his sword to the English general. His thoughts at that moment none could clearly read in features which pride and Eastern training had taught him to keep under hard control. But the grief of his dearest friends on taking leave of their captive lord spoke

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warmly in its touching earnestness for the love-inspiring nature of a man whom Englishmen not unjustly loathed as the willing abettor, if not indeed the very parent of a most wanton, foul, and cowardly murder.

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Rich plunder in the fort.

The capture of his last stronghold, after twenty-two days' hard work and a vast expenditure of shot and shell, had cost the besiegers no more than two hundred and ten killed, nine hundred and eighty-two wounded, in all that time. When the victorious troops entered the citadel they found much food for wonder in the strength of the ramparts, in the havoc everywhere done by the British fire, and yet more in the untold wealth which tempted some of them to deeds of pardonable, if forbidden blunder. Heaped up in underground storerooms, in the courtyards of mosques and palaces, strewn amidst the piled-up wrecks of the great explosion, the mouldering corpses, the cannon-balls, masses of burnt wood, of shattered masonry, were found such a store of useful or costly things, silks, shawls, money, scabbards glittering with gold and gems, silver-handled swords, grain, indigo, opium, salt, sulphur, and so forth, that one could easily understand Moolraj's motive for refusing to yield up to a new governor the stronghold where all these riches, garnered up by himself and his father, lay. Besides all these, a perfect arsenal of warlike weapons, harness, stores, everywhere met the eye and enhanced the victors' satisfaction with a success on the whole

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so cheaply won. So rich a prize however was not to be shared out among the army of Mooltan. It was set aside for the Indian government in part payment of its claims on the Lahore Durbar. Only the two hundred thousand pounds for which the town had already been ransomed would fall to the army's share.

Reburial of Anderson and Agnew.

On the evening of the 26th a sad but solemn scene was enacted in presence of the British camp. The bodies of Anderson and Agnew, found still recognisable in their unhonoured graves near the spot where they had fallen, were carefully wrapt up in rich shawls and borne by the men of the 1st Bombay fusiliers, Anderson's own regiment, to their future resting-place on the topmost point of the citadel. As if to crown the vengeance taken for their cruel murder, the funeral party marched in mournful triumph up the broad sloping breach through which the storming columns were to have forced a way on the very morning of Moolraj's surrender.

Whish starts for Ramnuggur.

Leaving Edwardes in charge of Mooltan, General Whish on the morning of the 27th sent off one brigade of Bengal troops under Brigadier Markham towards the camp of Lord Gough. Three days later the other brigade marched off in the same direction under Brigadier Hervey. The sick and wounded of the Bengal force were sent up the Sutlej to Ferozepore, those of the Bombay force down the Indus to Sukkur. On the 2nd of February Brigadier-General Dundas led off the

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Bombay division, nearly five thousand strong, towards the appointed meeting-place of his Bengal comrades. Moolraj himself under the special charge of Lieutenant Henry of the Bombay army accompanied the Bengal force to the point where his own road turned off from theirs, towards the camp of the Governor-General near Lahore. How eagerly Whish was looked for by Lord Gough, the events we must now relate will show. After Shere Singh's retreat upon the Jhelum, the force under Thackwell lay encamped, as we saw, at Heylah, his chief with the head-quarters abiding at Ramnuggur until the 18th of December. On that day the latter crossed the Chenab, and by the 1st of the new year had moved up within three miles of his second in command. Slight skirmishes between the advanced patrols, a raid or two of Sikhs on British forage-parties, one or two fights between bodies of Sikh and British irregular horse, took place in the thick belt of jungle that filled up the ten miles between Heylah and Russool. A movement of the Sikhs towards Dinghie on the 18th of December led to the despatching of Brigadier Pope with three guns and two regiments of horse to guard the fords at Wuzeerabad. Thackwell himself was warned to prepare for a march from Heylah, but afterwards bidden to stand fast. And so up to the 10th of January the army of the Punjab lay idle, wondering, fretting, at its own inaction, and trying between its other amusements to account for the

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salutes continually fired from the camp beyond the jungle.

Lord Gough's march upon Russool.

At length the time for moving forward came. By the 10th of January the two divisions of Lord Gough's army were encamped together at Lassoorie, a little to the right of Heylah. The news just brought to him of the fall of Attok after a siege of nearly two months had determined the British general to follow, if not to forestall, the Governor-General's advice, as now conveyed through Major Mackeson, that a blow should be struck at the enemy in his front with the least possible delay. Trusting in his strength to strike that blow before Chuttur Singh could effect his long-delayed junction with the army on the Jhelum, his lordship eagerly entered on the path he would gladly have trodden weeks before. On the 11th he reviewed his troops, whose brilliant charge in line seemed to betoken their impatience to reach the foe, while it warranted the cheering words addressed them by their chief, as he presently rode along their halted ranks. On the 12th the army was encamped at Dinghie, whence the enemy had fallen back into the favouring jungle, their right resting on Moong, their left and centre covered by the broken ground and strong intrenchments about the village and heights of Russool. It was a very strong position, held by some thirty thousand men with a battery of sixty guns; a position which only an English commander, tired out to rashness by long inaction and emboldened by the

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eager spirit of his troops, by the memory of his own past achievements, would have dared to assail with an army at the outside under fourteen thousand strong. CHAP. II. A.D. 1849.

Every one looked with more or less certainty for a general engagement on the morrow, and Lord Gough's tent that evening was filled with commanders of regiments, brigades, divisions, met to hear or to consider the plans they would soon be helping to carry out. At seven the next morning the troops began their march upon the Sikh position, with the aim of turning its left, and so cutting off the enemy's way of retreat across the Jhelum. About eleven o'clock the army, moving in parallel columns of brigades through a country more or less thickly strewn with brushwood fell in with a Sikh outpost on a mound not far from the village of Chilianwalla. A few rounds from the heavy guns and horse-artillery sent the enemy flying without their tents. From this mound Lord Gough could see the whole of Shere Singh's forces drawn up for battle two or three miles off, some way in front of the Russool intrenchments, their right flank covered by the thick jungle which reached thence nearly as far as Heylah, their left hugging the broken ridge whereon stood their tents, erelong grown visible to the advancing foe. After a short halt the troops again moved forward, but not far. Lord Gough had given up his plan of the night before. The enemy in truth overlapped him on both flanks. To

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turn either their right or their left flank would be a work of time, and the day was already waning. So about one o'clock the army again halted, and the camp-colourmen were ordered out to take up ground for that night's encampment. While the weary soldiers were waiting with piled arms the order to fall out, some shot from the enemy's advanced guns fell among the skirmishers in front of the British line. Provoked by the seeming challenge, Lord Gough ordered his heavy guns to the front. Their fire was answered by one of the Sikh batteries after another, until the whole jungle seemed alive with the murderous din. For an hour or more the battle of the guns, both light and heavy, roared with unflagging fury, the British gunners being guided in their aim only by the smoke and flashes from different parts of the jungle.

Battle of Chilianwalla.

At length, the enemy's fire growing somewhat slacker, Lord Gough ordered his infantry to go forward with their several batteries, covered by the cavalry, against the right and centre of the Sikhs. It was already about three o'clock. The left or Campbell's division, the first to receive the order, was the first engaged. Its two brigades under Hoggan and Pennycuick at once swept forward with a quick steady stride over the brush-covered ground, on which no infantry could keep its regular two-deep line for many paces together. Hoggan's brigade on the left, being better handled or exposed to less hot a fire, soon passed the left

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of Chilianwalla, charged up to the batteries in their front, drove the Sikhs before them with heavy slaughter, and then, forming to the right, speedily recovered the ground won and lost in the meanwhile by their less fortunate comrades of the right brigade. Mistaking the wave of their colonel's sword for the signal to charge, the ill-starred 24th foot had rushed on at the double with unloaded muskets, so as to expend all their strength in a movement begun far too soon, and to find themselves at last all breathless, disordered, powerless even for self-defence, among the guns they had just taken. Of the two native regiments of this brigade neither the 25th nor the 45th had kept up with their nimbler-footed or more eager rivals of the 24th foot. The light field-pieces which ought to have shielded their advance had unaccountably been left far behind. Standing there alone among the captured guns, their colonel, brigadier, majors, already fallen, their broken ranks raked by a murderous shower of grape and musketry from the surrounding thickets, the brave but raw young soldiers of the 24th turned and ran, breaking up as they went into helpless masses, and carrying disorder into the native regiments coming up to their aid. Out of all that strong brigade only a few companies of the 45th rallied in time to share the last successes achieved by Hoggan's heroes, the 61st foot, the 36th and 46th native infantry. Of the rest those who escaped slaughter before the retreat, fell by scores under

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the sharp sabres of pursuing horsemen, or found their way at last within the sheltering walls of Chilianwalla. For that day the brigade was no more. In the two regiments which had suffered most the loss in killed alone amounted to three hundred and four, while the wounded and missing were over four hundred. Penny's reserve brigade, ordered to fill up the gap thus caused in the British line, missed its way in the jungle and presently found itself in rear of Gilbert's division. Luckily Hoggan's brigade showed itself equal to its doubled task, and not without hard fighting had pushed the enemy back from their twice-taken guns, when evening began to gloom upon the field.

Meanwhile, Sir Joseph Thackwell had not kept his cavalry unemployed. White's brigade on the left of the line, supported by Brind's three troops of horse-artillery, was ordered to check the movements of a large body of horse and foot under Owtar Singh against the British flank. When those movements waxed more threatening, the 5th cavalry and the Gray or Unett's squadron of the invincible 3rd dragoons were launched upon the Sikh horse. Galled as they went forward by a dropping matchlock-fire, the 5th cavalry, once famed for daring, wavered, turned, fled with a speed which no prayers or threats of their indignant officers could check. But Unett's glorious troopers rode on as if nothing had happened, dashed like a torrent through the opposing ranks, and passed for some anxious minutes out of sight.

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Surrounded by enemies and perilously close to a Sikh battery, they turned back at last and once more cut their way through the angry Goorchurras at the cost of nearly forty men killed or wounded. It was one of those brilliant if bootless feats which Englishmen remember with a thrill of pardonable pride.

While some of the enemy's guns were yet playing on the British left, White's brigade and Brind's troops of horse-artillery were ordered by Lord Gough to reinforce his right. Here also there had been hard fighting, chequered by unforeseen disaster. The right attack under Sir Walter Gilbert was opened by the left or Mountain's brigade. Advancing through heavy brushwood under a crashing fire, the men of the 29th foot showed their native comrades the way into the Sikh intrenchment. Not without heavy loss and partial repulses did this brigade succeed in routing its opponents and storming the batteries in its front. Broken by the advance through so much jungle, scattered in the eagerness of its rush among the guns and their defenders, outflanked and isolated by the retreat of Pennycuick's brigade, the 56th native infantry was shivered into flying fragments by the fearless, the repeated onslaughts of the Sikh cavalry. Its leader mortally hurt, six of its officers killed, three hundred and sixteen men slain, wounded, or missing, the two colours lost or taken, the wrecks of this regiment afterwards turned up in rear of Godby's

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brigade. Little less fearful was the loss inflicted on the 30th native infantry, which got thrown into sad disorder as the men were engaged in spiking the enemy's guns. This regiment also lost its colours, but managed to hold its ground beside the luckier, perhaps sturdier, more disciplined warriors of the 29th foot. Meanwhile the right brigade under Godby had been doing good soldiers' service against fearful odds. With the steadiness of true veterans the 2nd European regiment swept forward through the tiresome jungle in well-kept, if not always two-deep line. On its left moved the 31st and 70th native infantry. A long line of Sikh infantry burst into view, as these regiments gained a more open part of the jungle. Under a murderous fire they pressed on. Already their bayonets were lowered for the charge, when the enemy, quailing before that firm array, fell back disordered behind the bushes, whence a scattered fire was kept up on the advancing line. Suddenly a fresh fire was opened on the British rear. Outflanked on both sides, with large bodies of horse and foot threatening ruin from behind, the brigade had to fight its way out of the snare as it best could, with nothing but Dawes's battery to help it. The native regiments formed square, but the 2nd Europeans simply went to the right about, and firing as they went, marched down, rear rank in front, to grapple their new assailants. A timely salvo from Dawes's guns cooled the courage of

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the Sikh cavalry, and a well-delivered volley from Colonel Steel's men saved the guns at a critical moment, and sent the Sikh infantry flying headlong back towards their own line. Heaps of dead and wounded bore bloody witness to the power and closeness of the British fire. The few who lagged behind or still held their ground were swept down in one triumphant charge, and once more the 2nd Europeans could move forward to their proper front. Erelong the brigade had more than recovered its lost ground, had driven the enemy everywhere off the field, and taken every gun that had crossed its path. All this was accomplished after three hours' hard fighting, at a cost comparatively small; the Europeans losing in killed and wounded about seventy men out of six hundred. But for the steady front they showed throughout and the timely movements of Dawes's battery, that loss would have been far greater. Deafening was the shout of conscious triumph with which they greeted their admiring chief, and hearty were the few words of praise that chief bestowed on them, as he rode about sunset along their halted line.

But why had this brigade been caught in a strait so perilous? Unhappily the reason was but too clear. Led by an old colonel who could hardly mount his horse even with one or two helpers, the right brigade of cavalry, four regiments strong, got entangled in the brushwood and crowded leftwards in front of its own horse-artillery, and even

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of part of Gilbert's infantry. Just as the line was halted for the purpose of mending its trim, Brigadier Pope got badly wounded by a Sikh trooper, one of a large body hanging about its front. Amidst the confusion so caused among the men of his own regiment, the 6th light cavalry, some of Huish's horse-artillerymen shouted to the squadrons before them to wheel aside and give their guns room to play upon the enemy. At the same moment, by some accounts, Pope ordered his cavalry to move off to their right flank. Suddenly the whole line turned about, an order to do so having been clearly heard by some men of the left centre regiment, the 14th dragoons. Who gave the order was never publicly known. As the line retired its pace quickened into a gallop, the rivalry of the horses, the growing panic of the men now closely followed by hundreds of derisive Goorchurras, heightening at every stride the mischief caused by the first misunderstanding. Crowding together in wild, ever wilder flight, the runaways rode right over Christie's and Huish's troops, parting the guns from their horses, upsetting the tumbrils, disabling the gunners, carrying ruin and dismay far into the British rear, even it was said among the doolies of the wounded, the field-furniture of the medical staff. Four guns were irretrievably taken by the foe: the gallant Christie was cut down with many of his own and Huish's men; and but for the bushes behind which they found passing shelter, many more

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would have shared the same fate. Major Ekins, deputy adjutant-general, was slain in a fruitless effort to rally the retreating dragoons. Not till Lane's gunners had well plied the pursuers with grape, while a squadron or two of the 9th lancers getting clear of the flying mass once more turned their faces to the battle, were the bold Goorchurras daunted into making a leisurely retreat. That two fine English regiments should have been chased so far by a few hundred irregular horsemen, was a disgrace which the 14th dragoons were not that day in never so small a measure to retrieve. More fortunate were the 9th lancers, of whom one wing at least afterwards did good service, by aiding Colonel Lane's troop of horse-artillery to drive back a large body of Sikhs that threatened the extreme right of the British line. In this work they were well supported by two squadrons of the 6th light cavalry, which had also got clear of the general pell-mell. Later yet Brind's horse-artillery, their work on the left flank seeming finished, hurried up to crown the discomfiture of the Sikhs on the British right.

After the battle.

It was now growing dusk, as the chief rode down the line of weary, war-worn, not unbroken, yet still victorious troops. The Sikhs had been fairly beaten along the whole line. On their left they were known to be in full retreat upon Russool. More than forty of their guns had fallen into the victors' hands. Pursuit in the dark was useless, if Lord Gough's men, overspent with

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battle and long fasting, had even been strong enough to attempt it. All that his lordship could do was to hold the ground he had won, some way in advance of Chilianwalla. In spite of General Campbell's counsel, he would not hear at first of falling back ever so little for the sake of getting water and protecting his rear. "What! Leave my wounded to be cut up? Never!"—was the brave old man's reply to his warier subordinate. Unhappily, as the night drew on, he yielded without reserve to advice in itself not wholly unsound, and strongly seconded by the exhausted plight of all, the disordered aspect of some of his troops. Amidst the deepening darkness the army began to fall slowly back a mile or so to its appointed resting-ground. It was pitch dark before the whole of Gilbert's division had taken its place in the new line. For hours after stragglers from the more broken regiments kept dropping in, guided by the fires of brushwood lighted here and there to counteract the bitter cold. Few regiments that night had aught to allay their hunger, or to shelter them from the chilling rain which soon began falling fast and perseveringly. It was some hours before even water could be got for all the wounded in the field-hospital, who lay waiting for their several turns of the tendance which all the surgeons there present were but too few to bestow aright. But lying where they had fallen on the deserted battlefield, were other wounded, whose sufferings no doctor was fated to relieve. Parties

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of Sikhs stole down in the night, carried off most of the captured guns, and murdered every one they found alive. Only a few who had strength enough to crawl among the bushes escaped the cruel search. Had Lord Gough left but a regiment or two of irregular cavalry to guard his front, this twofold mishap had never been recorded, and, deprived of nearly all their guns, the Sikhs would either have had to flee across the Jhelum or been driven with heavy slaughter from the heights of Russool.

After a night of hardship, anxiety, confusion, returning daylight found the British drawn up again in fighting order, ready, in spite of lessened numbers, long fasting, and heavy rain, to follow up the hard-won victory of the day before. But White's cavalry had already learned the disastrous haps of the past night, and Lord Gough could easily make out the long line of Sikh tents crowning their old ridge, some three or four miles in front of his own array. So, instead of advancing, a camp was formed; the tents and baggage came up in the forenoon; and most of the tired soldiers were glad to while away in refreshing slumber some hours of a wet, stormy, altogether dismal day. Others were employed in searching for the wounded, in bringing in and burying the dead. The gallant chaplain Mr. Whiting, who on the 13th had vainly tried to rally some of the retreating troopers, had heavy work on his hands during the two days of cheer-

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less rain that followed after the battle. In one tent alone thirteen officers of the 24th foot lay dead. Major Christie was buried in the same grave with his men, in accordance with the prayer of their surviving comrades. The rest of the English officers, twenty-five in all, were buried in one trench; in another lay the remains of about two hundred British soldiers. The victory, such as it was, had indeed been dearly bought. In about three hours' time thirty-eight officers, fifty-three sergeants or havildars, five hundred and eleven common soldiers, had fallen dead, a hundred men and four sergeants were missing, few of whom returned alive; while the wounded came up to ninety-four officers, one warrant officer, ninety sergeants or havildars, fourteen hundred and sixty-six men of other ranks. Besides this fearful loss, unequalled in the record of Indian battles, four guns belonging to the troops of Huish and Christie, and five or six colours borne by the 24th foot, the 25th, 30th, 56th native infantry, remained in the enemy's hands. Out of all the guns our troops had once taken, twelve only were brought into camp, the rest being fated to do further mischief in a field less disastrous to the British arms.

The British loss.

That Shere Singh was defeated however, there can be no valid doubt. In spite of so many partial failures, our troops had driven him with heavy slaughter from the field of his own choosing. Thanks in part to the brilliant practice of Hors-

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ford's heavy guns, the Sikh loss must have nearly trebled Lord Gough's. Nowhere else, save perhaps at Sobraon, had his lordship seen "so many of an enemy's slain upon the same space." Two hours more of daylight, and the final rout of Sobraon would have been renewed upon the Jhelum. As it happened, the victory was left so incomplete, that Shere Singh hardly outdid the licence of exaggeration elsewhere used by his opponent, when from the heights of Russool he fired that evening a royal salute in honour of his own success. To his soldiers a fight which ended in their orderly retreat from before a crippled foe to the lines they had left that morning, might well seem a victory, when that foe was their old antagonist in the battles of the Sutlej.

Shere Singh attempts to treat.

When the three days' rain brought on by the cannonade of the 13th had done falling on the gloom-stricken camp, Lord Gough employed his men in digging intrenchments and clearing off the jungle in their front. A few days later Chuttur Singh followed the bulk of his troops into his son's camp. About the same time the Sikh commandant of artillery, Eláhi Buksh, brought himself and much useful information over to the British side. Lord Gough, whose first thought had been to fall back on Dinghie, was now resolved to await at Chilianwalla the reinforcements which would soon be on their way from Lahore, Ramnuggur, and Mooltan. Wheeler's force, being once more engaged in routing out the Noorpore rebels led

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by the untamable Ram Singh, was not yet free to join the main army; but from other quarters troops were speedily set in motion towards the Ravee and the Chenab. Meanwhile the two armies lay looking at each other, strengthening their several lines by a free use of spade and pickaxe, and exchanging rough compliments with each other's outposts. Shere Singh also renewed his attempts at treating, but in vain. Chuttur Singh's prisoners, Lawrence, Herbert, Bowie, who had been sent on parole into the British camp, were bidden to tell the Sikh commander that nothing short of unreserved surrender would satisfy the Governor-General. On the 26th of January a royal salute from the heavy guns announced to the expectant British the glad news of the fall of Mooltan. This event, being soon made known to the Sikhs, led them to begin a series of movements towards their left, which movements Lord Gough met by throwing up a small redoubt armed with field-pieces and held by a few companies of infantry on the extreme right of his own line.

Public criticisms on Lord Gough.

That the imperfect victory of Chilianwalla should call forth a cry of grief, resentment, even of panic fear from many different parts of British India, will surprise no one who has read thus far into the present chapter. In the letters and leading articles of many an Indian journal Lord Gough was plentifully abused for an excess of rashness which imperilled all India, while it had so far led to a fearful, a bootless outlay of precious lives.

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At his door was laid every blunder of that disastrous day. Every story which ill-will, idleness, or misunderstanding had started to his disparagement was taken up, repeated, passed on with ever darkening changes by a host of careless or unfriendly critics. In England the panic was even greater, the unfair comments yet more unfair. On all sides rose the cry of an empire at stake. From the Duke of Wellington down to the pettiest scribbler rose one common, almost frantic demand for the displacement of Lord Gough by Sir Charles Napier. The grey-haired hero of a dozen great victories, whose term of command had not long since been extended to another year, was to be summarily set aside because his last battle, begun too late in the day, had been marked by unwonted bloodshed without the atonement of any glorious result. It was gravely repeated that a shot which fell too near him had hurried on the fight which he would otherwise have put off till the morrow. It was forgotten that, being so near the enemy, he could not well draw back from the issue thus partly forced upon him, nor yet pitch his camp for that night within range of the enemy's guns. It was forgotten that most of the bloodshed happened through the fault of any one rather than himself; that he could hardly be answerable for the advance of infantry, even of skirmishers, with unloaded muskets and without artillery, or for the unseemly retreat of four good cavalry regiments before a few hundred irregulars half-dazed

His tactics vindicated.

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with *bhang*. Much too was lightly said touching the folly of throwing good troops into so thick a jungle, as if fighting in a jungle must needs have proved favourable to one side only, or as if Lord Gough had brought the enemy to bay on ground of his own choosing. Undoubtedly the field was better suited to irregular horsemen than to regular dragoons. But the 3rd dragoons made no more account of wooded than of open country; nor was it his lordship's fault if some of his native cavalry feared to try their sabres against the Sikh *talwár*, or if Pope's brigade, being badly handled by its commander, threw the right of his line into utter confusion, the infantry for a time into serious danger. That Lord Gough's ignorance of the enemy's true whereabout drew him too far in front of Dinghie on the 13th, and so brought on the engagement a day too soon, was indeed a misfortune for which his own rashness may share the blame with the inefficiency of his scouting department. Nor can he be acquitted of a great oversight in leaving the battle-field unguarded during the night by at least a few squadrons of irregular horse. But his own feeling of thorough competence to beat Shere Singh was justified not only by the brilliant doings of some of his brigades and batteries, but yet more by the after admissions of the Sikhs themselves touching the damage done by the British artillery, and the actual retreat of Shere Singh that night with half his army across the Jhelum.

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In Lord Gough's camp however, the unfriendly critics were not many. After the first few days of gloom and wet weather the spirits of his troops regained their old buoyancy. They talked good-humouredly about the smallness of the victory, the heaviness of the "butcher's bill:" if they sometimes grumbled at the forced inaction, at the need for intrenching themselves against a beaten foe, they still counted on speedily taking a full revenge, still spoke with trustful pride of a leader who, if he sometimes "put his foot in it," was pretty sure to get it out again. Nor was their trust to prove misplaced now. Before the first news of Chilianwalla came to set all England aghast, Lord Gough had won the glorious, the well-nigh bloodless victory of Goojrat. On the 11th of February the Sikh army was drawn out in front of its own lines, as if challenging the English to another fight. The next morning the Sikh tents were nowhere visible about Russool. A scouting party under General Gilbert presently returned to camp with the news that Russool had been utterly abandoned. A body of Sikhs had some days before marched off to the Pooran pass commanding the road from Ramnuggur to the town of Jhelum. Thither, unknown at first to our spies, the rest of their army had quietly marched off during the night of the 11th. On the 13th Shere Singh had again marched unmolested, undiscovered, right round the British flank towards Wazeerabad. With a sudden bold-

Shere Singh's flank march.

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ness that nearly gained its end, he sought to throw himself across the Chenab, to swoop down upon Lahore while the enemy were yet wondering which way he had gone. Want of provisions, the difficulty of getting away from Russool in the event of its being turned by the enemy, the chance of intercepting the Mooltan contingent, the chance of overpowering the weak garrison of Lahore, such were the reasons variously assigned for the abandonment of a post whose great strength would have made its capture a painful achievement even for British troops. Some even went so far as to assert that Shere Singh, if he once got across the Chenab, would attempt by forced marches to reach Delhi, the sack thereof being held out to his troops as a rich reward for so perilous an undertaking.

Movements of Shere Singh and General Whish.

On the 14th of February it became known in the British camp that, instead of retiring upon Jhelum, the Sikhs were already masters of Goojrat, a town not far from Wazeerabad, and memorable in Sikh tradition for battles won thereabout by the Khálsa in former days. Lahore was already being put into the best admissible state of defence by its new commandant, Brigadier Godby. No sooner had the news of Shere Singh's movement reached General Whish, who with most of his Bengal troops was already encamped at Ramnuggur, than he sent off on the 14th one detachment, on the 15th a small brigade of Lahore troops under Colonel Byrne, to guard the river

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about Wazeerabad. These troops were just in time; for the next day some five or six thousand Sikhs with several guns were found encamped opposite Sodra, a few miles from Byrne's position. Before they had begun to cross the river, some companies of the 53rd foot and the 13th native infantry, with four guns and two regiments—Quin's and Holmes's—of irregular horse, came up to the threatened point, and barred all further passage there to an enemy weak in boats; while Markham's brigade effectually shut them out from the fords between Ramnuggur and Wazeerabad.

Gough starts in pursuit of the enemy.

As for the head-quarters camp, a difficulty about the baggage-camels balked Lord Gough's attempt to leave Chilianwalla on the 14th of February. The next morning however, the army made a long hot march to its erewhile camping-ground at Lassoorie, which commanded the two roads to Wazeerabad and Ramnuggur. On the 16th a march of seven miles brought the army to Sadoolapore, whence the next morning it moved on some six miles nearer Goojrat, to a place called Koonjah. Here it was joined by two of Hervey's regiments, the 10th foot and the 52nd native infantry. Another march of four or five miles was followed by a day's halt, during which Brigadier Dundas came into camp with the 60th rifles and the 1st Bombay fusiliers, hurried on at last by an urgent, a peremptory command from Lord Gough. On the 20th the division of General Whish fell into line with the main army about

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Shadiwal, some three miles off from the camp of Shere Singh, that lay crescent-wise in front of Goojrat, its flanks covered by two nullahs, a dry one on the right known as the Dwara, which ran down towards Shadiwal; on the left by a deep narrow stream flowing from the eastern side of the town towards the Chenab river.

Battle of Goojrat.

It was a fine bright morning, the larks singing blithely in mid air, when the British line, about twenty-four thousand strong, with more than ninety guns to defend it, marched forward in columns of brigades at deploying distance over a fair expanse of level country all green with the yet growing corn. The winding Dwara cut the line in two, Lord Gough himself leading the right wing against the enemy's centre, so as to enable his own left under Sir J. Thackwell to cross the Dwara without much loss, and double the Sikh right back upon the part already broken by the British onset. On the right of the dry nullah moved the heavy guns, in number eighteen, Major Horsford's division drawn by elephants, that of Major Day by bullocks. Between these two marched the left or Mountain's brigade of Gilbert's infantry. Right of the eighteen-pounders marched Gilbert's infantry of the right, now Penny's brigade, with Dawes's battery and Fordyce's nine-pounder troop posted severally between the right regiments of each brigade. Next came the first or Hervey's brigade of General Whish's division, the second under Markham being held back a few hundred

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yards on the right rear. Alongside this division moved Anderson's and Mackenzie's six-pounder troops. The right flank was covered by the cavalry brigades of Hearsey and Lockwood aided by Warner's troop of horse-artillery, Lane's and Kinleside's troops being held in reserve under Colonel Brind. Left of the nullah marched Campbell's infantry, with Ludlow's and Robertson's nine-pounders flanking the brigades of M'Leod and Carnegie—erewhile those of Hoggan and Pennycuick—while a third brigade under Hoggan moved in reserve. Left of Campbell's division came the four regiments of Brigadier Dundas with the horse-artillery troops of Blood and Turnbull, their left flank covered by White's cavalry brigade, by the six-pounder troops of Duncan and Huish. Several regiments of horse and foot with the Bombay light field-batteries guarded the baggage in the rear.

After marching about two miles the infantry formed line, the skirmishers and light artillery went to the front, and the heavy guns were got ready to return the Sikh fire, which from about half a mile off now opened against the advancing array. Erelong the infantry halted and lay down, while for more than two hours the roar of battling guns rent the smoke-laden air. Manfully, with amazing steadiness, did the Sikh gunners fight on, in quickness of fire surpassing, in truth of aim very nearly equalling the world-famous artillerymen of Bengal and Bombay. But their sixty guns could not

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hold out for ever against the more numerous, in parts the heavier batteries to which Lord Gough for once was bent on giving full play. As the British line moved onward, the fire on both sides still raged with unflagging fury. Again the infantry lay down to avoid the deadly hail which fell thick among the light field-batteries drawn up in their front. Fordyce's troop, pushed some way before the rest, was twice driven to fall back, for fresh horses, ammunition, even for more men. Anderson's gunners were also roughly handled, and their brave commander here lost his life. On the left centre, Robertson's and Ludlow's batteries more than once threw in a cruelly raking fire on bodies of Sikh foot sheltering behind the banks of the winding Dwara. A like manœuvre was carried out by Brind's artillery against some batteries on the right. Meanwhile the heavy guns kept moving forward from point to point with an ease and quickness wonderful to behold. Every shot from those eighteen-pounders seemed to tell. Every minute the inevitable end drew nearer, as men and horses fell fast in bloody heaps amid shattered tumbrils and disabled guns.

Still the Sikhs fought on with the hardihood of men more used to conquer than to yield. If the guns they loved were fast failing them, the flower of their troops, the old Khálsa infantry, the newly trained Bunnoo regiments, remained comparatively unbroken. Clouds of cavalry on either flank still forced their opponents to keep good watch on

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their frequent efforts to pass round the British line. Time after time their manœuvres on the British right were spoiled by the fire of Warner's guns and the quick-changing counter-movements of Hearsey's and Lockwood's horse. Once indeed a party of Goorchurras, getting round their opponents' rear, made a bold, a desperate dash at the place where Lord Gough was standing beside some of the heavy guns. But a timely charge by his escort, a troop of the 5th light cavalry under Lieutenant Stannus, ended in the utter rout, almost the annihilation of that daring band. On the British left Duncan's and Huish's troops of horse-artillery kept up a spirited fire on the Sikh and Affghan cavalry swarming along their front. One large body of Affghans led by Akram Khan, a son of Dost Mohammed, persisted in trying to turn Thackwell's flank. But a brilliant charge of the 9th lancers and Malcolm's Sinde horse sent the assailants flying with heavy loss, and a general advance of the guns and cavalry on that side completed the upbreaking of the Sikh right.

All this while the British infantry, skirmishers excepted, had not fired a shot. But at length from a good-sized village called Kalrah, two hundred yards in front of Penny's brigade, a heavy matchlock-fire was opened on a party of infantry ordered up to take possession of what seemed an empty post. Flanked on either rear by a Sikh battery, this village was further defended by a deepish pool in front, while two regiments at

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least of picked troops were sheltered within its loopholed walls. Against this new obstacle the 2nd Europeans were at once sent forward, moving under their new brigadier with the even steadiness of a line on parade. As they came up close to the pool, a shattering fire from the village and the right battery laid many a brave man low. But nothing could stay the onset of Steel's warriors. Into the water plunged company after company of the left wing, while the right swept forward, looking for another entrance further on. In a few minutes the village was cleared of all living defenders, who fell by scores in every corner, or were shot down by dozens in running the gauntlet of the companies waiting for them outside. No quarter was asked or given, for the victors thought only of their wounded comrades massacred on the field of Chilianwalla. Between two and three hundred bodies were afterwards found on this one spot. While the work of slaughter was yet going on, the right wing of this regiment lay down in line to avoid the murderous storm of grape poured into it from a battery about two hundred yards off. Far ahead of the other regiments, unaided even by a few guns, Fordyce's troop having just for the second time fallen back for want of ammunition, the Europeans looked with growing anxiety for the means of silencing that dreadful fire which in a few minutes had mown down more than a hundred men. At length the missing troop galloped up to the rescue. At the end of a few

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well-delivered rounds the enemy's guns had ceased to fire, the 31st and 70th native infantry had marched up to either flank, and the long line of Sikh horse and foot in their front wavered, broke into retreating masses, as the proud British array swept onwards over a breadth of five or six miles to finish that morning's work.

Little less brilliant was the advance of Hervey's brigade against the enemy posted in and about the smaller village of Chota Kalrah; the 10th foot adding one more successful charge to the feats elsewhere achieved under the able leading of Colonel Franks. But by this time little more was left for the infantry to do. The great Sikh army—reckoned at fifty thousand strong—was turned in ever-quickening flight from the field of its own choosing, the last it was ever fated to dispute with an English foe. Huge was the litter in guns, tumbrils, magazines, stores, cattle, camp-furniture, Sikhs dead or wounded, which strewed the way of the pursuers for several miles. When the infantry halted beyond Goojrat, the cavalry and horse-artillery carried on the chase from either flank. Drawing together as they went along, they followed up their prey with murderous eagerness, sweeping the masses down with grape, scattering them with frequent charges, and robbing them of their few remaining guns. When the horse-artillery gave in, the cavalry kept up the chase alone, never drawing rein for fourteen miles, and sabring or shooting down horse and foot at every

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step. Nothing but an express order from Lord Gough prevented Thackwell from passing the night on the ground where he had halted, so as to be ready for pushing on his troops the next morning.

Loss on each side.

By the evening of the 21st fifty-six guns, a number of standards, heaps on heaps of ammunition, a great many tumbrils, the whole standing-camp by the Bara-Darie on the left of Goojrat, had fallen into the victor's hands. Within the town itself some hundreds of Sikhs were taken prisoners. Of the whole Sikh loss in men no thorough reckoning was ever made, but the dead alone must have reached several thousand. Many hundreds of the brave Sikh gunners fell more or less mangled beside their guns. So dreadful had been the British fire, that every ball, said the enemy, had found a Singh. On the other side this crowning victory cost the victors a mere trifle, no more in all than ninety-two men killed and seven hundred wounded. Among the slain were only six officers and six sergeants; among the wounded were thirty-eight officers and forty sergeants or havildars. By far the largest share of casualties fell to the lot of Penny's brigade and Fordyce's troop of horse-artillery; the 2nd Europeans losing a hundred and fifty-two out of little more than five hundred engaged; the 31st native infantry, which marched up in support under a heavy fire, losing a hundred and forty-three; the 70th native infantry on the left losing fifty-four; while thirty-

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one of Fordyce's troop were killed or wounded, besides twenty-five horses dead and thirteen disabled. Next in heaviness was the loss of Hervey's brigade, amounting to sixty-one in the 10th foot, seventy in the 8th native infantry, in the 52nd native infantry to thirty-nine. The troops of Anderson and Mackenzie attached to this brigade also suffered heavily, the former having sixteen men and twenty-three horses more or less disabled, the latter seventeen men and twenty-eight horses. One other regiment, the 51st native infantry, showed a loss exceeding the average, its dead and wounded numbering fifty-four.

Gilbert's chase of the routed enemy.

Such was the triumphant issue of a fight which, according to Sikh predictions, was to have ended far otherwise. But a few days before the battle Shere Singh had led his prisoner, Major Lawrence, along the whole of the Sikh array. "With these troops," he said, "I am going to defeat the British army." The Englishman's answer—"Two hundred thousand such as these would not avail you"—was probably greeted with a smile of courteous unbelief. Now however the Sikh Sirdar had played his last stake, and utterly lost it. Had Thackwell's cavalry been free to bivouac where they halted, their pursuit on the morrow might have broken up the last wrecks of Shere Singh's mighty armaments, thus forestalling the blow delivered some days later with no small amount of painful effort by Sir Walter Gilbert's field force. As it was however, the chase was

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followed up with a success that atoned for all mistakes. Early on the 22nd, while Campbell's infantry and Bradford's horse were about to scour the country towards Bimber on the north and the hills westward of Goojrat, Sir W. Gilbert set off with eight regiments of foot, seven of horse, two troops of horse-artillery, one light field-battery, and a reserve of several hundred sappers and foot-artillerymen, on the road that led towards Jhelum by the Pooran pass. In three days his tired but sturdy soldiers marched sixty miles amid the roughest weather, over much rough ground, through the long narrow pass that brought them out on the banks of the swift-flowing Jhelum, the "fabled Hydaspes" of Horatian song. Opposite their halting-place, Nowrangabad, were seen the wrecks of Shere Singh's army, now little more than twelve or thirteen thousand strong, with nine or ten guns which had been sent across the river before the movement upon Goojrat. But the sight of his pursuers and the doubtful attitude of Steinbach's Cashmeeries quickened Shere Singh's retreat from his threatening position on the other side of a broad, deep, many-branching river. By the 27th of February the British general, renowned of yore for many feats of horsemanship, had led his cavalry towards Rhotás in hot chase of his nimble foe. On the same day his infantry marched nine miles up the river, to cross it during the next two days by a ford of five branches, one of them far too deep and dangerous for the men to wade through on foot.

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Shere Singh treats for surrender.

On the 2nd of March some of the Bengal regiments, led by the 2nd Europeans, made a long march into and beyond the hills where frowns the stately picturesque old fortress of Rhotas. From this time parties of Sikhs began coming in almost daily, while their leader was yet seeking to make the best terms he could for his own family, by means of the English prisoners still in his hands. On again through the long winding stony gorges of the Bakriála pass hurried the "flying general," followed close by the 2nd European brigade, the rest of the troops keeping a march or two behind. On the 8th Shere Singh, whose prisoners had been given up two days before, came himself into Gilbert's camp to treat with that officer and Major Mackeson about his final surrender. The next day but one many hundreds of the enemy, followers of Khan Singh, laid down their arms before the troops encamped by the Buddhist *tope* of Manikyála. Many a brave English heart ached to see the natural grief of more than one long-haired veteran, as each stood wistful, wavering, before the pile of swords, matchlocks, shields, spears, camel-guns, on which his own arms must now in their turn be thrown. Having at length parted with his dearest treasures, such a one would slowly turn away, unmindful of the proffered rupee to which he was entitled, and muttering with tearful eyes—"My work is gone from me," pass off to his near or distant home.

At Hoormak, during the 11th and two following

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Sixteen thousand Sikhs lay down their arms to Sir W. Gilbert.

days, many thousands of Sikhs came trooping in to lay down their arms and give up their cannon, among which were three of those taken from the British at Chilianwalla, the fourth having been recovered in the first pursuit from Goojrat. Great was the joy of the English gunners at seeing their lost pieces once more. Here too most of the Sikh Sirdars made their submission, Shere Singh returning to win over the rest in their camp at Ráwal Pindie. Thither on the 14th marched General Gilbert. The sight of his troops determined the yet reluctant chiefs. In the presence of Gilbert's chief officers they yielded up their swords, their followers moodily laying or flinging down their arms at the place appointed them. The great Sikh army was now no more. Gilbert's steady pursuit had dealt the crowning blow to a fabric cruelly shattered by Lord Gough. Forty-one guns, a great many camel-pieces, and more than sixteen thousand stand of arms proclaimed the fulness of a success which, next to Gilbert and his tireless soldiers, was owing partly to Colonel Steinbach's tardy support, yet more to the steady boldness with which Captain Abbot held his Mussalmans together in the hills behind Shere Singh.

But Gilbert's work was not quite over yet. In his general order of the 1st of March Lord Dalhousie had avowed his fixed resolve to carry on the war "to the entire defeat and dispersion of all who are in arms against us, whether Sikhs

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Pursuit of the Affghans to Peshâwar.

or Affghans." Sir Walter's unwearied energy was soon to win the goal thus clearly pointed out. Starting on the 15th March from Râwal Pindie, he hurried on after the flying Affghans with a speed that brought him up to Attok on the 17th, just in time to behold the enemy employed in burning the boat-bridge over the Indus. A few rounds from Fordyce's guns drove the enemy away from their work and saved many of the boats for their pursuers. A few hours later came up the Bengal infantry, after a forced march of more than fifty miles in thirty-four hours, halts included. Two or three guns were left behind by the retreating foe. After a day's rest, needed for replacing the bridge of boats, Gilbert was again leading his worn horses and footsore men through the windings of the Gheedar Gullie, in quest of the prey which was only to escape him by a disorderly flight into the rocky wilds of the Khyber Pass. Knocking five marches into three, his Bengal troops reached Peshâwar on the 21st, halting in sight of the yet smoking ruins of Major Lawrence's dwelling and the Sikh cantonments outside the city. A timely shutting of the gates of Peshâwar itself had left the vindictive rage of the flying Affghans to vent itself on the buildings that lay between the city and the Khyber Pass. But for the delay in crossing the deep rock-bound Indus from under the walls of Attok, the prey so closely hunted might have been caught at last. If the Hillmen had only let themselves be bribed

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into closing the Khyber, hardly a runaway would have escaped the clutches of an enemy not more than twenty miles behind. As it was, some thousands of Dost Mohammed's best troops had been driven like frightened deer back into their own hills, after a hunt of twenty-seven days over a wild impracticable country, furrowed by ravines and rivers, or blocked by lines of rugged mountains through whose long mazy gorges the hunters had to climb, sometimes to hew out their weary way. As if to enhance this brilliant lesson in the art of hunting down a beaten foe, the pursuing troops had been exposed to few other hardships than the making of forced marches over rough ground in stormy weather or beneath a fierce sun. After even the longest day's march, after climbing the steepest pass or crossing the most difficult stream, their food, their tents, their baggage, the proverbial stumbling-blocks of Eastern warfare, were very seldom left far behind. Their few hours of rest were commonly passed under canvas, nor were the European soldiers ever stinted in their daily rations of fresh meat and bread.

Lord Dalhousie's proclamation annexing the Punjab.

The last armed foe having thus been driven from the field, Lord Dalhousie lost not a moment in setting men's minds at rest with regard to the future government of the Punjab. On the 30th of March from his camp at Ferozepore, he published to the sound of a royal salute a proclamation announcing the final displacement of Sikh by

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British rule throughout the land of the Five Rivers. In breach of Lord Hardinge's merciful treaty, the Sikh people and most of their chiefs had crowned all lighter offences by murdering or imprisoning British officers, rising against the rule of their own accepting, and waging "a fierce and bloody war for the proclaimed purpose of destroying the British and their power." As bound to provide for its own safety and "to guard the interests of those committed to its charge," the government of India was bent at last "on the entire subjection of a people whom their own government has long been unable to control, and whom no punishment can deter from violence, no acts of friendship conciliate to peace." The dethroned Maharajah, it was added, would be treated with all respect and honour; the better-behaved chiefs would retain their rank and property, while the landed estates of all rebels would be forfeited to the State: every man, of whatever creed, would be allowed the free, so far as harmless, exercise of his own religion; and every strong place not held by British troops would be utterly destroyed. Lastly the people were warned to submit themselves peacefully thenceforth to a government mild enough towards the well-behaved, but very stern at need to the disaffected. Such was the drift of a proclamation which left few Englishmen much room to doubt the justice of a measure explicable enough on other, if less specious grounds. If the conquered chiefs and people

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demurred to a process not wholly unknown in modern Europe, if the punishment of a youthful sovereign for the sins of his impatient subjects might seem over harsh in the eyes of a strict moralist, if a candid thinker might allow much for the pride of a warlike people and a fierce nobility being hurt by the sight of so many young Englishmen virtually governing them all in the name of a puppet regency, few who think of the vast services done to England a few years later by the warriors of the Punjab, will pry too closely into the rights of a measure which all England deemed sooner or later inevitable, and which, as compared with the invasion of Cabul or the annexation of Sinde, would bring no blush of unmingled shame and regret upon the face of any high-souled English patriot.

Scene in the Lahore Durbar.

At Lahore the first act of the new drama had already been rehearsed by means of Sir H. Lawrence the returned Resident, and Mr. Elliot the Governor-General's deputy, despatched for the purpose from Ferozepore with a strong reinforcement of troops for the Lahore garrison. The preliminaries having on the 28th been discussed and signed by the members of the council of regency, the reading of the proclamation took place the next day. On his throne in the hall of audience sat for once more only the boy-king. Europeans and natives crowded along the walls on either side. The British envoys took their places among the council. Amidst a deep silence

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the fatal edict was read aloud in English, Persian, Hindustani. By silence also was the reading followed, the Rajah Deenanáth alone remarking that the sentence of the Governor-General, however hard against Dhuleep Singh, must be obeyed. The paper of conditions on which the young king and his chief followers might assure the best treatment for themselves at their conquerors' hands, was then proffered by Tej Singh to his erewhile master, who forthwith signed away for himself and his heirs all further claim to the royalties of Runjit Singh. Then Mr. Elliot took his leave, and as he passed away from the palace, the English colours flowing out from the ramparts, and the booming of the guns fired off in their honour proclaimed to all within that crowded city that the glory of the Khálsa had been eclipsed, perchance for ever, by the full-risen sun of British greatness.

Transfer of the Koh-i-noor to the Queen of England.

By this agreement, ratified a few days after by the Governor-General, Dhuleep Singh had yielded up his right to all the dignities, the realms, the crown-lands and other property of his royal father, in exchange for a yearly pension of fifty thousand pounds, and free leave to dwell in British territory outside the Punjab, with his old friends about him, with no stint of the honours usually shown to discrowned princes by the servants of the East-India Company. Out of the spoils thus won for the India House there was set aside for the Queen of England one precious diamond, the Koh-i-Noor

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or Hill of Light, whose fabled gleams had decked the turbans or the thrones of successive kings or conquerors, reigning at Cabul, Delhi, Lahore, or Ispahan, from the day when a king of Malwa first yielded it up to a sultan of the house that Baber supplanted, down to the day when Runjit Singh had wrested it for a mere song from his prisoner-guest Shah Soojah, the last of the Dooranie line of Ahmed Shah. As a reward for the splendid services of that army through whom alone so rare a prize had fallen into British keeping, a present of six months' batta was granted after long delay to all troops employed either in the field or in garrison across the frontier during the Punjab campaign. This pittance, no more than the amount granted by Lord Ellenborough to the victors of Maharajpore, half as much as Lord Hardinge had at his own risk granted to the warriors of Ferozshuhur and Sobraon, was all that the captors of Mooltan, the victors of Goojrat, the heroes of Gilbert's victorious raid, the conquerors of a warlike nation, of a powerful kingdom, of spoils worth several millions, were grudgingly permitted to receive, many months after a campaign which had kept not a few of the troops out under canvas from August and September into the middle of the following May.

Gough's farewell to the army of the Punjab.

How well that army had served him, Lord Gough at least took care to show in his affectionate farewell order of the 31st of March, announcing the dispersion to their several posts

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of the troops who for so many months had borne so manfully "the privations, the difficulties, and endless toils of war;" who by the front they had always shown to a fierce, a brave, a well-armed and numerous foe, had enabled him, in spite of "adverse chances and circumstances," to maintain throughout a sure and perfect trust in "the successful issue which true constancy and firmness never fail to attain." The highest praises their proud commander could bestow were amply merited by this the last army which he had been chosen to lead. To each and every soldier in that army his lordship ended by repeating "his cordial and affectionate farewell," in periods perhaps ornate, but inspired with all that kindly feeling which made men so proud to follow the brave old Irishman into never so tough a fight. Nor did that feeling wax cold with time and absence. When the Court of Directors awarded a medal to the Punjab forces with one clasp for Goojrat only, Lord Gough's persistent prayers, his earnest remonstrances, shamed them into granting a clasp for Chilianwalla also, besides a third for Mooltan.

Rewards for himself and his soldiers.

Meanwhile from other quarters honours of another kind had been shared out with a pretty free, if not always a discerning hand, among the victors of Mooltan and Goojrat. The thanks voted by both Houses of Parliament were enhanced by the special praise which the Duke of Wellington and Sir John Hobhouse bestowed on certain of the younger heroes, the Edwardeses, Abbots, Lakes,

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whose deeds had taught the world a new lesson of admiring awe for a country so rich in fearless, self-reliant, all-subduing hearts. On the same day, the 24th of April, a like vote of thanks was carried against one dissentient by the assembled owners of East-India stock. The Earl of Dalhousie was made a marquis, Lord Gough a viscount. Gilbert and Thackwell obtained the Grand Cross of the Bath; Campbell, Cheape, and Brigadier Wheeler became Knights Commanders; and other of Lord Gough's captains were made Companions of the Bath. By an act of tardy justice Gilbert was afterwards raised to a baronetcy; but the conqueror of Mooltan gained no higher step than any other general of division, and Brigadier Tennant, who commanded the artillery that won Goojrat, had to content himself with the honour awarded to any brigadier of foot. The gallant Edwardes won his brevet-majority and the right of tacking C.B. to his name; Lake, Taylor, Herbert, were pretty fairly rewarded for deeds of no ordinary mark; Abbot alone, who had held his lonely post at Nara from first to last, was unfairly stinted of the honours due to his acknowledged worth. Cortlandt, on the other hand, was taken into the British service without any cutting of his good Sikh pay, and the faithful ruler of Bháwalpore received from Lord Dalhousie a yearly pension of ten thousand pounds, besides a handsome reimbursement for the expenses of his army during the campaign. Eight of Edwardes's best officers

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were pensioned by the same liberal hand: two thousand of his best troops were brought upon the rolls of the Indian army. Nor was the faithful Shaikh Imám-ood-din left unrewarded for services rendered by his troops, first to the army before Mooltan, afterwards to General Gilbert during his chase of Shere Singh. CHAP. II. A.D. 1849.

Punishment of the Sikh leaders.

But how fared the leaders in the late revolt? After the surrender at Ráwal Pindie the grey-haired Chutter Singh with his two sons Shere and Owtar Singh had to crown their submission by presenting themselves to Lord Gough at Wazeer-abad. Passed on thence to Lahore, they heard on the 7th of April the decree which, stripping them of all their landed fiefs, granted them enough to live upon in the retirement of their native village, Attári. They were further bidden to yield up all their arms, dismiss their followers, and never, on pain of worse penalties, extend their rides more than three or four miles away from their future home. If this was only strict justice, it cannot certainly be called a very generous way of treating a brave though mistaken foe. The other chiefs of less note were sent on like conditions to their several dwelling-places. Later in the year this bounded freedom had in many cases to be exchanged for actual arrest. On the 1st of October Shere Singh's party, that of Lall Singh in Amritsir, and that of Hakim Raee at Seealkote, were all three suddenly arrested by British officers and carried off to Lahore, in atonement for some new

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plot begun or nearly woven against the peace of the realm. Under the watch of European sentries and the ward of European officers, first in the citadel of Lahore, afterwards in Fort William, these gentlemen were doomed for several years to repent the folly which led them to break their word of honour in a vain attempt to undo the inevitable issues of Goojrat.

Trial and sentence of Moolraj.

To the arch-rebel Moolraj, on the other hand, what of mercy might be shown would have been so much taken from the punishment due to the virtual murderer of Anderson and Agnew. No time was lost in trying him before a special court, of which Mr. C. S. Mansel was president, with Mr. R. Montgomery and Brigadier Penny for his fellow-judges. On the 31st of May the trial began. Moolraj was accused on three indictments; first, for aiding in the murder of Agnew and Anderson; secondly, as accessory before the fact; thirdly, as accessory after the fact. Up to the 22nd of June the trial lasted, the court having sat in all for fourteen days, and listened to the jarring, the seldom trustworthy statements of eleven witnesses for the prosecution and nine for the defence. Pleading his innocence at the outset of the trial, Moolraj still shook his head in silent protest, as the finding of the court on each of the three charges was read aloud. On each count in turn he was declared guilty; but the consequent doom was not to be carried out until the Governor-General should have passed his own judgment on the

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recommendation to mercy annexed to the court's award on account of circumstances which seemed to palliate the prisoner's guilt. As the possible sport of those circumstances, as one misled perhaps by an exceeding mistrust in British mercy, by a slavish fear of the threats, the reproaches of ambitious kinsfolk and fanatic followers, Moolraj was in due time to receive a fair measure of that mercy which his vile cowardice, if not his evil nature, had withheld from two poor English gentlemen, guiltless of aught but the being sent on a thankless errand to a self-displaced ruler. On the 31st of July the weak-hearted-son of Sáwan Mull was called up to hear the Governor-General's answer to the court's appeal, to learn that his lawful sentence had been mercifully commuted to close imprisonment for life. Instead of the death already inflicted on the miscreant Goojur Singh, the actual murderer of Anderson and Agnew, he was allowed to drag on the short remainder of his forfeit life in a state of bondage hardly preferable to the doom so narrowly escaped. To any man of higher mettle than he who fled from Agnew's first assailant, nor afterwards dared lift a hand to stay the butchery he professed to mourn, such a reprieve would have seemed but a more cruel enforcement of the original award.

Dalhousie's able minute on the annexation.

In one of those clearly written, exhaustive minutes for which the Marquis Dalhousie was to gain so wide a renown, the whole case of the late war, of the reasons for annexing the Punjab, whether

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they bore upon past events or future issues, was set forth for the information of the secret committee in the home government. A better defence of the annexation it would be hard to read, if the case be viewed from any other stand-point than that of theoretic justice. His lordship only reëchoed the general voice of his countrymen when he spoke of Sikh turbulence as leaving him no choice between a thorough conquest and perpetual war. After crushing a foe who had "twice already rudely shaken our power in India," the natives of India would at once suspect us of having been worsted in the struggle, if we agreed to any compromise, if we shrank from a full assertion of our right to deprive that foe of all power to annoy us for evermore. The least show of weakness before our Indian subjects and allies would embolden them, unfriendly as at heart they mostly are, to plot against our rule; some day perhaps to fight their present masters "on other fields than those of the Punjab." The Sikhs themselves, however restless at the first, would soon, like the Rohillas before them, be tamed into due contentment and peacefulness under the same system that had wrought so great a change in Rohilcund. As for the financial side of the question, his lordship, speaking generally, was sure that in due time the Punjab would prove "not only a secure, but also a profitable possession." Its revenues, already large, would be increased by the forfeiture of so many fiefs or *jagheers*, by the union of Mooltan with the

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other provinces, by turning to good account the great water-power of its many rivers, the general fruitfulness of its light loamy soil.

Sketch of the new conquests.

By this new conquest British India was extended westward up to the great Suliman range of hills, on the north-west to the mountains beyond Kohat and Pesháwar. Its northern frontier wound alongside the hilly barriers of Cashmere. Two hundred and fifty miles broad at its widest part, and three hundred and fifty in length, the Punjab of 1845 within its triangular circuit of more than fifty thousand square miles contained a population of about four million Sikhs, Hindoos, and Mahomedans, mingled in varying numbers about the country, but mostly divided from each other by marked differences of race, religion, and worldly pursuits. In the central plains the Sikhs and Juts, along the Indus valley and the north-western marches the Pathan and other Mahomedan tribes abound; while Hindoos of every caste and creed inhabit the Himalayas, the Cashmere highlands, the plains of the Upper Sutlej, and find their way as traders, clerks, lawyers, placeholders, artisans, into almost every town and village throughout the land. The Hindoo-speaking Mussalmans of Cashmere betray their true origin alike in language, countenance, and personal habits. The Affghan races westward of the Indus betoken the whilom greatness of the old Dooranie empire. Of all this population less than a third perhaps were of that warrior race whose true

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centre lay somewhere about Amritsir and Lahore. The neck of Sikh dominion once fairly broken at Goojrat, it became no hard matter to enforce the new rule on a people powerless alike through defeat and ancient rivalries of race and creed to withstand the wise statecraft of a Henry Lawrence, backed by the presence of a strong British garrison.

Peaceful attitude of the Punjabies at large.

From the bulk of the Hindoos there was no open outbreak to fear; the Mahomedans who had already helped Edwardes and Abbot against the Sikhs rejoiced at the humbling of rivals always ready to defile their mosques and illtreat their holy men. And the Sikhs themselves, being utterly beaten by the only foe they had ever fought in vain, seemed with the good humour of old soldiers to accept the fate of their own provoking, a fate in their eyes the less unbearable since it came before them in the shape of two such men as Sir Henry Lawrence and his brother John. On the very day after the reading of the proclamation, Amritsir itself, their holy city, lighted up its thousands of coloured lamps, and listened to its train of long-bearded priests chanting their hymns of praise in honour of their new masters.

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CHAPTER III.

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First years of the Punjab under British rule (1849-50).

UNLIKE Sinde, the new-won provinces of the Punjab were at once made over to the civil power, as represented by a board of gentlemen whose several merits fully justified the Governor-General's choice. Its president, Sir Henry Lawrence, was of all men perhaps the best fitted to win a proud though conquered people into a state of peaceful submission to a foreign, however merciful, rule. Under a leader of his acknowledged worth, of an influence largely strengthened by their faith in his lucky star, the Sikhs would be all the readier to own the final mastery of a power which all their bravest efforts had failed to turn aside from its onward course. A captain of Bengal artillery, Sir Henry had for some years past been steadily winning his way into the first rank of British-Indian statesmen, of men such as in modern times no other country has brought forth half so plentifully as our own. In him, more than in most others, were combined the power to rule with the wisdom to rule mildly and the earnest wish to rule aright, the soldier's frank bearing and ready

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courage with the statesman's forecast; the English gentleman's learning, courtesy, honest devotion to his work, with the large, loving, long-suffering nature of a Christian indeed. By his side, a worthy colleague and fit successor, sat his brother John, a civilian by calling, imbued with no small share of the soldier's instincts, a name in later days destined to outshine that of even the far-famed Sir Henry. A fair third in this triumvirate came Mr. Charles Mansel of the Bengal Civil Service, a gentleman whose other merits were enhanced by his special weight as a skilled financier. Under these high officers worked in their several ranks some fifty-six commissioners, deputy-commissioners, assistant-commissioners, chosen in nearly equal proportions from the covenanted branches, civil and military, of the great Indian service. One of the four commissioners, Mr. Montgomery, was afterwards to fill Mr. Mansel's place with even more than Mr. Mansel's ability in the governing board.

Reserving to himself the paramount rights of an Indian viceroy, Lord Dalhousie entrusted the Board with full and final powers in all matters of local government. Their first efforts were naturally turned to the safe holding of a conquered country alike against inward and outward foes. The people throughout the Punjab were disarmed. A strong police force, well armed and organized into regiments of foot and troops of horse, enabled the civil magistrates to maintain law and order

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within their several bounds. For the rural districts the old system of village watchmen was kept up on an amended footing. Besides the large regular garrison placed under the command of Sir W. Gilbert, an irregular force amounting to five regiments of foot and five of horse, recruited each from its own district, with a detail of field-pieces manned by Sikh gunners, a camel corps, two companies of sappers, and a guide corps, horse and foot, enlarged from that raised in 1846 by Sir H. Lawrence, guarded the long line of western frontier and the various gates of Affghan trade from the lawless inroads of the neighbouring mountaineers. A chain of frontier forts at short intervals, with a good system of roads between and behind them, ensured the thorough efficiency of the guarding force. Roads were also cut through the wide bushy wastes that covered so much of the Punjab, and formed so safe a harbour for cattle-lifters and criminals of every kind. Of the old Sikh soldiery thousands were pensioned off, or persuaded by timely gifts to turn to the tilling of their native fields. Many more entered the police, the new frontier levies, or availed themselves of the Governor-General's new ordinance touching the enlistment of Sikh recruits, to take service in the ranks of that army against which they had just been waging so stern a war. Entrusted with magisterial and other powers, the Punjab landholders found their interest in supporting the new rule. Erelong the old crimes of

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violence which had flourished since the days of Runjit Singh, the highway robberies once dear even to Sikh chieftains, the murderous thuggee in which thousands of low-caste Sikhs had learned to vie with their fellow-ruffians beyond the Sutlej, had wellnigh disappeared before the hot pursuit of Punjab officials, working abreast of the efforts made by the new government to find peaceful employment and proper schooling for villagers of the poorest, for rogues of the wildest pattern.

Escape of the Queen-Mother from Chunar.

Only a few days after the annexation of the Punjab Dhuleep Singh's exiled mother was plotting her escape from British custody. On the 6th of April she had been made to shift her prison-lodging from Benares to Chunar. That same evening, under the guise of one of her attendants, the beautiful vixen got away from the fort, put on the garb of a pilgrim, and set off on her long lonely journey towards the capital of Nepál. Not till the 19th was her flight made known, although, for some days back, the officer on duty had remarked a curious change in the voice that from behind the *purdah* answered his challenge. Arrived on the 27th safe within the Nepalese border, she besought the king of Nepál to grant her a free shelter among his bleak hills. While the court of Katmandoo was yet doubting what reply to give her, the British government untied the knot by seizing all her property at Benares, and allowing her to stay where she was on the unqueenly pension of a thousand rupees a month.

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Sir Charles Napier commander-in-chief.

On the 7th of May 1849 Sir Charles Napier took formal command of the Indian armies, in pursuance of the steps so rashly taken in England on the first news of Lord Gough's doubtful victory at Chilianwalla. Happily for Lord Gough's wounded honour, his successor landed in Calcutta only to find all chance of present renown cut off by the glorious issues of that other victory, whose greatness was already dwarfing down to a mere point the memory of former blunders laid, fairly or unfairly, to the stout old warrior's charge. In a farewell order of the 16th of May his lordship took leave with his wonted kindliness of the army he had commanded for nearly six years, of the forces which had followed his leading in "four memorable campaigns," and to whose valour, discipline, and trust in their leader he owed "whatever of rank or of reputation he had latterly obtained."

Appa Sahib's rebellion.

About this time Brigadier Hampton, of the Nizam's contingent, had brought to a successful close the campaign begun by Brigadier Onslow against the rebels whom a pretender, calling himself Appa Sahib, had rallied round him in his wild attempt to seat himself, as lawful heir, on the throne of Nagpore. Onslow himself with one portion of the contingent had routed the rebel forces on the 30th of April, but the victory was clouded at the last moment by the death of the British commander, whose horse stumbling at the brink of a precipice threw the rider off upon his head. His place however was well filled by Brigadier

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Hampton, who after two long marches under a fierce sun came up with the rebel leader on the 6th of May, attacked about three hundred Rohillas with his own advanced force of a hundred and twenty troopers, the rest of his men being still some miles behind; and after a hard fight followed by a keen pursuit, in which his infantry played their part, was able to report himself master of a hundred and five prisoners, half of them wounded, while a hundred and twenty more of the enemy lay dead on the field or in the line of pursuit. Chief of the prisoners was the rebel leader himself. The loss of the victors, amounting only to thirteen wounded besides their commander, points as much perhaps to their better armament and good handling as to their greater hardihood in the fight. Fresh attacks on other bodies of insurgents were rewarded by like successes, and by the early part of June the Deccan was wellnigh cleared for a time of those armed Rohilla bands, whose greed for war and plunder had seldom before been met by a resistance so open, by a punishment so complete.

The Nizam's debt to the Indian Government.

Free for a while from fear of open violence on the part of an ever-restless soldiery, the Nizam's government had still to face the perils of a drained exchequer and a heavily increasing debt to the lords of British India. For a speedy settlement of that debt Lord Dalhousie, through his agent General Frazer, was now pressing the ruler of the Deccan with the sternness of a superior provoked by the memory of past for-

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bearance. In September of this year the Nizam was warned against the unwisdom of making continual changes in his ministry. If he desired a good government, if he cared at all about paying debts which he avowed his ability in a very short time to pay, "he should place trust in his ministers, and allow their projects to be carried to a lasting end." By the last day of the year 1850 the debt to the Indian government must be paid, else "the Governor-General will take due measures to forward the interests of his own government." That the threat was not idly spoken, it will presently be our part to show.

Moplah outbreak in Malabar.

Towards the end of August a party of fanatic Moplahs—an old Arab tribe settled in South Malabar centuries before the Christian era—crowned a long course of robbery and murder by seizing the pagoda of Munjerry near Calicut, and slaying a Brahmin priest on his own altar. Two companies of the 43rd Madras infantry were sent to dislodge them. On nearing the pagoda, Captain Watt detached forty men under Ensign Wyse to draw the insurgents out of their stronghold. Erelong some fifteen yelling Moplahs rushed down the hill sword in hand on the advancing sepoys, few of whom stood to receive so desperate a foe. Mr. Wyse with his five or six faithful comrades was cut down and hacked to pieces. The runaways spread their own panic among the rest of the detachment. Shut up in the magistrate's *cutcherry*, Captain Watt was fain to let the Mop-

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lahs enjoy their easy triumph, pending the arrival of white troops from Cannanore. At length, on the 4th of September, two companies of the 94th foot came within sight of the Moplah stronghold, by that time removed to a pagoda at Argeeddipooram. Again the fanatics, to the number of sixty-four, made a rush at their pursuers; but this time they had to deal with equal courage backed by overpowering numbers. After a few minutes' savage fighting not one of their band was left alive, while three of their assailants lay dead, and nearly a dozen, including the commander Major Dennis, had wounds of some kind to show. One sepoy—for a sepoy detachment moved in support—was pierced by a knife shot from the hand of a Moplah who himself had just fallen to earth with his death-wound.

Disaster at Trichinopoly.

On the 21st of August a greater tragedy had occurred during a peaceful holiday at Trichinopoly, on the eastern side of the Madras presidency. That day was the feast of the elephant-headed god, Pillayar Chautty, the new name which the headless Ganesa had received in memory of his new head. Late in the afternoon, on account of the great heat, an unusual crowd of holiday-making worshippers swarmed up the steep rock, to break cocoa-nuts and offer presents at the shrine of a god popular beyond most of his Hindoo fellows. Suddenly the topmost ranks of worshippers, pushed outwards by the ever-growing pressure of new comers from within, fell over on

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the ranks below; and these in their turn giving way, the whole mass of struggling men and women became a huge living cataract, tumbling and crashing onwards to the bottom of the rock. The noise of their falling, the groans of sufferers, mingled presently with the cries of a gazing, an affrighted crowd below, drew all Trichinopoly to the spot; and the guards of the fort in which stood the rock, the seat of this strange disaster, had much ado to keep any kind of order among those who thronged inside the fort gates. The deepening darkness heightened the noise, the confusion, the difficulty of a search for sufferers alive or dead. Hour after hour the dead of all classes, of every age, were carried away for burning, while the less fatally hurt were taken homeward by their friends or left under the kindly charge of the garrison doctors. By noon of the next day nearly five hundred bodies, among them sometimes four and even six of one family, had borne sad witness to the awful extent of a tragedy ascribed by some to the carelessness of the police, by others to the villainy of native robbers hankering after the jewels they were sure to find in a crowd of Hindoo holiday-makers.

Sickness and disasters in various parts of India.

Heavy too was the loss of life caused by the sickness which prevailed this year in many parts of British India. At Anarkullie outside Lahore, at Peshâwar, Mooltan, Wazeerabad, and other of the Punjab stations, from overcrowding, unhealthiness of site or season, from the reaction following

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a long campaign, the troops, English and native, died off for several months at an alarming pace, the 2nd European fusiliers alone losing about seventy men in ten or eleven weeks. In Bombay seven hundred people were carried off by cholera in the month of September. The very heavy rains of August laid Mooltan nearly in ruins, overthrowing some of the fairest domes in the citadel, undoing the late work of English engineers, flooding the new cantonments, and forcing the Europeans erelong to abandon a place which was fast becoming their common tomb. The new cantonment at Shahpore, the government stores at Pind Dadan Khan, were utterly swept away by the waters of the overflowing Jhelum. At Bombay, where five inches of rain fell in six hours, at Surat, Hydrabad in Sinde, at Goozerat, and throughout the Deccan, a vast amount of damage to lives and property was done by the unwonted floods and hurricanes of this September.

New acts passed by the Indian Legislature.

Among the peaceful achievements of this year, not the least markworthy was an act, read in council for the first time on the 26th of October, for establishing trial by jury throughout British India. By this act any one awaiting his trial by a sessions-judge might claim to be tried before a jury of five persons chosen by lot from those summoned to attend the court, persons namely "of reputed intelligence, respectability, and consideration, between the ages of twenty-five and

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fifty years." In their presence all the evidence for either side would have to be taken, and any juryman might through the judge put to the witnesses any question which the judge might allow him to ask. If the judge approved of the verdict found by a majority of the jury, he would proceed to act thereon in due form; if he disapproved, the case with his own comments would be referred to a higher court, which on due cause shown might order a new trial. The new system, based on English usage and already tried in some parts of India, would further commend itself, it was hoped, to the native mind by the marked resemblance it bore in some points to the time-old Hindoo Pancháyat.

About the same time was published the draft of an act for enforcing, in the case of Hindoo converts, the righteous principle that no man shall be robbed of his right to property on account of any change in his religious creed. By Hindoo law a convert from the Hindoo faith brings on himself the doom of civil outlawry, becomes an outcast from his family, from his race, a Pariah stripped of all his rights as a citizen, of his worldly wealth, hopes, surroundings, as a good Hindoo. His very wife is forbidden to cleave to him; his children are told to shun him as a thing accursed of gods and men. From this doom the new act ensured his deliverance, so far at least as the law could step in to counteract the workings of social resentment. An outcast from his kin, his social

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fellows, he might still be; but of his rights as a citizen, as a housefather, none should thenceforth rob him with impunity.

Failure of the "Black Act."

Another measure of this year's witnessing was quashed in its infancy by the violent outcry raised among the Europeans of Bombay and Calcutta, at a fresh attempt to do away with the few remaining distinctions between them and the native races of Hindustan. Mr. Bethune's bill aimed to follow up the "Black Act" of 1836, which made Europeans amenable in civil suits to the higher courts of the East-India Company, by an act empowering the Company's judges and magistrates to try European criminals on any charge save one of murder. A plan so just to outward seeming, so needful to correct the absurdity of a system which enabled an Englishman accused of petty thieving at Pesháwar to shift the place of trial to the Supreme Court in Calcutta, was hailed by the bulk of the English press and residents in the latter city with an ever-growing storm of abuse and hot antagonism. It was too bad that Englishmen should be made amenable to courts unfit already for the work they had to do. To set an Englishman on a seeming level with a native was tantamount to lowering the former in native eyes. You might as well banish Englishmen at once from India, as take away their birthright by leaving them at the mercy of corrupt and incompetent courts, holden by officers too often ignorant of sound law, or else too easily led by their native

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counsellors. Against Mr. Bethune himself, as the framer of this new Black Act, the licence of abuse soon passed into the shamefullest lengths of sheer slander. In the heat of this strong nor wholly unnatural feeling against Company's law, as administered by Company's officers, it was forgotten that the surest way to uncover and amend the flaws in a given judicial system would be by gradually making all persons, white or black, amenable alike to the same courts of justice, by whatever name of Crown or Company they might be called. It is also worth remarking by the way how small a part of the cry first got up in Calcutta was furnished by English residents in the upper provinces, for which the new act was specially designed.

Mr. Bethune's school for middle-class Hindoo girls.

Mr. Bethune was more successful in another line, as the founder of a school for Hindoo girls belonging to families of the middle classes. Taking up the plan tried years before in vain by the enterprising Mrs. Wilson, he persuaded some of the wealthier Hindoos to give their daughters the benefits of a schooling such as the children of the lower classes already enjoyed. On the 7th of May the school was opened with twenty-one pupils of tender age, placed under the charge of an English lady, who with the help of a native pundit was to teach them Bengali, their mother-tongue, as much English as their fathers might wish, besides "a thousand feminine works and accomplishments"—said Mr. Bethune in his open-

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ing address—"with their needles in embroidery and fancy-work, in drawing, in many other things, that would give them the means of adorning their own homes, and of supplying themselves with harmless and elegant employment." After a season of rough weather, caused by the bigotry of many opponents, by the falling away of some timid friends, the new female school took firm hold at last of the native mind; by May of the next year its twenty-one pupils had grown into thirty-four; new schools on the same pattern were springing up under native prompting, in various parts of Bengal; and the government, stirred by the great success of a private venture, began taking its own measures to forward a movement so fraught with good omens for the future of Hindustan.

Successes against the Sarawak pirates.

Another attack on the pirates of the Indian Archipelago was carried out this year with marked success by the Company's steamer *Nemesis*, in concert with the boats' crews of the *Albatross* and the *Royalist*, two English men-of-war, and a fleet of Sarawak praas, all working under the guidance of Sir James Brooke. On the evening of the 31st of July a great fleet of pirate war-boats, fresh from the plunder of several towns, came crowding towards the mouth of the Sarebas river. Assailed with a hot fire from the English cutters, the pirates sought to creep close inshore up the eastern side of the river. But the native praas headed them off betimes: the pirate fleet

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broke up for flight in all directions: some of the boats were run ashore; a few got safely up the river; but the most were chased hither and thither for several hours in the clear moonlight, under a merciless fire from the all-watchful *Nemesis;* until of boats sunken, captured, and deserted, the reckoning made next morning fell little short of ninety. Hundreds of pirates fell that night, many of them on shore beneath the weapons of pursuing Dyaks. Sailing up the Sarebas and the Rejang, the fleet at Paku, Poa, and elsewhere, made further havoc among the stores and strongholds of Dyak pirates, and frightened some of their chiefs into such repentance of their former ways, as the promise to abstain therefrom for the future might seem to betoken. The tidings of these and like successes achieved by English gallantry against the pirates of Borneo and China gave birth to a violent outcry among that party of English politicians which, headed by Mr. Cobden, was always ready to mistake acts of justice done by British officers on the bloodiest robbers in the world, for cases of wanton cold-blooded butchery wrought on poor harmless savages, whose robberies at the worst were confined to their own countrymen. This party however being less numerous than loud-mouthed, British sailors continued to wage war in Eastern seas against wretches whose assaults on property were almost always accompanied with wholesale murder.

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Annexation of Sattara.

In the early part of this year the kingdom of Sattara was formally annexed to the Indian empire, the home government being at one with Lord Dalhousie as to the wisdom of a measure which its foremost advocates utterly failed in showing to be just. The last king, son of the exiled rajah, having died childless the year before, his rightful successor according to Indian usage was the prince whom Appa Sahib had adopted as his son and heir. According to the spirit, perhaps the letter, of old treaties made in 1819 and 1839, according also to the views expressed at sundry times by the first statesmen of British India, it behoved the Indian government to treat its tributary princes at Sattara with every courtesy compatible with the demands of justice to either side. But in April 1848, the Marquis of Dalhousie had already avowed his leaning to that policy of annexation which marked with a somewhat baleful splendour the whole of his long career. "The British government is bound," he wrote, "not to put aside or to neglect such rightful opportunities of acquiring territory or revenue as may from time to time present themselves, whether they arise from the lapse of subordinate states, by the failure of all heirs of every description whatsoever, or from the failure of heirs natural, where the succession can be sustained only by the sanction of the government being given to the ceremony of adoption according to the Hindoo law." In plainer English, everything

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in the dealings of English statesmen with the princes and peoples of India, all care for treaties, all claims of public decency, all sense of duty as between man and man, lord and vassal, must give way before the paramount need of enlarging the Indian revenues, and of absorbing the free states that might still be within the pale of British rule. For his lordship, in another sentence, had expressed himself still more plainly to this effect, by owning, much as Ahab might have done, that he "could not conceive it possible for any one to dispute the policy of taking possession of states which might be in the midst of our own territories, thereby consolidating those we already possessed, and thus getting rid of those petty intervening principalities which might be made a means of annoyance but which could never be a source of strength."

Nor were the Court of Directors backward in adopting the views thus nakedly set before them. After much careful reading of minutes and thinking over their contents "with a deep sense of responsibility," they avowed a full agreement with the Governor-General; were thoroughly "satisfied that by the general law and custom of India a dependent principality could not pass to an adopted heir without the consent of the paramount power;" and felt themselves bound by "no pledge, direct or constructive, to give such consent," the withholding of which indeed seemed to their thinking the best way of forwarding "the general

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interests committed to their charge." In vain did many members of the East-India Company, gentlemen of weight and fair ability, follow the lead of Mr. Sullivan in denouncing the injustice thus quietly sanctioned by their directors. On the side of injustice, thinly covered by a cloud of legal pretences, were ranged all the highest authorities, from the Governor-General up to the Board of Control; and so it fell out that an heir by adoption, who was also in fact the heir by collateral descent, was juggled out of a fair estate, in order that his liege lord might become the richer by a hundred and fifty thousand pounds a year.

Colonel Campbell amongst the Khonds.

While the Khond chief, Chokro Bissoi, was still troubling the Goomsoor country with sudden raids, Colonel Campbell had begun a new campaign against human sacrifices in the hills of Chinna Kimedy, a Khond district lying south and west of Goomsoor. By a careful mixture of firmness and kind treatment he succeeded in rescuing two hundred and six Meriahs in one season from a horrible death, and in coaxing the wild tribes of the country to forswear a practice which the Indian government was bent on putting down. Another hundred were rescued during the same time in Boad; a hundred and twenty children were made over to the neighbouring missionaries, to be brought up at the public cost; a number of Meriah girls were trained to household work under the eye of trustworthy matrons at Sooradah; of the rest, married and single, some were settled

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in farming villages, others apprenticed to different trades, others again enlisted as irregular soldiers, or given out as private servants. For the further civilizing of so wild a race new lines of road were opened up through all parts of the country; the Khond language was erelong studied by zealous officers, and reduced to a written form for the benefit of the government underlings and native schools in Khondistan.

Before the illness caused by a very unwholesome climate had quite broken him down, Colonel Campbell had also gone far to do away with the time-old practice of child-murder from among the hill-tribes of Sooradah. By dint of threats, promises, kindly reasonings, he got an agreement signed by the heads of families, who bound themselves under the heaviest penalties thenceforth to rear up their female offspring, instead of pleading absurd old customs as a fit excuse for murdering them in their infancy. The first blow thus struck at a practice so hateful, so hardening to a mother's heart, it was left for other workers in the same field to bring about the gradual overthrow of a system founded partly on the poverty of the people, partly on their inveterate dislike to marriage between members of the same tribe.

In Maji Deso, Patna, and other parts of Khondistan, fresh ground was broken during 1850 by Campbell's representative, Captain Macvicar. Scores of Meriahs were saved from sacrifice; formal pledges were exacted from the chiefs; the

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Khonds of Patna were taught, like their brethren of Boad and Goomsoor, to appease the malignant goddess Doorga and to sow their own fields with sacrificial oxen instead of men and women. A year later Campbell himself was at work among the manslaying tribes of Jeypore, to put down the custom already dying out among their neighbours of Chinna Kimedy. The wild jungles through which he passed were inhabited by as wild a race of Khonds, whose first answer to the colonel's summons came in the form of an assault upon his camp. Daunted by his bold front, and scattered by a few shots from his small escort, they sent in their submission, delivered up their Meriahs, and took the usual pledge against human sacrifices. In another part of the same highlands, at Bundári, the people fled to their secret fastnesses, and instead of yielding up their victims, left behind them the severed head of one they had newly slain. Baffled in all his efforts to make terms with the runaways, Colonel Campbell was driven to deter them from further sacrifices by ordering the village of Bundári with all its sacred relics to be destroyed. In spite of this partial failure, his efforts among the Khonds of Jeypore were rewarded by the rescuing of a hundred and fifty-eight Meriahs during the few months of cool weather in which Englishmen and sepoys could bear the trying ordeal of a climate deadly beyond that of most tropical countries. Nor was his influence less happily employed in settling some of the many obstinate

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feuds which kept breaking out among these wild children of a land once famous in Hindoo story, and still endeared to Hindoo feeling by its wood-covered, broken monuments and holy relics of a worship and a civilization far older than those of Haroun Alraschid and Charles the Great.

In November of the following year, 1852, the unwearied colonel set forth again in furtherance of a mission which had already brought the most of his former helpmates to death or death's door. One tribe only in Chinna Kimedy dared take up arms in defence of their olden usage. But a body of warriors armed with battleaxes found themselves no match for the muskets of Campbell's trained sepoys. They fled, and the burning of a village, hard though it seemed, not only frightened this tribe into entire submission, but also emboldened the Khond chiefs throughout the country to side openly with the British government in its onslaught against the savagery of their countrymen. Proceeding into Jeypore, Colonel Campbell found the Khonds of Bundári anxious to turn the last year's lesson to account by making their peace with the British agent. Their Meriahs were given up; their chiefs took the needful pledge, receiving in return the grain which had been forfeited by their late opposition, and a handsome gift of money towards the rebuilding of their ruined village. Nor would the penitents rest satisfied with their changed position until Campbell had marked out a new site for their village, away from a spot

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where the memory of so much bloodshed might have bred within them an ungovernable yearning for more. So widely indeed had spread the influence of the new teaching, that out of two hundred and twenty Khond villages one only had witnessed a human sacrifice since Colonel Campbell's last visit.

Once more, in the cold weather of 1853, Campbell resumed his labours among the Khonds. Wherever he or his colleagues went, the tokens of a great success were visible. Young girls began to thrive among the child-slaying tribes of Chinna Kimedy. Old opponents flocked in with their few remaining Meriahs to show the agent of the great Company how faithfully they had kept their pledges. Tribes hitherto unvisited eagerly took the pledge, rejoicing to find that the great Company had not been less mindful of them than of their neighbours. A certain amount of traffic had already begun to flow between the villages scattered along the newly-opened roads. The abomination of Meriah sacrifices, grown yearly rarer, was already fading away into a dark dream of the past. But against the withering climate of those wild regions no Englishman could battle long. In the spring of 1854 Colonel Campbell, overborne by repeated attacks of fever, made over the agency to Captain Macvicar, bearing away with himself the grateful prayers of his new allies, the thanks of the government he had served so well, and the hearty regrets of the Governor-General at the

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cause of his forced retirement from the hill tracts of Orissa.

Events in the Yusufzai country and in Sikkim.

The peace which pervaded India during the latter half of 1849 was slightly ruffled towards the end of the year by the refractory conduct of some *zemindars* in the Yusufzai country near Pesháwar, and by the cruel treatment which a petty chief, the rajah of Sikkim on the Tibetan frontier, dealt out to two English gentlemen travelling for scientific purposes about the Himalayas. The former business was soon settled by the prompt movements of a field-force despatched from Pesháwar on the 3rd of December, under the command of Brigadier Bradshaw. After some days' marching over very rough ground, the British on the 11th moved to the attack of Suggoo, a village guarded by a line of breastworks on the steep brow of a tall rock-spur shooting out from a range of lofty hills. In spite of stones and matchlocks and the forbidding sheerness of the ascent, it was not long before the 60th rifles and a wing of the 3rd Bombay native infantry had stormed the front of the enemy's position, while the infantry of Coke and Lumsden swarmed up the farther hills to cut off retreat by the left rear. Out of about two thousand rebels more than a hundred were killed, besides numbers wounded, in part by the well-aimed fire from Fordyce's guns. Nothing but their skill in climbing like goats among their native hills saved the bulk of the enemy from death or capture. The next day the head man of

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CHAP III. A.D. 1849. Suggoo, by that time burnt to ruins, came into the British camp with prayers for pardon, and the past year's rental in his hands. On the 14th Colonel Bradshaw attacked a yet larger body of Yusufzai rebels posted about three villages, that lay half-hidden by trees, and guarded by ravines and watercourses, close under the shadow of the Swat hills. Some of Fordyce's guns having played awhile with good effect on the foe, a combined attack was made, from the right by Coke's and Lumsden's men with two guns and some of the 61st foot; from the left by the rifles, the 3rd native infantry, with the rest of the guns to cover them. After some sharp fighting, in which the rebels lost heaps of men, arms, and standards, the three villages were taken by ten o'clock, and the enemy chased some way up their rugged hills. By two in the afternoon the villages were heaps of smouldering ruin, and the victors having thoroughly done their work, withdrew to their camp below. Their whole loss in both actions amounted only to seven killed and thirty-three wounded. Nothing more remaining just then to do, Colonel Bradshaw returned before the month's end to Peshâwar.

Meanwhile the Indian government was taking steps to punish the Sikkim rajah for his outrageous treatment of Doctors Hooker and Campbell. These gentlemen in their botanical researches had somehow trespassed on ground forbidden to Europeans. In obedience to the warnings of a Chinese

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guard, they were about retracing their steps, when some of the rajah's followers rushing on them threw them to the ground, bound them with ropes so tightly as to cause exquisite torture, and under their master's orders kept them in close and cruel bondage for several weeks. Not until the 7th of December was the rajah frightened or coaxed into letting his prisoners go. An old grudge against the Indian government, whose lands adjoined his own, of whose money he received some thousands of rupees a year as rent for the hill-station of Darjeeling, seems to have driven him into a course so unreasonable. On his first refusal to give up his prisoners, a number of troops were ordered up towards Darjeeling from the neighbouring stations in Bengal; but the snows of midwinter barred for that present any forward movement into the Sikkim highlands. Towards the end of January however, a small force of infantry, chiefly native, with three hundred sappers and a few light guns, began its march from Darjeeling towards the Runjit river. The campaign proved entirely bloodless, for the rajah fled into his furthermost fastness, and his troops were never to be seen. As a punishment for his froward behaviour towards the government which had made his ancestor free of Nepál, he was stripped of the country lying between Purneah and the Runjit, Darjeeling of course being included in a forfeiture which left him little besides barren mountains.

Meanwhile, on the 9th of February, Brigadier

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Outbreak among the Afreedies of Kohat.

Bradshaw was again leading a force from Pesháwar, this time to punish certain Afreedie tribes inhabiting the Kohat hills. Some days before a large body of Afreedies had suddenly attacked a camp of sappers working at the new road from Pesháwar to the town of Kohat. Twelve sappers were killed, eight wounded, and the camp itself was plundered, by way of a rough-and-ready protest against the making of a road through country claimed by these wild mountaineers for themselves alone. Without loss of time a compact force of infantry, cavalry, and horse-artillery, accompanied by Sir Charles Napier and commanded by Sir Colin Campbell, set out towards the pass of Múttanie, where the attack had taken place. Entering the long winding pass on the 10th the troops skirmished their way towards Kohat, burned six villages in requital of the late murders, and halted on the 12th near Kohat, before retracing their steps to Pesháwar. But the enemy who had fiercely withstood their advance, now hung with yet more fatal boldness upon their retreat, galling the main body with their matchlocks, and trying to cut off some of the smaller parties that held the heights on each flank. Lieutenant Hilliard of the 23rd native infantry was badly wounded in leading his company against a crowd of savages who had driven back the picket he was sent to reinforce. Ensign Sitwell of the 31st native infantry, who had charge of a company on the opposite hill, was cut

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to pieces along with four of his sepoys who, in spite of the prayer of their wounded officer, refused to leave him to his fate. There was hard fighting for the rear-guard on the 13th, over the thirteen miles of pass which led back to Múttanie. Coke's Punjab infantry won special praises for the brilliant way in which so young a regiment had borne the brunt of the skirmishing from first to last.. Fordyce's howitzers did excellent service whenever they found a fair mark for their shells. In short the discipline, the courage, the nimble movements of all engaged in this short but trying business, thoroughly satisfied so stern a critic as the chief who, only a few weeks earlier, had launched the most scornful censures against certain of the troops and commanders reviewed by him at Meeanmeer. In crossing hills which Runjit Singh had threaded at a cost of a thousand lives, it was something certainly to say that Sir Colin Campbell had lost no more than twenty killed, although his wounded were four times that number. The commander-in-chief might also fairly boast that not one piece of baggage had been lost in the march through a country swarming with "the most daring and dexterous plunderers in the world." It was also true that one end of the expedition had been answered by the reinforcement of the Kohat garrison. But, as a song of triumph for a great success, Napier's general order of the 16th of February was issued rather too soon. In spite of burned villages and

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slaughtered warriors, the Afreedies of Kohat had not been chastened into full submission. As soon as Campbell's column was safely housed around Peshâwar, these wild sons of Ishmael swarmed for mischief about the Múttanie pass. Either from sheer restlessness, or, as some supposed, from hatred of a government which had just raised the salt-tax to an unwonted, perhaps an unwarrantable height, they seemed bent on giving their new rulers as much trouble as a few tribes of half-armed but daring freebooters, fanatics by race and religion, could contrive to do in the shelter of their own rugged, scarcely accessible hills.

Their first move was made on the 28th of February, against a tower commanding the road through the Múttanie pass. Beaten off after a sharp fight by Coke's infantry, which had set out from Kohat to reinforce the threatened outpost, they returned a few days later to the charge. Their approaches were made with a skill as great as their pertinacity: erelong the besieged were cut off from all their water, which lay in a tank outside the tower. It was useless to hold out longer in such a post. By means of a private bargain with the besiegers, Captain Coke was enabled to draw off the garrison in safety to Kohat; but the road thence to Peshâwar became once more closed to peaceful travellers. Kohat itself however could still draw its supplies by a road newly opened into another part of the

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Punjab; and the Afreedies satisfied with their late success, refrained for some months from any worse outrage than the murder of one or two Englishmen who unhappily crossed their path.

Mutinies in the 32nd and 66th native infantry.

While the Governor-General was recruiting his health and enlarging his acquaintance with things Indian by travelling from Lahore to Calcutta by the way of Mooltan, Kurrachee, and Bombay, Sir Charles Napier had, among other matters, to ordain the trial and enforce the punishment of certain mutineers belonging to the 32nd and 66th regiments of native infantry. Five sepoys of the former regiment, condemned to death for having tried to stir up a mutiny at Wazeerabad, were allowed by their stern commander-in-chief, as a change, avowedly not as an amelioration of the doom their judges had shrunk at first from awarding, to "linger out their miserable lives in eternal exile, in a strange land beyond the seas." The crime for which these poor wretches were called ruffians and other hard names, so dear to a Napier's fancy, would perhaps have been handsomely punished by the fourteen years' imprisonment at first awarded therefor. Resenting the order of October 1849, which did away with the old Sinde allowances for troops serving in the Punjab, they had urged and partially won their comrades to combine in refusing the lower rate of pay on the next occasion of its monthly issue. That such men were heavy offenders against military discipline, few will deny; but the griev-

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ance of which they complained was none the less widely felt, because to martinets and economists it might seem none at all. It was not easy for an average sepoy to realize the justice of a thrift which at one stroke docked him of the indulgences he had come to look upon as his right. But it was easy for him to overlook the difference between acting in concert and acting alone, between the lawful process of refusing to take his own pay and the unlawful process of winning others into a common agreement to refuse their several shares of the proffered pay.

It may in fact be said that the punishment dealt out to these culprits was measured not by their actual deserts, but by the strong need of making them a swift and stern example of the doom awaiting all who dared openly to murmur against their masters' will. Men of other regiments, at Ráwal Pindie and elsewhere, had already shown clear tokens of the rebellious spirit which lurked below the quiet surface of sepoy loyalty. It was natural perhaps that a hireling soldiery, somewhat spoiled by past concessions, should seek redress for new grievances in a fashion by no means too respectful to their foreign employers. But those employers might also feel the danger of allowing so mutinous a spirit to run too high in the ranks of an army held together by no bond of common patriotism. A little timely harshness to the few might deter the many from a course big with trouble, if not ruin, for the British power

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in India. Judged from this point of view, the heavy punishment of these men may be justified, much as Wellington was justified in threatening to hang the next soldier found guilty of eating sour grapes on the line of march.

That the rebellious spirit was already running to a dangerous height, the mutiny of the 66th native infantry at Govindghur went far to prove. In this regiment but lately arrived from Lucknow, sounds of discontent began making themselves heard some time in January 1850. On the last day of that month those sounds grew louder. Deputies from several companies went up to speak with their commandant, Major Troup, touching the ordained withdrawal of the Sinde allowances. If there should break out a war with Golab Singh, would the sepoys, they asked, be certain of once more receiving the batta of which they were now deprived? Assured by Major Troup of their masters' liberal intentions, they went away in seeming contentment. But the new feeling soon died out, quenched in a hot fit of untamable discontent. On the morrow Troup paraded his men: they listened to his words in sulky silence; at first they refused to go back to their lines. Again on the 2nd of February they were paraded inside the fort. Their commandant's firm but temperate language failing to hush the noisier malcontents, one of these, a native officer, was straightway ordered into arrest. An attempt to rescue him on the spot was baffled only by the

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strong personal influence which, even at such a moment, British officers wielded over their men.

Hardly had the sepoys fallen back into their places, when a party of the 1st cavalry, hurried off by Colonel Bradford from the neighbouring station of Amritsir, rode up to the gate of Govindghur. The men on guard there, a company of the mutinous regiment, would at once have shut the gate in their faces, but for Captain Macdonald the fort adjutant, who drove off the mutineers with his drawn sword, and so let the cavalry in. Nearly at the same moment arrived some more troops for which an express had been sent off the day before. With their help the mutinous regiment was marched outside the fort, within range of its guns; and erelong a hundred and seventy ringleaders, picked out by their native officers, were brought up in batches before the court-martial which Sir Walter Gilbert, on the first tidings of the outbreak, had ordered to assemble with all speed at Govindghur. On the 8th of February the trial began. In less than a week the court's work was done. Of the whole number, thirteen only were acquitted, eighty-five dismissed the service, while the rest paid for their mutinous folly by various terms of imprisonment with hard labour, ranging between six months and fourteen years. Well might Sir W. Gilbert, in confirming the sentences, wonder that a regiment which had "never even joined an army in camp, nor seen a shot fired on service," should

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have been guilty of misconduct so wofully contrasted with all he had witnessed during fifty years' service, in an army renowned alike for its deeds and sufferings during campaigns which had extended the Company's rule "from Mainpoorie to the Khyber."

But with the punishment of its worst offenders, that of the regiment was not to end. Sterner-hearted than his comrade of the Bengal army, Sir C. Napier was bent on dealing a yet harder blow at the growing insolence of his native soldiery. On the 27th of February he ordered the native officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates of the 66th native infantry to be marched down to Ambála, and there struck off the strength of the Company's service. Their colours, arms, and accoutrements he made over to "the brave and loyal men of the Nusseeree battalion," who were henceforth to be known as the 66th Ghoorkas. On the 21st of March, in presence of the whole force stationed at Ambála, the disgraced regiment was drawn up for the last time in parade order, to hear the reading of its doom. That done, the men were escorted out of cantonments by a few irregular horse, the drums of each regiment playing in their turn the Rogue's March as, sullenly or sadly, the disbanded sepoys slouched along.

Outbreak in the Agra jail.

An outbreak of another kind, leading to a bloodier issue, happened on the 5th of April within the Agra jail. A few days earlier some two hundred and sixty-four Sikh convicts of the worst

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character had been brought thither from several upcountry stations. On this particular afternoon they were eating their food at one end of the jail yard, when some of them, catching the sentries off their guard, made a rush at the arms left by accident within their reach. By means of a few muskets, bricks, and other weapons snatched up on the moment, they forced their way some into the main wards, others towards one of the outer gates, before anything could be done to stop them. Driven back from one entrance, they made towards another; but by this time the alarm had been generally taken, and strong guards were ready for them at every gate. Hopeless of escape, they now thought only of shelter from the musket-fire without. But they had little to hope from the mercy of warders wild with fear and the new-born thirst for revenge. Pent up in two or three wards of the building, they seem to have been stabbed or shot down by dozens, long after they had ceased to make any show of resistance. Such at least was the plainly avowed belief of Mr. Woodcock the prison-inspector, when, half an hour after the first alarm, he looked in upon the scene of this final butchery. How it happened that none had been there to stop it, he somehow forgot to say. That night in the jail hospital there were counted thirty-two dead and forty-one wounded, some of them past recovery.

Far more dreadful was the tragedy which enacted itself a few weeks later at Benares. A fleet

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Dreadful explosion off Benares.

of thirty ordnance-boats, laden with three hundred and thirty thousand pounds of gunpowder, lay on the 1st of May moored amidst other shipping alongside Raj Ghat, just below the winding line of *ghats*, temples, and tall stone houses forming the river-face of the grand old city itself. About half-past ten that night people living some way from the spot were startled to hear one and presently another loud crash, as of sudden thunder overhead, while a great blaze of light flashed up as suddenly in the farther heavens. That which at first was by some mistaken for a meteor, was soon known to have signalled a horrible disaster involving the loss of much property, and, worse still, of several hundred lives. In those two thunderclaps the whole of the gunpowder had blown up, wounding or destroying everything within a belt about fifty yards broad and a thousand long. Of all the boats which had just before been jostling each other on the brink of the broad Ganges, not one remained in its place. One or two had been carried on a great wave high up the river-bank; but the rest were either gone bodily down with all their contents, or lay burning and waterlogged at the river-side, or floated piecemeal on the top of the water. Whole fleets of merchant-boats and pinnaces, laden with all kinds of stores for up-country stations, had sunk side by side with government vessels full of arms, field-pieces, shot, and shell. Of the boats' crews some scores had perished in the two explosions, and about two

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hundred more were drowned in the darkness which heightened the dangers of a most treacherous stream. All about Raj Ghat the houses were shaken and shattered into utter wrecks. The new hotel just built by an English firm had fallen together in a tumbled heap upon its strong stone foundations. Two palaces on either side of it, tenanted by royal ladies and princes of the house of Delhi, smothered in their fall whole households of men and women. The strong-built mission-house a little farther off had every door and window blown in. Other houses were more or less injured. Happily there was no one lost in the hotel, and the intense heat of the weather saved many a life by forcing people to sleep out of doors. But at least forty-seven bodies were dug out of the ruins, two hundred and thirty were blown up, drowned, or died in hospital, a hundred more were missing, of whom the greater number were never more seen alive, and seventy-one more or less badly wounded made up a total which needed no overstating to enhance its awful purport. At the lowest reckoning some three hundred and fifty lives were swept away in a few moments, through the careless smoking of a *hubble-bubble* close to a fleet of powder-barges moored in the very likeliest spot for causing wholesale ruin to life and property.

Disturbance in Oudh.

A few weeks before this, on the 27th of March, a wing of the 10th native infantry under Captain Wilson, with a detail of artillery, started from Lucknow, to help a body of the king's troops in

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putting down an insurgent landholder who had taken shelter in the fort of Beitah. Two days later the attack on his stronghold began. Emboldened by the small amount of damage done by two or three guns to their thick mud walls, the insurgents sallied out to attack their assailants, were driven back, and followed up into the outer defences of the fort. But here the pursuers found themselves entrapped in a large walled enclosure, loopholed on every side and commanded by the citadel itself. They fell fast under an unseen but deadly fire. In a very short time the 10th alone had lost one officer and thirty-five men killed or wounded; about sixty of the king's troops and eleven gunners had been disabled; and the remainder being slack of ammunition had to retreat, leaving one gun, for want of bullocks to remove it, a prize in the enemy's hands. Satisfied however with their success, the insurgents in the night-time left their stronghold and retired to some safer corner of Oudh. For this repulse Captain Wilson seems to have been less blamable than those who sent him out with no engineers or artillery-officers, to help in the assault of a place impracticable for infantry alone.

Doings of the Governor-General.

But a few weeks after his return to Calcutta, the Governor-General in April of this year set off again for the Upper Provinces, leaving Sir John Littler to fill his place in the government of Bengal. The peace which reigned around him gave free play to the active intellect of a ruler

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bent on mastering the smallest details of public business, and jealous to a fault of anything like an effort to evade his orders or dispute his power. Under his watchful patronage, measure after measure was hastened or ordained for improving the state machinery, for lightening the burdens on Indian trade, for furthering, so far as a low exchequer would let him further, the well-being social and industrial of the country at large. The abolition of inland duties, the throwing open of the coasting trade, the establishment of small-cause courts in the presidency towns, of steamers on the Indus, of tolls on the trunk roads; railways actually begun at Bombay and Calcutta, new roads and new canals already making in the upper provinces and the Punjab; the laying down of an experimental "lightning-post," as the natives of India called the electric telegraph, under the skilful care of Dr. O'Shaughnessy,—such were some of the peaceful achievements which marked the third year of his lordship's government, and betokened his surpassing fitness for work peculiarly trying to a man of his weakly frame. In the summer, from his cool retreat in the heart of the northern Himalayas, afterwards during his official progress through upper India, the Governor-General watched, guided, controlled the smallest workings of official energy in a hundred different spheres; now issuing a final order on some question of imperial moment, anon sanctioning the employment of commissariat cattle to

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fill the plunging-baths of European regiments. It takes after all but little from the credit due to such a ruler, that some of his wide-working energy wasted itself on matters which humbler officials might have managed at least as well, that time was not seldom lost and the self-reliance of subordinates weakened, by the need of referring to a viceroy at Peshâwar or beyond Simlah all kinds of questions demanding speedy settlement at Madras or Bombay.

Retirement of Sir Charles Napier.

With a chief himself so imperious it was natural that so wilful a subaltern as Sir Charles Napier should clash more or less violently, as often as they came in contact. Through all this year ran frequent rumours of the strife that rose and fell between these two distinguished men. The older if more erratic hero could ill brook his lordship's interference in matters of which the head of the Indian armies deemed himself the fittest, if not the only judge. His lordship on the other hand felt all the impatience that youth and viceregal power combined to teach him, of an opponent who claimed for himself a measure of freedom trenching on the paramount rights and duties of the Indian government. The one zealous for the well-being, moral and physical, of his fellow-soldiers, took upon himself to issue or to set aside orders which the other, looking at needs and likelihoods ranging far beyond the soldier's ken, would never, if asked, have agreed to sanction, or had already refused to set aside. At

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length the never-ending quarrel, in which Napier's side was often practically the right one, came to a critical head, when the Commander-in-Chief publicly gave to an old order touching sepoys' allowances a meaning flatly opposed to that which had just been officially set forth by the Governor-General. In answer to the latter's strongly-worded rebuke for an act so wantonly rebellious, Sir Charles Napier requested leave to resign his command. The request granted, Sir William Gomm, but lately sent to command at Bombay, was ordered to fill the place for which he had given up the governorship of the Mauritius more than a year before, little dreaming to find a Napier already endowed by a popular outcry with the prize intended for himself. On the 6th of December, at Calcutta, the new commander-in-chief, a mild old gentleman of no great capacity, but of a strongly religious turn, was sworn in. About that time Napier was taking a farewell review at Ferozepore of a part of that army against whose officers he launched, on the very same day, as bitter a sermon as they ever were forced to read, on the disgrace and wickedness of running into debt. The sermon might have been needed, though many who knew the Indian army as well as Sir C. Napier believed him to have overshot the mark by his sweeping onslaught on a tendency which, however common, could be traced to many other sources besides the misconduct fairly chargeable against a dissolute or weak-minded few. On

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the other hand, it seemed to many that such a sermon, however thoroughly Napierian alike in its strength and its weakness, should hardly have been reserved for a farewell order to an army which Napier had been commanding for eighteen months past. Dictated possibly by an earnest wish to better the moral tone of his late comrades, the lecture sounded too like a parting burst of the vanity that underlay so much of Napier's public career, of that restless longing to make himself heard in season or out of season, which marred so many passages of a life remarkable for varied talents and great deeds.

Trial of Jotie Pershád.

As a set-off to the peaceful victories of this year, came, towards the close of it, the suit begun by the Indian government against one of its leading creditors and most useful helpmates, Jotie Pershád. This great contractor, who had fed the Indian armies through many a critical campaign, was still owed by the government a large amount of arrears, valued by himself at near six hundred thousand pounds. Instead of paying the arrears demanded, or making a compromise on fair terms for debts some of them ten years due, his debtors sued him in the criminal court of Agra for a number of alleged frauds which had gone to swell the amount of their creditor's claim. Forced to give heavy bail for his future appearance, the great contractor met the assault by suing the government in the Supreme Court for the whole of his arrears. This happened in October 1850. Thence-

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forth there was open war, in which some officers of the government played a part more zealous than becoming. Jotie Pershád being a few days late on his return to Agra, Mr. Gubbins the magistrate ordered an instant seizure of his property to meet half the forfeit recognizances. Means more or less clearly illegal were used to coax or frighten the contractor's servants into owning their master's guilt. In vain did Jotie's counsel draw up a temperate statement of his client's grievances in a memorial addressed to the head of the Bengal government. On the 27th of March 1851, at Agra, the trial began before Mr. Brown the sessions judge, and a mixed jury of five townsmen. Twelve days of a process which brought out little else save the informality of the steps previously taken against the accused, and the hopelessness of examining witnesses already twice forsworn, were wound up by a telling speech for the defence, in which Mr. Lang assailed the whole proceedings with the merciless wit of a pleader conscious of his opponents' weakness, and keen to amuse himself, often at his hearers' expense, with the humours suggested by a survey of the whole affair. The scene before him recalled one of those days on board ship, when pork dressed in various ways was all one got for dinner. Pork, all pork, typified the present suit. He stood in a Company's court, beside a Company's prosecutor, pleading before a Company's judge, and awaiting the verdict of a Com-

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pany's jury. It was altogether a laughable scene. Talk of arbitrary power! Every one, from the Governor-General down to the lowest official, seemed to have it here. It was an old charge against the Company, that they accused people of crime, merely to convict them of being wealthy. The charges against his client had utterly broken down. The case was gutted. He was like a clergyman called in to console a corpse. It was absurd, his having to make any defence at all. He could not see how one of the chief prisoners, Choteh Lál, a paid agent of Jotie Pershád's, could be called a servant of government, save in the fashion of "Mr. Shakespeare's" Viola claiming to be Olivia's servant through her love for Olivia's suitor Orsino. As for payment of charges for imaginary supplies, it was answer enough to remind the court of the large account still open between the two parties for supplies furnished many years before. Nor could so great a contractor as Jotie Pershád be held fairly answerable for all the misdeeds of every servant nominally in his employ. His client's known wealth, and the many services he had rendered the government in its greatest need, were also points well worthy of remembrance in the present case. After making fun of other less important details bearing on the trial, Mr. Lang called up two of the chief commissariat officers, whose glowing praises of the accused confirmed all that Lord Gough had written and other officers called up

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for the prosecution had been forced to acknowledge on the same side.

In less than an hour after the defence was over, the jury gave in the verdict which every one had long foreguessed. Jotie Pershád and his fellow-prisoners were acquitted on every count of the charge tried. Other charges, which still lay against them, the government had the decency not to press. It was time indeed for Lord Dalhousie to stay the measures of his own ordaining, to give up what most men deemed the ungenerous persecution of a man to whom British India owed largely, alike in gratitude and rupees. Whatever guilt or show of guilt might have been traced to his door, a criminal process against such a creditor, in whose hands the commissariat had never once fallen short of the heaviest demands upon it, was at least a blunder, if not an act of lawless oppression. If the hands of Jotie Pershád were not overclean, it was open to government to bring out the fact by means of the suit pending against him in the Supreme Court. But to drag him before a criminal court, on the strength of an inquiry unfairly conducted to issues which a later commission, headed by Sir Robert Barlow, deemed unwarrantable, looked very like an attempt to get rid of a tiresome creditor by a process utterly un-English both in spirit and in form. Happily for the Indian government the process failed; happily also for Jotie Pershád himself, who would else have carried with him into his prison the means of speedily

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escaping from a life embittered by the insolence, perhaps brutally tormented by the greed of his native jailers.

Sickness among the troops in the Punjab and North-west Provinces.

During the latter part of the year 1850 a dreadful sickness wasted the troops stationed in the Punjab and the North-west. At Delhi the three native regiments were for some time disabled from attending their usual parades. In Lahore a sixth of the garrison, at Peshâwar a still larger number, were in hospital at one time with fever and dysentery. Of the sickness and ensuing mortality the heaviest share seems to have been borne by the English regiments. One of them, the 1st Bengal fusiliers, had more than a third of its strength at once on the sick-list, besides reckoning nearly a hundred and forty deaths within the year. The 98th and 61st foot at Peshâwar were losing each for some time an average of a man a day. At Mooltan few officers escaped the fever. Everywhere they whom it failed to kill lingered on for months in a state of weakness pitiable to see. Against the deadly autumns of the rich Peshâwar valley little could be done in the way of sanitary safeguards; but a great change for the better was shortly effected at Lahore by the gradual removal of the troops from that ill-smelling neighbourhood to the large new barracks of Meeanmeer.

Disturbances on the Punjab frontier and in Assam.

The last weeks of 1850 and first months of the new year 1851 were marked by more or less fighting at the opposite ends of the Bengal presidency. To the north-west a body of Wazeeries

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crossing the British frontier at Bunnoo attacked some villages near the Goomutti pass. Major Taylor's irregulars were soon upon their heels; but the brave defence made by the villagers themselves with the help of a few armed outpost guards, left Taylor's men only the task of hunting the baffled robbers back to their own hills. Some weeks later, in February 1851, some three hundred of the same tribe were foiled in their attempt to plunder the baggage of the 2nd Punjab infantry by the bravery of about seventy sepoys and troopers, who held their ground until the appearance of further help. Against these same plunderers Captain Walsh with seven hundred horse and foot and three guns afterwards opened fire near the Goomutti pass. But the Wazeeries kept mostly out of harm's way, and the attacking force, too weak to dislodge them from the heights, had to skirmish its own way home without profit, if without much loss. Yet farther north the Afreedies about Kohat, the Khyberies beyond Peshâwar, were raising hands of outrage and murder against every one who came within their reach, until many Englishmen sighed for the days when General Avitabili hung every Khyberie found prowling outside Peshâwar. Beyond strengthening the guards of police and irregulars posted about the Punjab marches, little was done during the ensuing summer to check or chastise the insolence of these robber races, who had yet to learn the full measure of coercive strength hidden

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beneath the seeming forbearance of their new masters.

The other seat of disturbance lay in the furthest corner of Assam. Two Assamese tribes, the Kookies and the Nagas, had for some time been engaged in plundering their neighbours, fighting with one another, and otherwise defying the British power. Towards the end of 1850 troops were sent to overawe them. The Kookie chiefs erelong were brought to terms, and gave hostages for their future good behaviour; but the Nagas still held out behind defences too strong for infantry alone, amidst forests where drill and percussion-muskets availed but little against half-armed savages fighting bravely on their own ground. After some months of fitful warfare and the capture of one or two of their chief stockades, these tribes also yielded to the stronger power; and before the fierce summer heat had fairly set in, the troops employed against them were done with their tiresome work.

Moplah outbreak at Kollatoor.

A few months later, in August of this year, a party of Moplah fanatics at Kollatoor reënacted, almost on the same spot, the tragedy recorded in a former page. Having been driven by *bhang* and priestly fanaticism to win immortality by the murder of a few Hindoos, they were assailed in their place of shelter by a company of the 39th Madras sepoys. As before, the sight of a few savages rushing forth with spears and knives to meet their assailants, sent the brave soldiery

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flying out of their way, do what their young commander could to stay them. As before, a company of English soldiers, of the 94th foot, with some score sepoys of the 39th, were sent to discharge the duty left undone by their craven comrades. Of nineteen Moplahs not one was left alive, at the end of a struggle in which the muskets of the runaway sepoys helped largely in the killing of four English soldiers and a *subadar*. In excuse for the repeated cowardice of our native soldiers, it is fair to say that in their eyes the Moplahs were in very truth the demons they seemed to be. Undaunted by their brethren's fate, the Moplahs throughout Malabar seemed bent on carrying out the Irish way of dealing with harsh landlords or obnoxious neighbours. Deep-rooted differences of race and religion left them an easy prey to cunning teachers, who dignified the murder of rich Hindoos with the name of a holy war against unbelievers. Rumours of fresh plottings ripened in a few months into fresh disturbances. In November seventeen of the plotters were imprisoned by the magistrates of Calicut. Early in the following January a party of Moplahs sacked the house and slaughtered the household of a wealthy Hindoo about twenty miles from Cannanore. Marching thence to Chavacharry, they found themselves overmatched by the boldness of their expected prey, a rich Nair, who, with the help of his own armed servants, fought and slew the whole gang. Unhappily a few days later, when the British

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troops had left that neighbourhood, another gang of Moplahs fell upon the brave Nair, and slew him with several more. For some time the surrounding country, save the spots protected by British troops, seems to have lain exposed to the lawlessness of Moplah ruffianism, heightened perhaps by the long-continued misdeeds of a worthless native police. An attempt of the magistrates to punish the Tangal or high-priest of the Moplahs for his share in the late outrages heaped fresh fuel on the flames of Moplah discontent. But for the timely movements hither and thither of British troops, fresh deeds of outrage would have happened daily throughout southern Malabar. At length, in April 1852, the high-priest stole away with all his family from the threatened pursuit of British justice. A number of other ringleaders were afterwards brought to trial by the new commissioner, Mr. Strange; and beyond one slight outbreak in the autumn, nothing more was heard of Moplah devilry for some time to come.

Disordered state of Oudh and the Deccan

Of the semi-dependent states of Oudh and the Deccan, the history during 1851 follows the old well-worn tracks of many former years. One while Brigadier Beatson is leading the troops of the Nizam's contingent against a large body of Rohillas holding out in a fort which themselves had just before wrested from their own jailers. Anon a regiment of the Nizam's irregulars is rising in open mutiny on account of arrears of pay long overdue from an empty exchequer. In Oudh

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British commanders of native troops or policemen are engaged now in a long chase after a body of powerful freebooters, presently in besieging a fort held out by a landowner involved in a revenue quarrel with his fiscal chief, the Chuckladár. In both kingdoms frays on a smaller, less organized scale, deeds of lust and lawlessness, robberies, murders, outrages of every kind, seem almost to warrant the cry raised more and more loudly through British India for the absorption of states so badly ruled into the empire of the East-India Company. All through the year, at Hyderabad, a wearisome strife was dragging on between the British Resident General Fraser, on the one hand, and the Nizam's government on the other. That ruler, sunk in luxury, given over to lust, and careless about finance, had utterly failed to meet his promises given to the Indian government touching the payment of his heavy debt by the end of 1850. To the warnings, counsels, threats of the viceregal mouthpiece he turned a bewildered, wonder-stricken, rather than wilfully heedless ear. Himself always short of money, with his Arab and Rohilla soldiery in chronic mutiny for their pay, with counsellors either unfit to help or powerless to control him, he kept on making promises of reform and retrenchment which never blossomed into actual deeds. He was allowed a grace of six months to pay up a debt of about eight hundred and fifty thousand pounds. When July came, his ministers, stirred to action by the high-handed

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remonstrances of the Governor-General, contrived to scrape together somewhat less than half the debt. Four months were given them to find the remainder, on pain of having to make over a large province in pledge to their unpitying creditor. November came and passed, and not a quarter of the balance had been paid in. Disorder throughout the country, mutinies of unpaid and needy soldiery, still furnished food for comment to the ill-wishers, for despair to the friends and followers of the Nizam. Amidst scenes like these the year ended, and amidst like scenes much of the following year, 1852, passed away; the Nizam still promising to pay off his debts and govern better, the British Resident still tempering haughty threats with well-meant forbearance from stronghanded deeds.

India at the Great Exhibition.

During the hot weather of 1851, while the Marquis of Dalhousie from his mountain-eyrie in the Himalayas was overlooking the progress of an empire at peace through all its vast extent, thousands of curious visitors were daily flocking to the great world-fair, holden in the fairy-like palace of glass and iron which Sir Joseph Paxton's inventive skill had suddenly reared on the trim greensward of Hyde Park. In one of the many courts into which the palace was inwardly divided, lay set out in picturesque order a large assortment of miscellaneous wares culled from every part of Hindustan. Fired by the zeal of English officials, the princes and rich men of India had

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contributed their due shares towards a collection almost as wonderful to English as to foreign gazers. From the huge Koh-i-noor, the cynosure of countless eyes, down to the simplest farming tool wielded by Indian peasants, thousands of objects characteristic of Indian art, industry, manners, climate, lured, held, distracted the notice of ever-thronging crowds. Richly harmonized shawls from Cashmere, finely wrought jewellery and elegant scarfs from Delhi, the gold and silver lace of Lucknow, marvellous Dacca muslins, rich-piled carpets from Mirzapore, carvings in ivory from Tenasserim, in wood from Bombay and Sahâranpore, choice mosaics from Agra, fairy-like brocades from Benares, earthenware bowls and jugs moulded in shapes of the highest classic beauty from all parts of India, modelled figures in clay from Kishnagur, all kinds of tissues, silken, fleecy, or thread, spun by the looms of the Punjab, Rohilcund, Rajpootana, Gowhatti, the wondrous silver filigree of Cuttack, these and other such triumphs of artistic workmanship lay side by side with a multitude of coarser fabrics, with a rich variety of oils, gums, medicines, spices, dyes, sugars, spirits, with a choice collection of models, toys, cutlery, musical instruments, weapons of war, machinery, tools for husbandry and handicraft, with every kind of raw produce in wood, in stone, in metals, grains, tobacco, tea, cotton, and so forth; the whole forming an almost perfect picture of India's

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material wealth, her industrial and artistic progress at the time when this collection was brought together. It seemed after all as if the fabled wealth of Ind was no dream of other days; as if a new world of splendid possibilities were only just opening up to British enterprise in a country hitherto reserved for a few friends and followers of Leadenhall Street and Cannon Row.

Sir Colin Campbell's campaign against the Momands and Yusufzaies.

Amidst the cuckoo-cry of universal peace, suggested by the Great Exhibition only to be stultified a few weeks after its close by the treacherous overthrow of the young French republic, the Indian government was taking measures to thwart the intrigues of the Affghan ruler Dost Mohammed, by putting down once for all the lawless outbreaks of Affghan mountaineers within the British-Indian border. The Meeranzai valley, flanking the Wazeerie country on the west and lying across the road from Bunnoo to Cabul, was garrisoned in October by a picked force of Punjab irregulars under Captain Coke. About the same time a larger force of native and British troops was getting ready to march from Pesháwar, under Sir Colin Campbell, against the Momand tribes of Michnie, a town and district under the shadow of the Yusufzai hills. These people, like their kinsmen of Kohat, had lately carried their thievish outrages to an unbearable height, and no more time could well be lost in punishing a foe emboldened by our past inaction and misled by the secret promises of Affghan emissaries. Late in

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October Sir C. Campbell crossed the Cabul river with an effective force of two thousand men. The Momands fled before him into their hills. Their forts and villages in the plain were soon destroyed. Driven away from Michnie, their leader Rahamdad Khan still defied his pursuers and levied his black-mail from a stronghold higher up the stream. The building of a new British fort at Dubb delayed for a while the further movements of Campbell's column. A fitful guerilla warfare, harassing rather than hurtful, was kept up during the cold weather, while Colonel Mackeson was doing his best to talk the hill-chiefs of that frontier over into the needful state of loyalty to the British rule. Early in February Sir C. Campbell withdrew his troops to Peshâwar, leaving garrisons in Dubb and Shubkuddar, which were worried by the Momands immediately his back was turned upon them.

On the 11th of March 1852, the same commander led a force of more than two thousand men against another enemy, the Yusufzaies, who had abetted the fanatic highlanders of Swat in their late attack on a party of Lumsden's Guides. After a sharp fight on the 20th, in which the British loss reached a hundred killed or wounded, the enemy came to terms, sent in hostages for the payment of a heavy fine, and before the end of March the British troops were again quartered in Peshâwar. But the hill-tribes would not keep still. All around Kohat and Peshâwar they pur-

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sued their old games of robbery and murder, whenever chance threw a tempting prize in their way. During great part of April Sir Colin Campbell was either chasing the Momands away from Shubkuddar, or retracing his own steps to Peshâwar, teased on his way by an enemy as keen as the flies that buzz about a horse's head on a hot afternoon. The next month was marked by a vigorous campaign in the Swat country. On the 13th of May the hill-fort of Pramghur was taken by a swift and daring rush of Coke's infantry and Lumsden's Guides. Four days later Sir Colin led the 32nd foot, the 66th Ghoorkas, and the Guides, horse and foot, against a large body of Swatties who had swooped down towards the Ranizaie valley. After a sharp resistance the enemy gave way, leaving a hundred and thirty dead on the field against nine of the victors slain and twenty wounded. On the 1st of June Sir Colin Campbell was back again in Peshâwar cantonments, and soon afterwards Colonel Mackeson succeeded in winning the Momands and the Swatties into a treaty of peace and good behaviour, which was kept with unexpected faithfulness for many months to come. Saadat Khan, the Momand chief of Lalpoora, still from across the frontier defied the British power, which he accused of having forced his clansmen to pay heavy taxes for lands hitherto held by them rent-free. "When we found ourselves unable to pay these taxes"—he wrote to the commissioner for those districts—

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"you attacked and expelled us from our very birthright. Was this consistent with the justice and liberality of that glorious government of which you vaunt yourself a member? Was it in keeping with the honour and dignity of so great and powerful a nation as yours? . . . . As for ourselves, since you are resolved to make us die of starvation, we have chosen the manlier method of dying sword in hand." Whatever amount of truth these words contained, certain it is that most of the Momands made up their minds to live on the terms offered by the British agent; nor did Saadat Khan himself give much further annoyance to a government whose power for coercion he had already learned to respect.

Religious riots in Bombay.

Meanwhile Bombay had been disturbed by religious outbreaks which for a time exposed the lives, the property, the personal honour of the Parsee residents to the merciless assaults of a crowd of Mahomedan fanatics. A harmless lithograph of Mahomet in a Parsee newspaper was the spark which set ablaze the inflammable fabric of Mussulman bigotry. It was intolerable that the sons of Zoroaster should dare to publish a caricature of the great Arab prophet. As if to leave Moslem vengeance no excuse for staying its hand, some one, perhaps himself a Mahomedan, had posted the hateful picture by the door of the great mosque of Bombay. In spite of their Kázi, or chief priest, a crowd of raging fanatics, setting up the war-cry of *Dín, Dín*, rushed forth on the 17th

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of October 1851, with any weapons that came to hand, in order to do the unbelieving scoffers as great a mischief as they might. In half an hour or so, they had plundered the Parsee shops and ill-used the Parsee people that came in their way, before a sufficient body of police could march up to the scene of outrage, and stay its further progress by seizing a hundred of the ringleaders. For some weeks the presence of English soldiers in aid of the town police seemed to allay the ferment begotten of a great religious festival. But on the 22nd of November, Mahomedan bigotry burst forth again in a series of unprovoked insults to the Parsee worship, of violent assaults on stray Parsees, and of threatening movements against the magistrates and the police. The defiling of temples and the breaking into cemeteries were only checked by a free display of those armed forces which every magistrate is empowered to use at need in defence of the public safety. After a good many rioters had been wounded or taken prisoners, and several Parsees had in their own persons tasted the tender mercies of mob-law, the one-sided quarrel was at length appeased by the united efforts of native and English residents in Bombay. On the reading of an apology from the Parsee editor for the insult laid to his account by Mahomedan conceit, the Kázi, in the name of his fellow-worshippers, publicly avowed his thorough satisfaction, and promised thenceforward to keep the peace. This is but one of the many outbreaks born of Mahom-

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edan pride, which mark the yearly course of Indian history, whether the scene be laid at Benares or Lucknow, at Hyderabad or in Southern Malabar; whether the swine-eating Feringhie, the ghee-drinking Hindoo, or the descendant of Persian fire-worshippers may have trodden never so slightly on one of its tender parts.

Colonel Outram's raid against "Khutpat" in Baroda.

A power in its own way as mischievous as Moslem bigotry was the spirit of corruption, which blighted all the native branches of Indian government, especially the government of native rulers. Nowhere had this spirit—*khutpat* the natives called it—worked more systematic evil than in the court of the Mahratta Guicowar of Baroda. Against this spirit the high-minded Resident, Colonel Outram, had latterly been waging a relentless war. He had tracked its slimy course from Baroda even into the high places of Bombay. Single-handed against a multitude of secret foes, in spite of ill-health and cold looks from Bombay, he had striven hard to unmask and overthrow a system of intrigue which dared everything, from the wholesale plundering of a wealthy widow under forms of law to the buying of secret intelligence from high officers of the Bombay government. But the heads of that government, mistrusting his discretion, or rather misliking his zeal in a business hard to unravel, and dangerous perhaps to touch, had in November 1851 forced the noblest, in some things the ablest of their public servants, to resign his post on plea of sick-

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ness, while the commission of inquiry whose help he had vainly asked for two months before, proceeded to cover up the scandals he had done so much to lay bare. In a letter of June 1852, however, Lord Falkland received from the India-House a pretty plain hint of the displeasure felt at home on account of the harsh proceedings of the Bombay government towards an officer of Colonel Outram's acknowledged merits. His lordship's reasons were weighed and found wanting; a timely reprimand for disrespectful language would, so the letter virtually said, have answered his purpose better than a hasty dismissal: on Colonel Outram's return to India, a fitting place must be found for one whose zeal, energy, and success in managing a tough inquiry the Court of Directors could not help admiring. In further proof of Outram's real victory, the Guicowar was afterwards bidden to get rid of Bhow Tambekar and the other ministers, whose cunning villainy had proved no match for the late Resident's upright, clear-seeing steadfastness of aim.

Dethronement of Meer Ali Morad.

Meanwhile another rogue had at last been found out and punished by the government he had long succeeded in defrauding. Meer Ali Morad Khan of Khairpore, the successful plotter against Meer Roostam and his fellow-princes, the trusted ally of Sir Charles Napier, the semi-independent ruler of a large slice of Sinde, had, after a formal inquiry, been found guilty of a gross forgery, through which he had for some time been holding

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lordship over several large districts properly belonging to the East-India Company. Destroying a leaf of the *Koran* whereon the treaty of Nownahur was written, he had put in another leaf, so worded as to give him possession of these districts instead of certain villages bearing the same names. For this crime, in a proclamation of the 21st of January, he was formally deposed from his sovereign rank, and stripped of all his lands save those allotted him by his father, Meer Sohrab Khan. As a punishment for the particular offence, this high-handed sentence may by some be called in question; but as a piece of tardy justice on a long-thriving scoundrel, it would have seemed the more thoroughly delightful, had it been followed by any public effort to undo the wrongs inflicted by British selfishness on the bulk of the Sinde Ameers.

Causes of the second Burmese war.

But the leading event of the year 1852 was the second war with Burmah, which lasted into the middle of the year following. It happened in this wise. For some years after the treaty of Yandaboo, in 1826, a British resident had looked after his country's interests from his post in the Burmese capital. Erelong Burmese insolence, venting itself in all manner of petty insults, notably at last in an attempt to starve or drown the British legation planted on an island in the overflowing Irrawaddy, forced the Indian government to withdraw its agent betimes from a court so bent on brewing mischief. Thenceforth the interests of British trade were left to take care of themselves

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under the wing of a treaty which Burmese officials were not yet wise enough to respect. During 1851 the wrongs inflicted on English traders at Rangoon reached their height in the unlawful imprisonment of two British skippers; one of whom was even placed in the stocks, while both of them had to buy their freedom with the payment of heavy fines. In answer to the many loud complaints of British sufferers and their mercantile brethren at Rangoon and Calcutta, the Governor-General demanded of the Burmese government ten thousand rupees in reimbursement of British losses, the instant removal of the guilty governor of Rangoon, and the admission of an English resident either at Rangoon or Ava. The better to enforce these demands, Commodore Lambert with his squadron was sent to cruise off Rangoon harbour, ready to act as he might deem best, if at the end of five weeks no answer reached him from his majesty the Lord of the Golden Foot.

The time of grace was nearly ended when, on the 1st of January 1852, the commodore received charge of a letter from the Burmese monarch to the Governor-General, promising a full compliance with the latter's demands. Two days afterwards the governor of Prome appeared at Rangoon with power to make the needful inquiries and settle the amount of fitting compensation. The Rangoon governor had already been recalled; but owing to his own address or the sympathy of his superiors, his return to Ava with a large retinue and a fleet

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full of plunder looked very like a triumph at the British cost. On the same day, the 5th, Mr. Edwards, the interpreter, was sent to ask when it would please the new governor, who had now been two days in the town, to receive a deputation from the fleet. The answer being friendly in tone, although but yesterday a fresh insult had been put upon the British flag, on the morning of the 6th Mr. Edwards informed the viceroy that a deputation would wait on him at noon. In spite of a rude message from that worthy, at noon Captain Latter and a party of officers came up to the outer gate of his palace. They had trouble in forcing their way through a jeering crowd into the palace-yard; but to get inside the hall was a favour which all their pleading failed to squeeze out of official churlishness. As for seeing the governor himself, his excellency was asleep, they said, and none dared rouse him, although his slumbers did not prevent his carrying on a private intercourse by signals with his own retainers. Tired of waiting in the sun, of sending bootless messages upstairs, of affording food for open merriment to the churls around them, the British officers presently rode away.

First blow struck by the Burmese.

After this closing outrage, no peaceful way of redress seemed open. On the afternoon of that same day the British merchants assembled on board the commodore's flag-ship were told of the insult manifestly of set purpose done to the British flag. No time was lost in warning all foreigners at

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Rangoon to take shelter on board the shipping within two hours. A crowd of anxious fugitives, English, American, Portuguese, Armenian, Mussulman, was speedily thronging to the river-side, trying to save what little of their goods themselves could carry away in the utter dearth of help from Burman porters. The next day the whole of the foreign shipping was safely anchored a few miles lower down the Irrawaddy, and a great ship belonging to the king of Burmah was carried off by Lambert's orders, as a kind of pledge perhaps for British property left in Rangoon, as well as a likely means of bringing the Burmese governor into a more courteous frame of mind. On the same day the old governor of Dalla, opposite Rangoon, came on board the *Fox* to offer his services in a last attempt at winning the viceroy to apologize for yesterday's rudeness. But evening brought with it only a hostile letter from that high officer, who warned the commodore that some batteries lower down the river would fire upon him if he attempted to pass them. In return, the commodore promised that a single shot fired from the batteries should ensure their utter demolition. At the same time he enforced his meaning by proclaiming a blockade of the Burmese harbours.

By this time many of the merchant-ships had passed down the noble river. On the morning of the 9th the rest got under way, convoyed by the men-of-war. As the *Hermes* steamer, towing the king's ship, came abreast of the stockades, a fire

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of guns and musketry opened on the whole squadron. It was returned with heavy interest by the frigate and her smaller comrades, the steamers *Phlegethon* and *Hermes*. In little more than two hours the guns on either side the river were silenced, the stockades ruined, many war-boats swamped or put to flight, and several hundred Burmans lay dead or wounded in the abandoned works.

Contumacy of the Burman government.

Still the Marquis of Dalhousie was loth to enter on the war thus seemingly cut out for him. Hurrying down with all speed from the North-West, he reached Calcutta on the 29th of January. Ten days before his arrival the Bengal government had already resolved on sending a wing of the Royal Irish and a company of artillery post haste to Maulmain. The 80th foot was already on its way down from Dinapore to Fort William. On the 30th a native Bengal regiment was ordered, and two days later hurrying, towards Arracan in one of the great steam-packets of the Peninsular and Oriental Company. Four days earlier the Governor-General had signed a despatch to the new governor of Rangoon, in which he annexed to his former demands an assurance that peace might still be purchased by an apology for the outrage of the 6th of January. As soon as these concessions were made, an envoy should be sent from Calcutta to arrange all further differences.

Instead of an apology, the Rangoon governor replied by asking for the prompt despatch of an

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envoy, and by accusing of drunkenness the officers whom he had refused to receive. This charge, at once hard to believe, and, as it happened, transparently false, was rightly accepted by Lord Dalhousie as "an aggravation of the insult which the governor was bound to repair." Still the old demands were pressed once again by the Indian government, with a moderation as praiseworthy on their part as it was misunderstood by Burmese blindness. Still from Rangoon and Ava came replies evasive or displeasing. Commodore Lambert was treated always with studied disrespect or cool indifference; one letter from the governor being presented to him by the hands of a dirty shopkeeper, while others were forwarded to Calcutta by the way of Maulmain. At length British forbearance had nearly been tired out. About the 10th of February it was resolved that an armed force should bear to Rangoon the very last offers that British dignity could make in the hope of yet averting war. These offers were moderate enough. Besides the former demands for reimbursement to Messrs. Lewis and Sheppard, for the reception of an agent at Rangoon, for a written apology from the offending governor, Lord Dalhousie contented himself with demanding ten lakhs of rupees, or a hundred thousand pounds, in return for the damage lately done to the property of British subjects, and for the outlay thrown on the Indian government in the process of enforcing its just claims. Failing the immediate

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payment of the latter fine, he claimed the right of holding Rangoon and Martaban in pledge for the future settlement of his account. If these terms were finally rejected, then, but not sooner, war would be declared.

Capture of Martaban.

Through part of February and all March the armament thus projected was steadily mustering for its work about the several centres at Madras, Bombay, Calcutta. From the western capital a fleet of powerful war-steamers was sent round to help in carrying the Madras division of General Godwin's army on to Rangoon On the 7th of April this division cast anchor in the Rangoon river, which the Bengal force had sighted five days before. By that time war had indeed begun; neither threats nor reasoning having recalled the Burmese to their senses. On the 6th a part of Godwin's force, about fourteen hundred strong, made up from the 18th Royal Irish, the 80th foot, the 26th Madras infantry, with some sixty Bengal artillerymen, the whole under Colonel Reignolds, crossing from the Maulmain side of the Salween river, attacked, and after an hour's fighting stormed all the well-manned defences of Martaban. This success was largely owing to the smart fire kept up on the riverward defences by the steamers that covered the landing of the troops. Two of them, the *Rattler*, a Queen's ship, and the *Proserpine* of the Indian navy, poured in their murderous volleys at the distance severally of two hundred yards and of fifty yards from the main wharf. By seven

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the troops were landed and into the first line of intrenchments; by eight the pagodas crowning the lofty hill behind the town were held by Reignolds' victorious infantry. The whole British loss amounted only to seven English soldiers, three Sepoys, and one sailor wounded. Leaving the native regiment to garrison Martaban, General Godwin reshipped the rest of his troops, and on the 8th of April the whole armament was drawn up at the appointed meeting-place, ready for action against Rangoon.

Combined attack on Rangoon.

It was an armament, the sight whereof might well have daunted a more powerful foe. The land force indeed was weaker than that which Sir Archibald Campbell had led in triumph to Yandaboo. Three regiments of British foot, three of Sepoys, five companies of artillery, two hundred and forty sappers, miners, and gun lascars, amounted only to five thousand eight hundred men, with a battery of sixteen guns, half of which were light field-pieces. But the fleet with which Admiral Austen was to help his comrades of the land-service surpassed in numbers and equipment any which had yet been seen in East-Indian waters. Six frigates, steamers, and gunboats of the Royal Navy carried an armament of eighty guns, backed by eight hundred and eighteen seamen. Six steam frigates of the Indian navy, the *Feroze*, *Mozuffer*, *Zenobia*, *Sesostris*, *Medusa*, *Berenice*, furnished a complement of nine hundred and fifty-two men, to work a battery of

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thirty guns, mostly eight-inch and thirty-two-pounder. Besides these, a force of five hundred men and thirty-three guns was made up by the seven smaller steamers of the Indian marine, the *Tenasserim*, *Pluto*, *Phlegethon*, *Proserpine*, *Enterprise*, *Fire-Queen*, and *Mahanuddie*. Against this fleet of nineteen war-ships, armed with a hundred and fifty-nine guns and manned by two thousand two hundred and seventy sailors and marines, the Burmese had little to set off beyond a number of war-canoes armed with swivel guns, and the natural strength of well-built terraced pagodas, rising high above the water, and surrounded with jungle and lines of well-knit stockades, made chiefly of strong bamboos defended by inner banks of earth.

The opening move against Rangoon had already been carried out on the 5th of April by Commodore Lambert, who, with the help of a few companies of the 18th foot and the fire from his own small squadron, destroyed a few stockades below Rangoon, which might else have delayed the advance of the main body. On the 10th the whole fleet of war-ships and transports began crowding up the Rangoon river, a broad mouth of the mighty wood-fringed Irrawaddy. The next morning all of them, save the *Zenobia* which had stuck fast on a shoal, steamed or sailed onwards nearly abreast of the stockades covering Dalla and the old town of Rangoon. As the *Feroze*, *Mozuffer*, and *Sesostris* took up their places, a brisk fire

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was opened on them from both sides of the river. It was speedily returned with telling salvos of shot and shell. For a while the struggle was well maintained, though the enemy's shot flew well-nigh harmless about the soldiers crowding the steamers' decks. Presently the *Fox* took up the game with well-delivered broadsides against either shore. By that time however the fire was already slackening, a lucky shot from one of the steamers engaged having blown up the magazine of the chief stockade at King's Wharf. Half an hour later, about half-past ten, the enemy had almost ceased to fire. Soon after noon a party of seamen, marines, and Royal Irish, landing on the Dalla side under cover of the ships' guns, stormed and took three stockades in quick succession, while the guns of the *Rattler* and the *Tenasserim* were busied in silencing three more. About the same time the *Serpent* and the *Phlegethon* were passing up to Kemmendine, in order to cut off the Burmese war-boats and prevent fire-rafts coming down below. Towards evening another magazine was blown up, and two more stockades silenced by the fire of the Bombay squadron. Thenceforth not a gun was fired that night from any of the riverward defences. The blaze of the captured stockades lighted up the darkness and betrayed the amount of damage already done to a brave but overmatched foe. In this day's work, the brunt of which was borne by the Company's steamers, it were hard to say which was the more admirable, the brilliant

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practice of the heavy guns against Burmese stockades, or the brilliant rush of British soldiers and sailors against many times their number of Burmese troops.

Progress of the land-forces.

By the light of the blazing stockades began, next morning, the process of disembarking the force destined to attack and take Rangoon. Yesterday's firing and bold charges had swept a large space clear for the first advance of Godwin's brigades. Soon after seven the major-general with the Bengal column marched forwards in a northerly direction, with the view of attacking the great Dagoon Pagoda on its eastern side. The sun's heat was already hard to bear, and April in Burmah is the hottest month of the twelve. He had not gone a mile inland, when the enemy's skirmishers opened fire from a wood in his front, and round-shot began dropping about him from the rising ground to the right of the wood. It was clear that a quarter of a century had taught the Burmese to throw out skirmishers and leave the shelter of their stockades. Erelong it became as clear that they had learned to handle heavy guns to some purpose. In answer to their challenge, four guns under Major Reid, supported presently by two more under Major Oakes, opened fire at eight hundred yards from the Burmese defences, known as the White-House Picket of the former war. For some time the struggle was well maintained, round after round of well-aimed shot and shrapnel failing to silence or slacken the

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enemy's fire. Meanwhile the heat grew momently more and more fearful, and the hot bright uniform of the British soldiers offered a tempting mark alike to the skirmishers and the Burmese sun. Major Oakes of the Madras artillery was felled by a sunstroke in the act of firing his last round. It was now nearly eleven, and the Burmese guns still spoke at times. The moment seemed available for taking the stockade by storm. Four companies of the 51st foot led by Lieutenant-Colonel St. Maur, with a body of Madras sappers, were sent forward to that end. As it approached the stockades, the storming party was met by a heavy fire of musketry from its front, which laid many officers and men low. But the pause in the attack was only for a moment. Major Fraser of the Bengal engineers rushed with a ladder up to the stockade, and in another moment was standing atop of the wall, a conspicuous yet fruitless mark for the Burmese bullets. Close upon him followed Captain Randall of the Madras engineers; and by that time each ladder was crowded with a string of stormers racing upward after their hardy leaders. Many fell; but erelong the Burmese were scattered in wild flight before their resistless foes. Meanwhile other troops had been busy clearing the Burmese skirmishers out of the woods on their left.

It was not yet noon, but the men were so exhausted that General Godwin made up his mind to halt for that day. The sun indeed had proved

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almost as deadly as the Burmese fire. Two officers and several men it slew outright: Brigadier Warren, Colonels Foord and St. Maur, besides a number of European soldiers, were utterly disabled by its fierce beams. The death of Major Oakes, whose efforts to improve the drill of his regiment had been substantially rewarded by the Court of Directors, was mourned as a public loss by his comrades of the Madras artillery. During the rest of the day, and once even in the night, parties of Burmese hovering near teased the weary British with a harmless fire of musketry; their great guns being already safe in British keeping. Meanwhile there had been work doing on the riverward defences of Rangoon. After landing the troops on the morning of the 12th, Commodore Lynch, followed by the *Sesostris*, *Mozuffer*, and *Zenobia*, took his own ship, the *Feroze*, abreast of the upper stockades, which were taken and burnt by parties of seamen and marines. For several hours the fleet kept shelling the Dagoon Pagoda, setting its works from time to time on fire, blowing up a magazine, and spreading havoc and affright among the enemy. Towards evening the *Feroze* and *Mozuffer* steamed up the river to help the *Phlegethon* and the *Serpent* in attacking the Kemmendine stockade. The next morning a party from the vessels landed and burned the works, which the enemy abandoned on their approach. During that night, as on the night before, the Great Pagoda was worried with a storm of shells and carcases,

The naval attack.

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whose flight and damaging effects were awfully visible to the watchers in General Godwin's camp by the White House stockade.

Final capture of the Dagoon Pagoda.

During the 13th no forward movement had been made by the Major-General, but everything was got ready for attacking the Great Pagoda on the morrow. Fresh guns were brought into camp, rations were stored up for the troops, every man looked to his arms and accoutrements against the struggle which must shortly come. About day-break on the 14th the whole force was under arms. General Godwin had resolved to balk Burmese preparations by attacking the Dagoon Pagoda on its eastern or weakest side. His line of march now lay to the north-west, through thick jungle. Four nine-pounders, flanked by two companies of the 80th foot, moved in front of all. Behind these came three more companies of the same regiment, with two more guns, the 18th Royal Irish, and the 40th Bengal infantry. In reserve were the 51st light infantry and the 35th Madras native infantry. The 9th Madras native infantry covered the slower movements of the naval brigade entrusted with the chief care of the heavy eight-inch howitzers. After marching about a mile, driving before them the enemy's skirmishers, the British van came out in sight of the tall tapering dome of the Great Pagoda. Under a heavy fire of wall-pieces and cannon, returned by two guns of Major Montgomery's battery, the troops marched on past the stockaded town and halted behind some

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rising ground right before the eastern face of the pagoda, which formed the north-east corner of Rangoon. The rest of Montgomery's guns opened fire from the right flank of the infantry, keeping the enemy employed while the heavy guns were making their way to the front. One of the Bengal howitzers sent showers of grape into the bushes still held by Burmese skirmishers. About ten o'clock the heavy howitzer battery took its place in the British line, and for more than an hour the thunder of hostile guns disturbed the air. Godwin's soldiers, crowded in their narrow halting-place, began to fall fast under the well-aimed Burmese fire. At length his interpreter, Captain Latter, discovering a clear gap in the enemy's defences, begged leave to lead a storming-party at once towards the weak point. His prayer being forthwith granted, a wing of the 80th foot, two companies of the Royal Irish, and two of the 40th Bengal sepoys, were entrusted to his guidance and the command of Colonel Coote. Right over the mid-space of eight hundred yards stepped out the compact array in beautiful order, covered by a redoubled fire from the heavy guns. As they neared the hill whereon stood the great Budhist temple, the stormers were harried by a hot fire of musketry from the Burmese crowded along the works, which rose, tier above tier, up the hill-side. Three terraces, armed with cannon and guarded by ramparts of mud and brick, seemed to forbid the entrance of the boldest assailants. But up

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the terraces ran flights of steps, between which and the stormers lay nothing but a half-open gate. Not far behind them the main body was marching up in support. With a magnificent rush and the usual British cheer, the stormers were up the steps, and forcing their swift way to the uppermost terrace before the astonished defenders could offer them any serious hindrance. As it was however, the fire from the terraces swept down many of the foremost assailants. Of the three who first mounted the steps, Lieutenant Doran of the 18th fell mortally wounded, Colonel Coote was badly hurt, and only Captain Latter remained untouched. A few moments later the whole of the pagoda works were safe in British hands, the enemy streaming in hot flight through the southern and western gates, only to fall under the merciless rain of shot from the British steamers. No rest or safety could they find until they had fled into the jungle outside Rangoon. Among the first to flee was the new governor, whose insolence had brought on the war.

With the fall of the chief stronghold, Rangoon itself, with its miles of formidable stockades and heaps of warlike stores, became ours. It was a happy resolve of General Godwin's that led his troops to the further side of the town; for the Burmese, reckoning on his advance through the new town to the southern side of the pagoda, had made such preparations as would most likely have cost him half his numbers. As it happened, the

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British loss by land from the 11th to the 14th of April amounted only to seventeen killed and one hundred and thirty-two wounded, the brunt of which was borne by the 18th Royal Irish and the 80th foot; the former losing four killed and forty-two wounded, the latter one killed and twenty-six wounded. On board the fleet during the same time not more than twenty-nine were wounded and one killed. But the official returns were silent as to the number of lives lost or imperilled by the accidental features of the four days' work; by the breaking out of cholera in the river, by the atrocious folly which forced British soldiers to march and fight under that April sun in their red woollen coats and black leathern shakoes, by the mistake or the misfortune which doomed them to pass three days and nights running without tents or bedding in the open air, on ground as damp by night as it was parched by day. The number of men killed or disabled by sunstroke, cholera, and other diseases, must have added at least another third to a loss otherwise remarkably small.

Progress of the war.

Of the Burmese loss, on the other hand, no certain reckoning can be made. Some two hundred dead were found on the field, but many more, with perhaps thrice or four times their number of wounded, must have been carried away by their retreating countrymen. The captured guns of all sizes and degrees of workmanship in brass and iron amounted to ninety-two, besides eighty-two wall-pieces, many hundreds of muskets, large

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stores of powder, shot, shell, and raw materials for making powder and shot. In spite of their losses, the Burmese, with an army about twenty-five thousand strong, and the wet season before them, had no mind as yet to give up the struggle. Sheltered in their native woods, and moving freely along their numerous rivers, they might still hope to brave the attack or tire out the patience of a foe in numbers at least so inferior, in power to withstand the climate so manifestly wanting. An offer to treat indeed was made by the defeated viceroy of Rangoon, but made in the fashion rather of a threat than of a genuine desire for peace and fair amends. At the same time the Burmese government was proclaiming a graduated scale of rewards for the head of every invader, white or black. In the same spirit of determined enmity was an attack made on Martaban by a large body of Burmese on the night following the final capture of Rangoon. Luckily the British garrison stood betimes to their arms; but it needed four hours of hard firing to drive off the bold assailants, and fresh troops were presently ordered thither to ensure the safety of a post so important.

After some weeks' welcome rest for the troops now quartered in wooden huts old or new, or in "Poonghie-houses" built for the priests around every pagoda, Colonel Apthorp of the Madras army was sent off with two companies of the Royal Irish and two of his own regiment, the

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35th Madras native infantry, in chase of the governor of Rangoon. Steaming twenty-five miles up the Irrawaddy on the 8th of May, he landed his men the same afternoon, and after a hot march of seven miles through thick jungle came up with the rear of the governor's camp. The Burmese troops, some fifteen hundred strong, were already out of reach; but many cartloads of camp-stores, including muskets, swords, and powder, fell into the pursuers' hands.

Capture of Bassein.

Some days later, on the 17th of May, General Godwin himself and Commodore Lambert left Rangoon on a yet more important enterprise, the taking of Bassein. A wing of the 51st foot, three hundred of the 9th Madras sepoys, sixty-seven sappers, with a body of seamen, marines, and gunners, were embarked on board the *Mozuffer*, *Sesostris*, and *Tenasserim*, which steamed up the Bassein river; and on the 19th, in company with the *Pluto*, cast anchor abreast of the like-named town. It was then about half-past four in the afternoon. In a very short time the troops were drawn up in line on shore in front of a long stockade armed with thirty guns and many hundred men, and flanked on its left by a strong mud fort also powerfully armed and manned. A golden pagoda formed the heart of the defences and the point of attack for Major Errington's command. On the extreme right of the works was a gateway covered by a traverse, before which Captain Latter, supported by a company of the 51st, stood par-

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leying with some of its defenders. Their only answer, a discharge of musketry, killed a sergeant and disabled two men, one of whom was Captain Latter himself. Amidst a sharp burst of firing from the whole length of the stockade, Major Errington gave his men the word. In a moment they had scaled the works, and in a few more were masters of the main pagoda. Scared by the suddenness of their onset, the enemy were flying before them helter-skelter. Only the Mud Fort, the strongest part of the defences, was yet untaken. Thither a company of the 51st, with two companies and a half of Sepoys, a body of sappers and a few men from the ships, was led with all speed by Major Errington. Taking a roundabout course, he soon gained the inner face of the work. Under a heavy fire of guns and musketry opened at fifteen yards, his brave soldiers dashed at the barrier with a will that nothing could check. He himself was disabled by one of the first shots fired, and several of his leading officers were hit in the rush that followed. Lieutenant Carter, the first to mount the parapet, was struck down, as his captain had been some seconds before, in the act of leading on his men. At length the stormers made their footing sure, and after a short if sharp struggle, the Burmese took to their heels. Their loss is said to have been very great, especially in this crowning stroke. That of the victors, in a struggle which from first to last had taken no more than fifty minutes, amounted only to two

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killed and twenty-three disabled. It was altogether a very spirited affair, as happy in the planning as it was swift and daring in the execution. The Mud Fort taken, Bassein itself was soon abandoned to the conqueror. Nor had the fleet been idle during that brief but stirring time. Not content with having brought Godwin's soldiers sixty miles up a river almost unknown and lined with strong stockades, the naval commanders crowned their day's work by carrying a six-gun stockade on the right bank of the river. By that evening fifty-four guns and thirty-two *jinjals* or wall-pieces had fallen into the victors' hands. Thus in less than an hour had General Godwin driven some five thousand Burmese warriors out of a fortified town which commanded the unruly province of Pegu, threatened Arracan, and promised erelong to make the Burmese ample amends for the loss of their former trading-mart, Rangoon.

At Bassein there was found but little of the plunder, the bells of costly metal, the ivory-handled "dhars" or swords, the "Sámies" or idols of every size and substance, now of pure alabaster, now of silver, now overlaid with gold, which gave for some weeks no dull employment to the troops and prize-agents quartered in Rangoon. On breaking open the quaint-looking seated images of Gautáma, counted by hundreds in or around the Burman temples, it was a common thing to find some small treasure of precious stones, rubies,

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sapphires, cats'-eyes, or of gold and silver figures, which the successful seekers did not always think of handing over to the common prize-heap. The poonghie-houses were stript of their idols, the pagodas of their many musical bells, by men who would have shuddered at the sacrilege of stealing a relic or an ornament from a Christian shrine.

Burman attack on Martaban repulsed.

Beaten on every occasion, the Burmese still kept up the fight. On the 26th of May another attempt was made to surprise and overpower the garrison of Martaban. At six in the morning some six hundred Burmans, led by the ousted governor of Martaban, rushed down on the advanced pickets and drove them some way back. A strong body of the 49th Madras sepoys under Captain Stewart went out to meet the assailants, and soon sent them flying in their turn. But larger bodies of the enemy came up and threatened to surround the captain's party. At length he cleared his way through, with a loss of three killed and eleven wounded. A heavy fire from the British guns was poured into the Burman ranks, and some well-aimed shells from the *Feroze* quickened their retreat to a safer and more distant shelter. After the enemy had been thoroughly broken by the British fire, Commodore Lynch took three cutters up the Salween to cut off some of the runaways, while the infantry followed them up by land. Numbers of the enemy fell between these two fires, and by that evening the neighbourhood of Martaban was cleared of the assailants

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who had marched so boldly forward a few hours before.

First capture of Pegu.

A week later, on the 3rd of June, a small party of infantry, sappers, seamen, and marines, embarked at Rangoon on board the *Phlegethon*, in order to aid the disaffected Peguers in driving their Burmese masters out of the town of Pegu, lying about seventy-five miles north of Rangoon. By nightfall the steamer anchored in shallow water about sixteen miles from Pegu. At every village on its upward way it had been greeted with loud cheers from the assembled villagers, who saw in it the harbinger of their release from the hated Burmese yoke. One body of Peguers indeed, having but the day before defeated a Burmese detachment, was already waiting on the right bank of the stream to act in concert with the British force. Very early the next morning the little force, shifted from the steamer into boats, started to pull up the stream, no longer practicable for ships of the *Phlegethon's* tonnage. Three hours' steady rowing brought the party within hearing of musket-shots exchanged between Burman and Peguer troops. Major Cotton of the 67th Bengal infantry, commanding the regulars, at once landed his men on the side whence the firing came, while Captain Tarleton of the *Fox*, coming under the fire of some Burmans on the opposite bank, steered his boats thither and gave chase into the jungle. He was yet busy driving his foes before him, when he learned that another party of

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Burmans had pounced upon and were plundering some of the ill-guarded boats. To retake them with the loss of two men wounded was the work of a moment, aided as he was by the timely appearance of Major Cotton's party on the opposite bank.

By the time that Major Cotton had brought his men over to the left bank of the stream, it was eleven o'clock, under a killing sun. The men, tired and hungry, saw before them a broad rice-sown plain dotted with woods, and dwellings that clustered around a great pagoda held by a large body of armed Burmese. It was time enough, their leader thought, to attack the enemy in the afternoon, when his troops had eaten their dinner and enjoyed a few hours' rest and shelter from the mid-day heat. So the word was given to halt and refresh themselves. About one o'clock however, the Burmese, emboldened by the long inaction, moved forward in pretty good order, some fourteen hundred strong, to attack an enemy mustering barely three hundred. But the riflemen of the 67th kept them in check, until the men of the 80th and their sailor comrades came up to the rescue. Thereupon the Burmese fled like hares, and the British following with all speed, soon found themselves masters of the pagoda, without losing a man, or killing more than a score or so of the enemy. Earlier in the day Captain Tarleton had lost one seaman slain and three hurt, mainly in the Burman attack upon his boats. Thus with a loss of six men in all was Pegu taken by a force

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absurdly small for the work that seemed in store for it. But even these few hundreds could not then be spared to garrison a post so easily won, so easy with the help of our new allies to hold out. After a day spent in emptying the granaries, destroying the defences, arming the Peguers, and carrying off several of the captured guns, Major Cotton left the citizens to shift for themselves and retraced his steps to Rangoon. Soon after his withdrawal, the Burmese returned in twofold strength to Pegu and drove its Talain garrison out of the neighbourhood.

State of affairs at Rangoon.

The rest of June passed quietly, save for the seamen of the steamer *Proserpine*, which with the help of two boats' crews from the *Fox* threaded its way up the Irrawaddy within thirty miles of Prome, seizing eighty large boat-loads of grain destined for the Burman troops, and signalizing its homeward voyage by the dashing assault and destruction of a strong stockade. In Rangoon the sickness among the troops had sunk to the less fearful proportions of ten in a hundred; the heat was moderate as compared with Calcutta; the men were in good heart; the bazaars of the city teemed with provisions good and comparatively cheap. A great change for the better had already come over the old trading capital of Burmah. A new town had sprung up as if by magic amidst the ruins left by Burman cruelty and the sweeping onsets of last April. The country people flocked in by thousands to bask in the free,

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the peaceful sunshine of British rule. On the broad river floated a crowd of foreign shipping, whose masters had no longer to fear the exaction of ruinous fines, as sops to the greed or illwill of Burman officials, on pain of otherwise having to undergo the certain horrors of a Burmese prison. Peace, plenty, free trade, guarded by just and equal laws, marked the first days of that new government, whose extension over Pegu was prayed by the Peguers themselves as earnestly as by the bulk of English politicians.

Captain Tarleton's raid up the river to Prome.

It was now the height of the rains, when steam-power, that last and deadliest engine of civilized warfare, could be turned to the best account in forcing the many waterways to the strong points of the Burmese kingdom. The men of all arms, both in fleet and land-force, were eager to follow up with all speed their past successes against an enemy more brave to challenge than strong to avoid defeat. But General Godwin, discreet and elderly, shrank from pursuing with only his present means an enterprise which a bolder general would have deemed himself quite able with those means alone to carry out. A dashing stroke for Prome and Ava might have cut short the Burmese war, but only by stripping Rangoon for a while of nearly half its weak garrison. Fresh brigades were already forming at Madras and Calcutta; but any delay in despatching them might leave Rangoon a tempting morsel for the large Burman army said to be mustering a hundred miles off. So the

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British commander resolved to await his reinforcements and an expected visit from the Governor-General. Meanwhile however, Commodore Lambert would not let his sailors rust in needless idleness. On the 6th of July the dashing Captain Tarleton set off in command of five steamers on a scouting voyage up the Irrawaddy. The next afternoon, on coming abreast of Kononghee, about twenty-five miles below Prome, his ships, especially the *Medusa*, were assailed by a heavy fire from a masked six-gun battery and a swarm of muskets on shore. After an hour's return-fire of shell, he steamed on rather than waste precious lives in dislodging the Burmese with his small-arm men. A little higher up the river he came, next day, in sight of a bold bluff three hundred feet high, the spur of a long ridge of hill crowned with formidable works, and ending abruptly in the town of Akowk-towng. This commanding post, held by the Burman general Bandoola, son of the greater warrior of the former war, with an army of seven or eight thousand men and a battery of more than twenty guns, formed an island, the passing of which by the main or western channel would have exposed the flotilla to a fearful plunging fire. Luckily at that season the right or eastern channel was accounted navigable for ships of light draught. Up this the flotilla steamed almost at a venture, and so turned the Burmese position without receiving a shot.

Sending the *Proserpine* ahead in hot chase of a

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small steamer which had gained too long a start to be overtaken, Captain Tarleton took the *Pluto* and the *Medusa* on to Prome, which on the morning of the 9th he found free of armed men, but fairly furnished with guns. The remaining steamers joining him a few hours later, he landed his men, and, with the help of the townspeople themselves, carried off four and sunk nineteen guns, the whole armament there discoverable; besides destroying a quantity of warlike stores. The same afternoon he himself in the *Medusa* steamed ten miles further above Prome. Four days more of easy steaming would have brought him to Ava, to the very foot of the Golden Throne. Had a regiment or two been with him, the war might have ended before the end of July. The road by all accounts was pretty clear even for his small flotilla. But Captain Tarleton had already fulfilled his instructions, and began to fear for the safe return of his little force through a creek which even Burmese awkwardness might soon make impassable. So on the 10th he started on his downward voyage. Later in the day he came on the rear of Bandoola's army just as the last few men were crossing from Akowk-towng to the left bank of the Irrawaddy. Only ten prisoners were taken in the hindmost boat, the rest getting safe on shore before the steamer's guns could reach them. But the general's state-barge and ten war-boats, with five brass guns and heaps of arms and ammunition, fell into the pursuers' hands. Four days

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later the heights of Akowk-towng, abandoned by the Burman troops, were occupied by the *Pluto's* seamen, who demolished the works, and under a burning sun destroyed or brought away some twenty-eight guns of various calibres. As Captain Burbank steamed up the river, fresh booty in the shape of boats laden with grain and warlike stores fell into his hands. Anchoring on the 17th off Prome, he learned that the very sight of his steamer had sent five hundred Burman soldiers flying from the town, and that Bandoola was encamped nine miles inland with an army which, through desertions and the loss inflicted by Tarleton's flotilla, had dwindled down to about two thousand strong. Such were the easy results of an expedition which cost the British commander a loss of only five officers and men.

Governor-General's visit to Rangoon.

During the next few weeks the war flagged. While British steamers scoured the river from Rangoon to Prome, the Burman general contented himself with occasional raids on villages lying for the moment beyond the reach of British aid. Bodies of freebooters, acting with or without orders from the court of Ava, roved about the country doing more harm to their own people than to their avowed opponents. Never backward in doing thoroughly the work entrusted to him, the Governor-General came over to Rangoon to see with his own eyes how things were going on, and to take counsel with his commanders for the further maintenance of the war.

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He found the troops in good health, grumbling only at the pause in warlike doings, but thankful for the shelter of their new barracks and of the huts which his forecast had got ready for them some time since at Maulmain. Returning shortly to Calcutta, he hurried on the mustering of the fresh brigades which Bengal and Madras were to furnish for the coming campaign.

Death of the Duke of Wellington.

While General Godwin is marshalling his troops for an advance on Prome, all England is bewailing the sudden, if long foreseen death of the great captain whose earlier exploits shed over the page of Indian history a lustre gloriously prophetic of his long after-career in Europe and the British islands. On the 14th of September, after a few hours' illness, died Arthur Duke of Wellington, full of years, and laden with every honour which the saviour of Europe, the conqueror of Napoleon, the calm clear-headed political leader, the most revered, in many things the wisest, of her Majesty's friends and counsellors, could receive from admiring countrymen and grateful princes at home and abroad. Of the great duke's Indian doings it is enough for us here to remember that the victor of Assaye, the sometime governor of Mysore, would still have ranked among the first stars in the British-Indian group, had he never lived to win so proud a place among the first soldier-statesmen of modern Europe. Happily for himself, yet more happily for the English people, the deep, the wide-spread homage that

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glorified his latter years must have made him large amends for the shameful outrages on the part of the mob, for the shameful slanders and unmanly revilings uttered by their political teachers, which beset the great duke's path during the first years of the reign of William IV. Not the least, though for a long time the most overlooked of his many services to his country, arose from the unselfish patriotism which inspired his policy in all great political crises, leading him now to avert an Irish rebellion by repealing the Catholic disabilities, anon to forestall in England the worst issues of civil strife by persuading the Tory peers to withhold their votes against the dreaded Reform Bill. But this is no place for dwelling further on the great deeds, the varied talents, and the sterling worth of him whose eighty years were one long lesson of self-denying loyalty and unswerving truthfulness, whose death called forth the grandest funeral-pageant, the most unfeigned expression of a whole nation's sorrow, that England has ever seen.

Occupation of Prome.

At length the beginning of September found the British commanders fully engaged in making ready for fresh work. Boats of every size were brought together for the use of the troops destined to drive the Burmese out of all Pegu. Day after day the steamers and sailing ships from Madras and Calcutta landed fresh detachments of men, guns, and stores at Rangoon. By the middle of the month the British fleet was ready to start for

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Prome with the first division of an army strong enough to cope with any number of brave but ill-disciplined Burmese. By the 27th the last steamer of Admiral Austen's fleet bore away the last detachment of the leading force, whose commander, Brigadier-General Sir John Cheape, was himself accompanied by General Godwin. Two steamers of the Indian navy, six of the Bengal marine, seven boats belonging to the royal men-of-war, a few schooners, and a great many cargo-boats, conveyed the soldiers, stores, and followers of the 18th Royal Irish, the 80th foot, the 35th Madras infantry, a company of sappers, and one of Madras artillery with six guns. This brigade was commanded by Colonel Reignolds. On the 9th of October the flotilla came under the harmless fire of some guns placed on a height commanding the last turn of the river up to Prome. Returning the fire as they went on, the steamers soon anchored abreast of the town itself. A few rounds of shell and canister from the squadron's boats erelong silenced the enemy's fire on that quarter, while the steamers' shot speedily upset a gun brought down to bear upon the flag-steamer, the *Fire Queen*. Towards evening, on account of the hot weather, the disembarkment began, and finished soon after sunrise of the next day.

Landing below the town, which lies on the left bank of the Irrawaddy, here flowing from east to west, the 80th foot with the sappers and two guns marched forward to take up their ground for the

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night of the 9th. A smart fire of musketry and jinjals opening upon them from front and left, a few companies of the 80th soon dislodged the foe with small loss to themselves. The next morning the whole force marched into the town, straight up to the great pagoda, without firing a shot. The garrison, baffled by Godwin's strategy, had fallen back upon the main army, which lay strongly stockaded, in number about eighteen thousand, some ten miles east of Prome. In this city, begirt at that season with miles of swamp and rank close jungle, the force was destined to remain, suffering not a little from sickness and night attacks on its outline pickets, while General Godwin went back to bring up the remainder of his troops from Rangoon, and to plan fresh movements in the direction of Pegu. A delay which the general justified by the wish to deal one grand blow at the enemy's united forces, aroused no measured grumbling among the eager spirits who felt that two thousand three hundred good troops were more than a match for Bandoola's whole array.

Events in October.

During the rest of October not much was done on either side. Admiral Austen's death on the 8th of October transferred the naval leadership to the younger, more active hands of Commodore Lambert. A Burman attack on Henzadah, near the junction of the Bassein and Rangoon rivers, was bravely repulsed by Captain Becher and a company of Bengal sepoys. Later in the month,

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Bandoola himself being ordered in disgrace up to Ava, preferred the less perilous alternative of surrendering himself into British keeping. By the end of October the greater part of the second division, namely the 51st foot and the 40th Bengal infantry, with a Bengal light field-battery, was on its way up to Prome, under the command of Brigadier Elliot, accompanied by General Godwin. At length it seemed as if some great blow was about to be dealt against the enemy stockaded at Euthay-Mew. To help the advancing troops, a party of seamen under Captain Lock left Prome early in November on board the *Medusa*, and landing at Akowk-towng, with a bold rush carried off six guns from the heights which the Burmese had begun once more to fortify.

Second capture of Pegu.

But the Prome garrison had still to wait within their intrenchments while work was doing elsewhere. On the 19th of November four small steamers and a few boats started from Rangoon, bearing up to Pegu three hundred of the 1st Bengal fusiliers, as many of the Madras fusiliers, three hundred and seventy of the 5th Madras native infantry, a company of sappers, and thirty artillerymen with two heavy howitzers. With this force, commanded by Brigadier M'Neill, went also General Godwin. The same night the van of the flotilla had reached seven miles below Pegu. Next day the steamers crept slowly up the winding shallows, until the foremost was within five hundred yards of the old ruined walls of Pegu. Early

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on the 21st, in a thick fog, the troops were landed without a shot from the enemy. As they marched through thick jungle toward the south-west corner of the old brush-covered ramparts, a heavy fire of musketry and jinjals soon laid a few men low; and when the column, inclining to the eastward, moved alongside the broad moat that guarded the ramparts' southern face, the firing was still kept up with much spirit by men invisible to their assailants, and seldom hurt by the fire from Captain Malloch's guns. For two hours the troops toiled along through thick high grass, now and then returning the enemy's fire, until they came to a gap wide enough to let them inside the lofty barrier. After a short halt to refresh the tired soldiers, a storming-column of a hundred and fifty Bengal and a hundred Madras fusiliers, led by Colonel Tudor of the former regiment, plunged across the muddy moat into the gap beyond it, under a hot fire from two guns and a strong body of musketeers. In a few minutes the struggle was over, and the Burmese, quailing as usual before a bayonet-charge, were in full flight towards the chief pagoda.

Turning to the left along the rampart, the troops found their work forestalled by the retreat of the Burman right before the sweeping fire of the *Bentinck* and the gunboats, aided by that of the rear-guard left to cover the advance along the southern wall. Once more a halt was sounded, the wounded were taken to the rear, and their

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unhurt comrades rested themselves awhile from their long toiling. Once more, at noon, the troops advanced. On nearing the pagoda, a storming-party of Madras and Bengal fusiliers, under Major Hill of the former, led the way into the enemy's last stronghold. A round of musketry was all the defence made. The next moment not a Burman remained within the pagoda, as the victors rushed up the steps. By one o'clock Pegu had wholly fallen into British hands, after many hours of exhausting toil under a Burmese sun, amidst close jungle, in the presence of an enemy four or five thousand strong. Of Commodore Shadwell's seamen not a man was hurt, but the return of General Godwin's losses showed a total of five killed and twenty-nine disabled, out of rather more than a thousand soldiers engaged. The brigadier himself was struck down by the sun.

Relief of the Pegu garrison.

Leaving two hundred Madras fusiliers, as many of the 5th Madras native infantry, with a few sappers, artillerymen, and two howitzers, to garrison the place under command of Major Hill, the rest of the troops returned to Rangoon. They were hardly out of sight when the enemy began to annoy the weak garrison with a series of attacks that threatened to undo the fruits of their late discomfiture. Pressed hard by overpowering numbers, and falling short of ammunition, Major Hill sent off urgent messages for help from Rangoon. To defend his own force might be easy enough, though its numbers were daily thinned by the Burmese

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fire; but he had also to look after several hundred Peguers who had come in for shelter within his lines. Some six thousand Burmans, led by the king's own brother-in-law, had invested the pagoda on all sides, and were trying hard to carry it by assault. Night after night from the 5th to the 13th of December their attacks were repeated, sometimes with a boldness which nothing but a hand-to-hand struggle could subdue. Meanwhile, on the 10th of December, two hundred Europeans in the *Nerbudda* and about a hundred and thirty armed seamen with twelve gunners in the men-of-war's gunboats, left Rangoon with stores and ammunition for the beleaguered garrison. But the river was low, the steamer stuck fast half-way, and the small body of sailors, artillerymen, and marines tried vainly to force their way inland through swarms of surrounding Burmans. Their safe retreat to the boats was purchased with the death of four and the wounding of twenty-eight men, three of whom erelong died. Seeing the folly of further efforts to relieve Pegu with so weak a party, Captain Shadwell at once ordered both boats and steamer back to Rangoon.

On the news of this disaster General Godwin did what he ought to have done at first. By the evening of the 11th of December a body of thirteen hundred men, including the troops brought back by the *Nerbudda*, were embarked in two steamers and a number of boats; while Colonel Sturt of the Bengal infantry was to lead about six hundred

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soldiers, horse and foot, by land towards the same goal. Not till the morning of the 14th did Godwin's force disembark at the usual landing-place six miles below Pegu. It marched in two divisions, the first commanded by Godwin himself, with Brigadier Dickenson under him, the other by Brigadier Steel, who had long commanded at Rangoon. Besides several hundred Bengal and Madras fusiliers, there were three hundred of Major Armstrong's Sikhs, who had been first to volunteer for foreign service, two hundred of the 10th Bengal sepoys, and a party of seamen employed under Captain Shadwell in drawing and working a couple of ship's guns. On coming near the old ramparts, once more alive with armed men, the British general worked round towards the inner or eastern face, a line of skirmishers firing upon his front, and a body of Cassay horsemen on the small nags of the country hanging about his flank. There was small need however for his troops to fire; as before, their worst foes were the ground and the climbing sun. At length the pagoda came in sight, and all eyes strained to see if it was still held by British troops. Erelong the white faces of its defenders and the sound of their welcoming cheer dispelled all doubts on that score. As the relieving force came onwards, the enemy, placed between two fires, fled with all imaginable speed to their outer defences. Later in the afternoon, when the tired troops had duly rested, they put the finishing stroke to their day's work by

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driving the Burmese out of their last shelter. In this last achievement nothing was more remarkable than the steadiness of the Sikhs in moving forward under a hot fire, and their bravery in routing out the foe. The neighbourhood of Pegu had once more been cleared of Burmese, at the cost of three killed and nine wounded, besides one sailor shot on the night of the 13th. Far greater had been the loss sustained by Major Hill's little garrison. Between the 5th and the 14th of December thirty of his own men and ten Peguers were wounded, two sepoys and three Peguers slain.

General Godwin's pursuit of the Burmese.

The garrison thus delivered from immediate danger, Godwin's next step was to drive the enemy yet further away from Pegu. Having made the needful preparations, he marched into the jungle on the morning of the 18th with about seven hundred and fifty Europeans, three hundred Sikhs, and a hundred and sixty sepoys of the 10th native infantry. Six days' provisions accompanied the force, but no guns, for there were no means of drawing them. A march of four miles on the Shua-Gheen road, two through heavy jungle, the rest over a broad plain, brought the troops within sight of the Burman intrenchments, a mile long and filled with masses of men. Inclining to his right so as to turn the Burman left, the British leader presently detached Major Seaton with two hundred Bengal fusiliers to drive in some outposts on the enemy's right. The work was soon done, and Major Seaton was pushing on against the intrench-

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ments, covered on that side by a large grove, when an order came for him to halt his men. General Godwin had seen danger lurking in a jungle full of Burmans on the major's left. The right moment for attack passed away. The Cassay horse were even emboldened to make a show of charging the halted troops. At length the word was given to advance; but with all their eagerness to pursue, neither Sikhs nor Europeans could overtake a foe already in panic flight. A few blows were dealt among the hindmost, and then the troops halted for an hour in the wooded shelter so easily won. A further march of ten miles westward brought them before evening to Lephangoon, which showed no traces of an army having gone that way. In fact, the Burmese had fled northward by the Shua-Gheen road. On the 18th, after a long march nearly eastward, the force rested for the day at Montsanganoo, but a few miles in front of the grove where it halted the day before. Nothing was visible in front save a broad plain dotted with woods and villages. But a lucky accident, the riding out of a few officers in search of adventure, presently disclosed a long line of Burman horse and foot drawn up about the villages some two miles away. Without loss of time Godwin moved forward to meet them, his troops formed in two columns under Brigadier Steel and Colonel Tudor, with a line of skirmishers to clear the jungle on the left. The Burmese soon fell back on a line of barracks which they

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At Pegu he found Colonel Sturt's column, which arrived there on the 18th, five days after leaving Rangoon. Had the general only waited a few days for this reinforcement, he must, in all likelihood, have sorely crippled, if not destroyed, the army quartered about Shua-Gheen. The road for his troops lay through much open country, over which Sturt's cavalry, the Ramghur horse, and Burgoyne's mounted gunners, could have followed up the enemy whenever they shrank from meeting the British foot. A wise delay would have tempted the Burmese to a bolder stand against opponents who asked for no better occasion to finish them off. But misled by his scouts, or spurred into sudden rashness by his late success, Godwin allowed the enemy to slip through his fingers, and Sturt's march was made in vain. A few days later, the general returned to Rangoon, leaving the Pegu garrison strengthened up to seven hundred men.

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Pegu annexed by proclamation to British India.

Before Godwin's return to Rangoon he had been made aware of the Indian government's purpose touching the future of the Pegu provinces. On the 20th of December the seamen in the Rangoon river, on the 21st the troops in Rangoon, heard the reading of a proclamation declaring that the province of Pegu was henceforth annexed to the British-Indian empire, in atonement for the wrongs done and sanctioned by the court of Ava. The Peguers were bidden thankfully to accept a rule at once strong, just, and gracious; the last of the Burman troops were to be cleared out of the new dominion; and then, if the Burmese would refrain from further fighting, the Governor-General on his side would willingly do the same. Captain Phayre, an officer already famed for his civil successes in Arracan, became commissioner of Pegu, while the more eastern district of Martaban was made over to the commissioner of the Tenasserim provinces, Colonel Bogle. Not the least of the advantages ensured by a measure which seems to have equally satisfied the hopes of the Peguers themselves and the views of all moderate statesmen in India and England, were the filling up of the British seaboard between Arracan and Maulmain, and the throwing open to foreign trade of the great river whose sources alone were now left in Burman keeping. The country thus wrested from the house of the warlike Alompra, measured two hundred miles in length by nearly as many broad,

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was blessed with a fruitful, richly-watered soil, good alike for teak-forests and rice-fields, and peopled by some three millions of hereditary foes to the kindred race with whom they had oftentimes striven for the mastery, until Alompra arose, after the middle of the eighteenth century, to overthrow for the last time the once powerful kingdom of Pegu.

Burmese attacks on Prome.

It still remained to drive the Burman troops out of the new-formed provinces. From the enemy's camp at Euthay-Mew night-attacks and threatening movements were repeatedly made in all December upon the neighbouring garrison of Prome. One attack in particular on the night of the 8th was baffled mainly by the stout resistance of the British pickets and the speed with which fresh troops hurried out to their aid. Charge after charge was made by the Burmese with a bravery sadly marred by their bad firing and the coolness of their opponents. At length towards the end of the month, Sir John Cheape learned that the Euthay-Mew stockades were empty, and a month later Meeaday itself, where another large force had long been stockaded, was occupied by Colonel Apthorp with a garrison of five hundred men. Nothing but the prevalent plagues of cholera and dysentery were left to worry the garrison of Prome.

Clearing of the Aeng pass.

Before the latter date, about the 8th of January, the Burmese force which had once more for some days past been gathering about Pegu, at length

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for the last time disappeared, leaving Major Hill and his brave garrison to rest in peace under the laurels just then bestowed on them by an admiring Governor-General. A few days earlier, on the 6th of January, a bold dash was made with full success by a party of the Arracan battalion against the Burmese stockaded at Narigham in the Toomar hills, near the Aeng pass which leads from Pegu into Arracan. Bringing his men up before daybreak close to the enemy's post, Captain Nuthall sent most of them forward at the gate, while the remainder held in reserve were to bar the road against any help from without. Taken utterly by surprise, the enemy woke up only to fly like sheep before Captain Sutherland's onset, aided by a timely shower of musketry from the reserve. Everything in the stockade, muskets, ammunition, two howitzers, a chief's pony, fell into the hands of Captain Nuthall, who, at a cost of three men wounded, had thus easily dislodged the Burmese from a post whence for some months past they had been allowed with impunity to threaten Arracan. The road from Arracan to Prome being now cleared, it became easy to send to the latter place the elephants, supplies, and soldiers needful for any further movements against an enemy still bent on holding out.

March of General Steel's column from Martaban to Shua-Gheen.

Early in the same month of January 1853, General Steel arrived at Martaban in command of a force about two thousand strong, destined to make its way northward by land to Shua-Gheen

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CHAP. III. A.D. 1853. and Tonghoo. Seven hundred of his men were British, chosen from the Madras artillery and the Madras and Bengal fusiliers: the remainder were mostly sepoys of the 10th Bengal and the 5th Madras infantry, besides a company of sappers, the rifle companies of three native regiments, and a troop of Ramghur horse. With these the brigadier-general set forth on the 14th from Martaban, his thirty days' stock of food and other baggage being carried by a train of three hundred bullock-carts and a hundred and twenty elephants. Four heavy howitzers, as many mortars, and a rocket-battery, under the command of Colonel Anstruther, accompanied the artillerymen of the force. Three miles' marching through heavy jungle brought the column up to the hill-stockade of Kyouk-ye-dwing. After a noisy but harmless fire from jinjals and guns made of palmyra-wood, bound with hoops of iron, the enemy soon fled before a stronger and more determined foe. Three days later the column moved on again over rice-swamps and tall grass, alongside the wooded slopes of a noble range of hills stretching away on the right, while the Sitang river wound among the leftward plains. Another hill-stockade at Gong-hoo held out for a short time, until the howitzers and a rocket-tube began to astonish the enemy with so good a practice, that after some twenty rounds of shell and shrapnel they were content to run, leaving many dead and several guns of good metal in the abandoned fort.

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A few more marches enlivened by the grandeur of the adjacent hill scenery and by the feats of the elephants in clearing a way through the jungle, or in pushing the guns over difficult swamps, brought the troops on the 28th to Beling, a town of some size, surrounded by a weak stockade. Of this place peaceful possession was at once taken, according to the promise given a few days before by twenty of its head men. A number of guns, wall-pieces, small arms, with a heap of powder and shot, were found in the works and magazine. Here, and generally along the line of march, the people welcomed their new visitors in a manner by no means flattering to their late masters. By the 3rd of February the force had made its way unmolested to Sitang, a large town by the banks of the noble river which bore its name. Eight days later, the sick to the number of a hundred and thirty having meanwhile been sent off to Pegu, General Steel came in sight of Shua-Gheen, a populous city on the left bank of the Sitang, commanded by a hill which the Burmese had lately crowned with a strong stockade. This however they had since thought fit to abandon, and the townsfolk displayed their sense of the bereavement by turning out with smiling faces to look upon the wayworn strangers filing along their streets.

March to Tonghoo.

Four days afterwards, on the 15th, the brigadier-general, with a picked force of nine hundred men, continued his pursuit of the still flying, but never

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visible foe. On the 17th, Moungbwah himself, the Burman governor of Martaban, escaped by a mere chance from the hands of his pursuers, the Ramghur horse, who, in pouncing on some runaway chiefs with their armed followers, overlooked the greatest prize of all in the common-seeming countryman riding on a cart. On the 22nd, the troops, with the aid of their elephants, crossed the Sitang by a deep and difficult ford, a few miles below the old walled city of Tonghoo, the northernmost boundary of the newly annexed dominion. They had hardly all gained the opposite bank when the head-men of the city were seen approaching amidst a crowd of curious followers to offer a friendly greeting accompanied by several baskets full of fruit. By ten o'clock the column, threading its way through swarms of sightseers, passed under the time-worn gateway of the some-time capital of old Pegu. Running four-square round the city was a massive-looking brick wall of some height, a mile and a quarter long each way, defended within by a strong earthen embankment, on the outside by a broad encircling moat. But the moat was now all mud, the walls in places were broken down, or repaired with a thin stockade, and the very guns that might have strengthened them were found stowed away in the arsenal, as if the enemy had never dreamed of a British army coming so far northward.

There was still a chance of overtaking the Burman chiefs who had got off the day before. The

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Ramghur horse at once started in pursuit, but came back late in the evening with empty hands and horses utterly blown. The work however which General Steel had undertaken was fully done. In little more than a month he had led his troops in chase of the flying enemy from Martaban to Tonghoo, over two hundred and forty miles of nearly pathless forest, varied by heavy swamps and broad rivers, through all which his difficult way was yet further hindered by a train of baggage-carts and heavy artillery. But for his elephants indeed, these last would never have got even as far as Beling. As for his troops, if they came in for little fighting, they deserved all the praise bestowed on them in their general's despatch for their perfect discipline, their patient cheerfulness, their soldierly forbearance from all excesses, their unvarying kindness towards the people of the country through which they passed.

Dashing affair near the Bassein river.

Meanwhile, on the western side of Pegu, events less thoroughly pleasing had taken place. The brilliant feats of one party in the Bassein district were clouded by the disaster which befell another at Donabew. In the former case about eighty seamen of the *Zenobia* and *Nemesis* steamers, under Captain Rennie, with the help of a few boats' guns and of three or four hundred native kareens commanded by Captain Fytche, the deputy-commissioner, made a series of dashing raids on large bodies of Burman soldiers intrenched about the Bassein river. Scared by the bold front and

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death-dealing fire of so small a force, some twelve hundred Burmans were driven like sheep, on the 22nd and 23rd January, from positions tenable enough against men less resolute than British sailors. Their leader's death at the hands of Captain Fytche decided the second day's struggle almost before the guns could be brought into play. Six days later, after some hard pulling and a forced march inland of over twenty miles, the British force came about daybreak in sight of the position held by the ex-governor of Bassein with an army of three thousand men. Captain Fytche had placed his men with four guns hidden among trees between the enemy and the road they were likeliest to take. A well-timed shower of grape among the advancing Burmese laid forty-eight dead on the field, and sent the remainder flying in utter rout. Fifty prisoners, including two sons of the Burman chief, were taken, besides three hundred muskets, a vast number of spears, and four gold umbrellas belonging to as many officers of rank. The Burmese general himself had much ado to get off with a few followers; and the rest of his troops, already broken up by a handful of British seamen poorly aided by a few hundred native warriors, fled in small parties from the dogging pursuit of the neighbouring villagers, who hungered for their share of Burmese spoils.

Captain Loch's failure near Donabew.

A few days later occurred the failure at Donabew. A bold robber-chief, named Myahtoon, had begun to make himself a nuisance and a

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danger to all boats passing near his forest-lair on the right bank of the Irrawaddy between Henzadah and Rangoon. One party of war-boats having been driven back from his neighbourhood, a larger force of about two hundred and seventy seamen and marines, under Captain Loch of the *Winchester*, with two three-pounder guns and more than three hundred sepoys of the 67th Bengal infantry under Major Minchin, started from Rangoon in the beginning of February to beat up the quarters of this new enemy. Landing near Donabew, the combined force marched inland on the 3rd and 4th through twenty miles or so of thick jungle, by a path which at length grew too narrow for more than two or three men abreast. Its further progress was here stopped by a water-course lined with very steep banks. Suddenly from either flank, from a masked stockade in front, there rained so dreadful a storm of bullets on the crowded files of the long winding column, that men and officers fell by dozens, without any power of moving forward or opening out their ranks. Bewildered by an attack so unforeseen, some of their best officers stricken down in the vain attempt to go forward, the baffled troops were speedily making their hard way back to the river, under a galling fire from the still pursuing foe. A party of sailors had to replace the runaway camp-followers in the task of carrying off the wounded, among the worst stricken of whom was Captain Loch. An attempt of the enemy to cut

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off the retreating force was bravely thwarted by the rear-guard of the 67th; and at last, overcome with the thirst and weariness of twelve hours' marching, the broken column gained the river-side, where a steamer that happened to be passing gave timely shelter to the wounded and the infantry. Besides the two guns left spiked on the way, the force which Commander Lambert led back to the boats had lost eight of its number killed and fifty-one wounded. Of Major Minchin's sepoys twenty were disabled and nine slain. The cause of this sad disaster may be traced to the rashness of Captain Loch's advance, and to the backwardness of Major Minchin in asserting his rights as senior officer on land. That no doubt might rest again on the question raised by this event, General Godwin issued an order prescribing that in all combined movements of seamen and soldiers the senior military officer should take the chief command, whether the senior naval officer were of higher rank or no. Another source of failure in the Donabew affair may perhaps be found in the employment of two small guns instead of a larger battery throwing heavier shot. Nothing less than nine- or twelve-pounders could have done much service in so close a jungle.

Sir John Cheape's campaign against Myahtoon.

Myahtoon however was not destined to defy his opponents much longer. On the 18th of February two hundred of the Royal Irish, as many of the 51st foot, the rifle company of the 67th Bengal

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infantry, two hundred of Armstrong's 4th Sikhs, seventy sappers, and a small detail of artillery in charge of two field-guns and a few rocket-tubes, making in all about eight hundred men, started from Prome under Brigadier-General Sir John Cheape, to attack the robber-chief's stronghold from the northern side. Four days later the troops began their march inland from Henzadah; but the general's information and his supplies alike failing him, they fell back again upon the river, and reached Zooloom on the 28th. Thence on the 1st of March they moved, the most of them by water, down to Donabew. Here the force, already strengthened by some of the Ramghur horse, was joined on the 6th by a hundred and thirty of the 80th foot from Rangoon, three hundred of the 67th native infantry, and two mortars with men to work them. Again, on the 7th the general started in search of Myahtoon, and again, after several days' slow marching to the south-west, in the heat of the day, across creeks and through forests which Burmese skill had made all but impervious even to British daring, the treachery or the blundering of his guides and the shortness of his provisions forced him on the 12th to fall back to Kyomtano, about nine miles from Donabew. By this time the cholera which had broken out a day or two before began to play havoc with the weary disappointed soldiers. Thirteen were carried off in one day, and many more succumbed to the same destroyer, as well

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as to the lesser plagues of fever and dysentery, before Sir J. Cheape could resume his advance.

At last, on the afternoon of the 17th of March, Major Wigston was sent forward with the men of the 18th and 80th foot, a party of sappers, and Armstrong's Sikhs, to occupy a breastwork three miles off, which had been taken from the Burmese during the former march. From the third mile onward the road had often to be made anew on account of the felled trees and other hindrances carefully thrown in the way of all assailants by an ever-active foe. When all these barriers had been painfully overcome, the breastwork itself was found strongly defended by a body of infantry and several wall-pieces. But nothing could stand the bold onset of Major Wigston's men, European and native. The enemy were soon in full flight, and next day Sir J. Cheape moved his left wing under Colonel Sturt past the captured breastwork, on a road to the left of that which he had formerly taken. The right wing, under Major Wigston, guarded his rear. Slowly and painfully the force crept on through hindrances like those encountered the day before. The whole country for miles round seemed to be one great system of defensive works. Two hours were sometimes spent in marching a mile. At length, about three in the afternoon, a sharp fire opening upon the British left betokened its nearness to another stockade. The fire was soon returned by the British guns and rockets, although no enemy

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could be seen. While some of the 67th engaged with the Burmese on the left, the rest of that regiment and the 51st foot, hurrying on to the front, carried the breastwork with a mighty rush; and the Burmese, said to have been a thousand strong, under their great chief himself, fled back to their main defences, more than a mile away. Two men killed and seven wounded made up the whole loss of this day's fighting. But cholera still raged that night among the troops encamped a mile beyond the captured breastwork, by a piece of water fruitful in heavy fogs and unwholesome airs. It was many a day indeed since the men had passed a night under canvas, and the clothes which nightly got soaked with mist and dew had to suffice them for the daily march under a tropical sun; the dense night-mists of the jungle never clearing away before eight or nine in the morning. Nor could anything, in all likelihood, have been done to better this sad state of things; for a long train of baggage-carts would only have held out the surer prize to the Burmese who day after day swarmed in the woods on all sides of the advancing column.

Early the next morning, the troops began their march along the creek beyond which lay the heart of Myahtoon's defences, about midway between the Bassein river and the Irrawaddy. A mile further, the creek on their right turned sharply off to their front; and along the opposite bank at this turning ran a long line of strong

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breastworks, whence a heavy fire was poured on the advancing British. To turn the enemy's left by crossing the creek would only, as it happened, have led the assailants into a wide marsh. To try a roundabout way of turning the enemy's right would have cost much precious time in so thick a jungle as that which lay on the British left. So the brigadier-general made up his mind to pass swiftly along the front of the Burmese position, covered by the fire of his own guns, until he came to a fit spot for crossing the creek against the enemy's right. Returning with his rockets the fire from the Burmese left, he sent on the 80th foot with the 4th Sikhs in support to storm the intrenchments at the other end. While Major Wigston was leading on his party by a road which the sappers were often called upon to clear, Major Reid was getting his guns to play with murderous accuracy on the foe. So hot and true however was the fire of grape and musketry poured meanwhile on the leading regiments, that for some time their efforts to come nearer the foe were steadily defeated. Wigston and Armstrong both fell badly wounded, and their men got scattered in brave but bootless struggles to force a way through the woods and felled timber on their left. A like fate befell the companies of Royal Irish sent up to support the advance. Only a space of thirty yards or so parted the foremost assailants from the prize so long withheld. But within that space it was still death, it seemed, to venture.

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Happily a diversion was close at hand. By dint of hard tugging through the bushes, Major Reid and his men, aided by many of the 51st, got a twenty-four-pounder howitzer up to the front, and dosed the enemy with shot and shrapnel at a range of twenty-five yards. When the major was wounded, Lieutenant Ashe kept up the fire with unflagging spirit. At the same time, Sir John Cheape, finding through a gap in the brooding smoke that the creek at this part was dry, sounded the assembly for the stragglers of the right wing, and ordered up part of the left to support their comrades in one last charge across the middle space. Once gathered under the command of Major Holdich of the 80th, the men lost no further time in bringing the deadly struggle to a sure issue. With a combined resistless rush, in a few seconds they had won the breastwork which had baffled them for nearly two hours. Two officers and a colour-sergeant were stricken down in the charge; but the way into the intrenchments was bravely shown by Lieutenant Trevor of the engineers, Corporal Livingstone and Private Preston of the 51st. The most of the enemy fled forthwith, a few who stood or lagged behind being shot or bayonetted on the spot. Myahtoon himself escaped with two or three hundred men, the wrecks of an army which that morning numbered probably four thousand. Of the remainder, hundreds must have fallen dead or disabled, while many of those who got away into the jungle

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afterwards fell into the hands of their pursuers. Among the guns and other booty found in the stockade were the three-pounders left behind in the disastrous retreat of February. These had just been doing good service to the enemy against their former owners; they were fought to the last, and one of them might have been carried off into the jungle, but for a timely shot from a nine-pounder, which killed twelve Burmans all at once.

After the battle two hundred men, half European, were sent on to Kyomtano, two miles ahead, on a branch of the Pantanno creek, where Captain Fytche with his Kareens had already come up to cut off the enemy from a retreat southward. To him was left the task of following up the broken remnants of Myahtoon's band; while Captain Tarleton, who had long been waiting at the mouth of the Pantanno to turn the enemy off from that side, was requested to bring his boats up the creek as soon as he could, in aid of the British sick and wounded. With his wonted energy, the brave sailor forced his way through all hindrances up to Kyoukazeen, where the troops lay on the morning of the 20th. By one o'clock the next afternoon he had shipped into his boats the sick, the wounded, and the artillery of Sir J. Cheape's force; and before the next evening they were all safe at Donabew, or speeding on board the *Phlegethon* to Rangoon. Two days afterwards, on the 24th of March, the rest of the force arrived by easy marches at Donabew, thankful to rest

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awhile from their hard work. They had gone through no common hardships to achieve results which, however in themselves momentous, would leave no very abiding mark on the popular memory. They had hunted the robber-chief out of his last stronghold in the heart of a thick, a pathless, a wholly perilous jungle; his army had been broken up, his means of resistance taken or destroyed, the people of his villages sent away from the homes burnt down behind them; himself was become an outlaw dogged by pursuers who would give him no rest within the limits of Pegu. For all this their work they had paid a price not large perhaps with reference to the ends attained, but heavy enough as regarding the men themselves. From the 27th of February to the 19th of March Sir John Cheape's force lost twenty-three men killed and a hundred and eight wounded, chiefly of course on the 19th. Among these latter were thirteen officers; and three more were among the slain. To the number of men hit in the field must be added over a hundred more, who died of cholera and other diseases brought on by hard work and exposure to the worst influences of a baleful climate.

The King of Burmah refuses to sign a treaty ceding Pegu.

Meanwhile from Ava, where the rightful king had just been dethroned by his brother, commissioners were on their way to treat with the bold invaders of Burmese ground. By the end of March they had reached Prome. On the 4th of April they were rowed in state up the river to the

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landing-place, where a guard of honour waited to escort them to the hall of meeting. A long train of twelve boats, paddled each by forty rowers, bore the envoys and their party to the appointed spot. From the three leading boats, bright with gilded sides and golden oars, stepped forth anon to the sound of British cannon three or four high dignitaries, decked out in apparel which might be gorgeous, but to the British eye was laughably grotesque. Over the head of each were carried three or four umbrellas covered with pure gold. Passing through a street of British soldiers, the strange-looking visitors were greeted at the other end by the British commissioners, Sir John Cheape, Commodore Lambert, and Captain Phayre, who ushered them into the meeting-room amidst the thunders of a salute from the horse-artillery. After two hours' conference the meeting was adjourned until the 8th. On that day the Burmese envoys again succeeded in putting off the final settlement. Humble in their demeanour, they still demurred to the yielding up of Meeaday, and earnestly begged leave to retain Bassein or some other port in Pegu. Their demands were referred to the Governor-General, pending whose answer the conference was adjourned and a truce declared for thirty days. On the 8th of May the commissioners met to hear the reading of Lord Dalhousie's answer. He was ready to give up Meeaday, but insisted on keeping the rest of Pegu. The Burmese envoys offered in their master's

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name to pay handsomely if the troops might only be withdrawn from all Pegu. This compromise of course was declined without further reference. Again the envoys pleaded their master's inability to give up a part of his kingdom. They were quite willing to pay any reasonable sum for a peace which should render them back Pegu. They would even let the British have a free port at Bassein or Martaban; but to sign away their right to a whole province was an act which their present king, unable to see why he should pay for the sins of others, could never allow. To such language the English commissioners at length grew tired of listening. On the 10th of May they warned the Burman envoys to leave Prome within twenty-four hours.

By this time however the war was virtually over. No armed force of Burmese remained to do battle within the boundaries of Pegu. Myahtoon himself, who had got away to Ava, might still be plotting mischief in his heart; but the new king of Burmah took care to withdraw his troops to a respectful distance from the provinces he still refused to yield up. The outbreak at Beling early in April had caused the retreat of its small sepoy garrison, and the despatch from Calcutta to Maulmain of the left wing of the 2nd Bengal fusiliers. But the place was speedily retaken, and Mowng-Gowng, the chief who had thus suddenly turned against his new-made friends, had to make the quickest of his way beyond Ton-

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ghoo. If the blockade was still enforced against the Burmese, their king was eagerly promising to make no movement against the invader, if only the present grip might be taken off the throat of Burmese trade. His prisoners had been kindly treated and unconditionally set free. Nothing but the pride of a heaven-sprung Eastern despot kept his hand from signing the treaty which acknowledged the British lordship over Pegu.

Peace proclaimed by the Governor-General.

While he was yet shrinking from this last concession, the Governor-General took steps to show how little it was needed for his present purposes. In a proclamation of the 30th of June his lordship, trusting in the king's promised forbearance from hostilities, in the proof of friendliness arguable from the release of the British prisoners, announced the breaking up of the army of Ava, the raising of the river blockade, the restoration of peace and the willingness of his government to renew its former intercourse with that of Burmah. This step, foreplanned from the outset by Lord Dalhousie, disappointed the many who longed for a march on Ava, and startled all who were anxious to see peace concluded in the old conventional way, by means of a treaty formally sanctioning the conquest of Pegu. But the Governor-General's reasons for halting at Prome and waiving the wonted pledges of a renewed peace, reasons carefully detailed in his masterly minute of the 3rd of November 1852, had extorted from the Secret Committee in England a final, if

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qualified assent to a plan which certainly had the threefold merit of saving several millions of public money, and some thousands of human lives, of sparing his Burman majesty a great humiliation, and of leaving the Indian government free from the duties and the annoyances involved in a formal treaty with a barbarous Eastern king. As the Secret Committee still harped on the advantages of such a treaty, his lordship, as we have seen, had tried to fulfil their orders, albeit himself assured that "a treaty with Burmah is of no more value than the reed with which it is written," and that the formal surrender of Pegu, "the first and best of the conquests of Burmah," was an act of open humiliation against which the Burmese national pride would struggle to the last. The attempt to treat ending as he had foreseen, he was free to issue the proclamation which announced the close of the second Burmese war.

End of the second Burmese war.

Thus ended after eighteen months a war which, for an outlay of less than two millions sterling, threw into the hands of the Indian government a good-sized province, likely erelong to pay its own expenses, and peopled by a race not over-warlike, but kindly affected from the first to its new masters. The forces engaged in Burmah were rewarded for their toils and valour with a medal, a present of six months' batta, and a promise of prize-money which it took the English government ten years to fulfil. The garrison of the new conquest was divided between the commands of

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Sir John Cheape in the western and Brigadier-General Steel in the eastern half. General Godwin himself was appointed to command the Sirhind division in the Bengal presidency; but illness brought on by his late exertions carried him off at Simlah on the 26th of October of the same year. If his fame as a general rested on no very sure foundation, his merits as a brave, a popular leader, a tried and distinguished soldier, a faithful friend to the interests of his own service, justified the sorrowing tribute paid to his memory in the short general order issued by his old friend and comrade Sir William Gomm.

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CHAPTER IV.

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Progress of the Punjab under John Lawrence, the chief commissioner.

The Burmese war happily ended, we may now turn our eyes elsewhither. Early in the year 1853 a fresh change took place in the government of the Punjab. The Board of Administration was done away. Its late president Sir Henry Lawrence, having won the affections of all classes in the Punjab, and so founded the new sway on a rock not easy to undermine, was at length free to hand over the task so fairly begun to his brother Sir John, whose rougher energy was perhaps best fitted to cope with the difficulties that yet remained. Amidst the loud-spoken regrets of Englishmen and Punjabies Sir Henry started from Lahore to undertake the less trying duties of agent to the Governor-General in Ajmere. As sole governor of the Punjab in all but name, Sir John replaced the triumvirate in which he had played a part only less forward than his brother. In spite of the halo surrounding that brother's name, it was soon seen that his late subjects had lost nothing by the change. If much had already been done to repress crime, to lighten the taxes, to

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simplify and humanize the judicial system, to open out fresh avenues for trade and labour by a large outlay on public works, a wide field of usefulness remained yet untrodden or but slightly tilled, on which the best efforts of the chief commissioner and his able staff would have to bestow themselves for many years to come.

One of the stoutest lions in Sir John's way was the practice of child-murder, which for ages past had doomed to an early and unnatural death a large number of female infants throughout the Punjab. Late in the year 1851 Major Lake, commissioner of Goordaspoor, first learned in his own district the prevalence of a crime or custom, which further inquiries, pushed elsewhere through the year following, proved to flourish over nearly all parts of the country between the Sutlej and the Indus. Among the Bedies, those Levites of the Punjab; among the old Rajpoot families; among some of the Mussulman and Khattri tribes, this woful practice was silently but steadily carried on from motives of religion, of caste-pride, from the pressure of poverty, or of social customs which tended to make rich fathers poor. A Bedie girl who could never marry beneath her rank, was deemed better dead in the first blush of her being than growing up for a life of unwed dishonour. The new-born daughter of an old but not too wealthy Rajpoot house was throttled out of hand because her parents dreaded the inevitable costs of a Rajpoot marriage. A Suddozaie Pathan

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would slay his infant girl rather than marry her to an inferior or part with too large a share of his prized ancestral wealth. Among the humble Khattri families poverty alone too often accounted for the strange dearth of girl-children. Already had John Lawrence, as commissioner of Jalúndar, raised his voice against the cruel custom which Mr. Raikes was afterwards successful in banishing from among the Rajpoots of Mainpoorie. Ever since the conquest of the Punjab, the moral influence of its new masters had saved many a Bedie child from the common doom. But the number saved was still as nothing compared to the multitude secretly put out of the way. For every hundred male children there were found but eighty-seven female in Kangra, but seventy-seven in Hoshiarpore.

Great gathering at Amritsir to put down infanticide.

Resolved to uproot, if he could, so crying an evil, the chief commissioner won the Governor-General's assent to a plan not unlike that which already had wrought so much good in Mainpoorie. Towards the end of October, on the day of a great Hindu festival, a mighty gathering of native gentry, Sikh, Mahomedan, Hindu, thronged the plain outside Amritsir, the holy city of the sons of Govind. Amidst the sea of tents towered a broad awning, beneath which a number of native delegates exchanged greetings with the chief commissioner and a choice band of fit helpmates in the government of the Punjab. After a calm discussion of the alleged evils, and the best way of

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removing or lessening them, the native chiefs swore with wonderful unanimity to observe the rules that might thereafter be framed in accordance with the line of action marked out by the voice of that meeting. By these rules, as afterwards proclaimed throughout the land of the Five Rivers, many of the old barriers to a girl's marriage were thrown down, and the fabulous costs of weddings and betrothals lowered to a given rate proportional to the means of each class. The great meeting at Amritsir was followed up by like gatherings in other parts of the country. In one of these, held between Sealkote and Jammu, the son of the Cashmere rajah undertook in presence of an English commissioner and his own nobles to enforce among his father's subjects a reform like that already decreed for the Punjab. As earnest of his own sympathy, real or feigned, with the new movement, Golab Singh took off for ever the tax hitherto levied at all weddings in Cashmere. The blows thus struck from above at a mighty evil were speedily followed up by the efforts of individual natives, who, strengthened by the countenance of their own countrymen, no longer held it a point of honour to spend a large fortune in sweetmeats on the day of their children's marriage.

Deaths of Sir W. Gilbert, Sir C. Napier, Colonel Mackeson, and Mr. James Thomason.

Among men of Indian mark carried off by death in 1853 are the names of Sir Walter Gilbert and Sir Charles Napier. The former had hardly taken up the post left vacant in the Calcutta council by

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Sir John Littler's departure, when he too was driven to seek in England a resting-place that speedily proved his last on earth. Three months later, on the 28th of August, died his more famous brother-in-arms, the brilliant, eccentric, self-asserting conqueror of Sinde. More violent, in some things more untimely, was the end of Colonel Mackeson, the able commissioner of Peshâwar, who was stabbed, sitting in his verandah, on the 14th of September, by an unknown Afghan, said to have been the mere tool of a plot prepared in Cabul. The murderer was duly punished, but a brave soldier and zealous "political" was lost too early to the State. A like attempt on the life of the British Resident at Lucknow happily failed, and the great talents of Colonel Sleeman, the famed suppressor of thuggee in Bengal, were spared yet a few years longer to the Indian government. In the same month with Colonel Mackeson died a public servant of far higher mark, Mr. James Thomason, lieutenant-governor for eight years past of the North-western provinces, a statesman whose thirty years of Indian service had amply redeemed the promise of his brilliant novitiate at Haileybury College. At an age comparatively young, for he died in his fiftieth year, he had fought his way up to one of the highest posts open to members of the Bengal civil service; and even as he lay dying the overland steamer was bringing out the news of his appointment to the governorship of Madras in the room of Sir

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Henry Pottinger. In terms of greater truth than are often to be found on such public epitaphs, the Governor-General mourned the untimely death of one whose name "ranked high among the most distinguished servants of the East-India Company," of one whose known talents, zeal, and honest worth had marked him out for the high position he afterwards adorned and exalted by his great administrative skill, his wide knowledge of affairs, his clear judgment, his courteous bearing, and large benevolence. Had Mr. Thomason's zeal for the common good been a little less flavoured with religious prejudice; had his marked turn for fiscal business been matched by as watchful a control over the judicial department; had his power of reading the native mind proved equal to his energy in founding schools and pushing on public works, his fame would have risen yet higher in the future, and the fabric of his rearing in the North-western provinces might not have been so utterly swept away in the great war-flood of 1857. His place was filled by Mr. John Colvin, sometime secretary to Lord Auckland, afterwards for several years commissioner of the Tenasserim provinces.

Mortality in various parts of India during 1853.

The cholera this year played unusual havoc in the valley of the Ganges, in Bombay, and in Assam. At Benares, Allahabad, Cawnpore, its deadly breath fell heavy alike on the natives, on the European troops, and on British officers. In Assam one district only, that of Nowgong, lost over nine thousand natives during the prevalence

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of this fell disease. In the new-won province of Pegu cholera following in the track of famine swept off a great number of those whom British energy had saved from starving to death. For want of the rice crops they had failed the year before to sow, thousands of hapless Peguers died after all of hunger or disease, or betook themselves to robbery and murder, as an easy way of escape from the general doom. Bands of robbers, headed or suborned by Burman agents, continued throughout the year to keep British soldiers and native policemen in frequent motion and never-ending worry. Sickness in various forms, including cholera, carried off a large percentage of the troops that garrisoned Pegu. For many months it seemed as if the only reward of British valour was to be a few feet of earth in the midst of a fever-laden jungle.

Progress of Indian railways, of the electric telegraph.

Among the peaceful events of 1853 a leading place must be given to the opening of the Bombay and Tannah Railway, the first work of the kind as yet carried through in any part of India. Over this, the first instalment of the Great Peninsular line, four hundred people were on the 16th of April carried twenty-four miles out and back again, at the rate of twenty miles an hour. After several years wasted in preliminaries, this much of the line had been finished in about a twelvemonth, and the natives were soon showing their delight in the new aid to locomotion by using it to the number of a thousand a day. In Bengal, and

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even in Madras, the railway works were going briskly on; but not till the end of 1854 was the East Indian line opened as far as Ránigunge, a hundred and twenty miles from Calcutta, nor did trains begin running regularly even from Howrah to Hooghly until August of the same year. Meanwhile the success of Dr. O'Shaughnessy's pioneer "lighting-post" between Calcutta and Kedgeree was bearing fruit in the steady construction of a great telegraphic line from Calcutta to Lahore, of another, finished the next spring, from Calcutta to Bombay, and of a third from the Bengal capital to Madras. One improvement suggested another. Before the close of 1853 a public company had undertaken, on conditions duly arranged, to light the city of Calcutta with gas. Bombay, but little behindhand, was also bargaining with the government for a like boon. In several other fields of industry private enterprise kept moving side by side with the public departments. The trade of Bengal was steadily increasing, almost year by year. The merchants of Bombay have never been wanting in commercial zeal: even in Madras a company was formed for navigating the canals of that presidency with steam; and the show of arts, manufactures, and raw produce, opened in the southern capital by Sir Henry Pottinger on the 15th of March, gave a fresh spur to energies hitherto checked by the cold wind of official blundering.

Private enterprise.

On the Punjab frontier matters this year went

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on quietly enough, considering the people with whom their new rulers had to deal. Towards the year's end however a small force sent out under Colonel Boileau, to punish some Afreedie tribes who troubled the Kohat passes, found itself on the 29th of November in front of three "Boree" villages backed by a line of steep crags. Up these latter swarmed Hodson's renowned Guides and Turner's sturdy little Ghoorkas, driving the enemy from rock to rock, and finally holding them at bay for several hours, while the regular troops were employed in sacking and burning the villages below. This work over, the whole force slowly withdrew to its halting-ground, with a total loss of eight men killed and twenty-four wounded. The steady retreat of the skirmishers from the heights, under the fire of an ever-increasing foe, seems to have fitly capped the brilliance of their former advance. Once more the wild tribes ceased from troubling for awhile the peace of British India.

Affairs on the Punjab frontier.

In some of the semi-dependent states within the British pale bloodshed and disorder were continually rife. Oudh and the Deccan stood forth as specially sad examples of never-ending lawlessness and impotent misrule. A weak, if not vicious king, a failing exchequer, an unpaid and therefore mutinous soldiery, a body of landowners always ripe for rebellion or a private feud, outrage everywhere rampant among a downtrodden people, such things seemed to justify the belief now gaining ground in British India, that the time

State of things in Hyderabad, Oudh, Bhawalpore, Gwalior.

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for annexing states so badly governed was already come. A part indeed of the Nizam's kingdom—the province of Berar—was made over this very year to British keeping, in order that the Nizam's contingent might thenceforth be regularly paid. In Bháwalpore a new revolution displaced a weak Nawáb by his drunken but stronger-willed brother, whose new ministers marked the first months of their power by a course of outrage not uncommon in the East. Even in Gwalior a cruel revenge was taken this year by the regent who acted for Maharajah Sindiah, for an act of pardonable insubordination. Some two hundred and forty silladárs, or revenue-officers, having vainly pleaded with the royal ministers for their arrears of pay, encamped with their families and followers in a *compound* not far from the royal palace. Here they repeated their demand for pay. In spite of strong dissuasions from the British Residency, the prayer was unheeded. The silladárs' camp was cut off from all supplies; a body of troops with several guns hemmed the whole party in on every side. Urged on again and again by their commanders, the reluctant soldiers at length mounted the walls and fired volley after volley into the helpless prey. After fifty or sixty of the silladars' party had fallen dead or wounded, the remainder were allowed to yield themselves up as prisoners, and be thankful for escaping impoverished but unhurt in limb from so unequal a struggle. It was said that many of the women put an end to their own

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lives on seeing their husbands, brothers, fathers swept down by the pitiless fire.

Reforms in the postal department.

Among the legislative enactments of this year not least beneficial was the Postage Act, which first applied to all British India the principle of cheap uniform postal rates, so successfully proclaimed in England by the inventive energy of Rowland Hill. Thenceforth a letter weighing not more than an eighth of an ounce could be carried the whole length of India for half an anna or three farthings, a letter weighing up to a quarter of an ounce for one anna or a penny halfpenny. On newspapers, pamphlets, books, a low uniform rate was also levied, varying with the differences of weight only. In India, as in England, it was soon found that the first loss in the postal revenues would gradually make itself good through the ever-growing amount of written and printed matter entrusted to the care of the government post-offices.

Annexation of Nagpore.

On the 11th of December died the last of the Nagpore rajahs. The heir whom by Hindoo law he might have adopted, his lord-paramount the Governor-General had steadily refused to recognize; and so another fat province, nearly as large as the Punjab and peopled by more than four millions, was swept into the drag-net of the British power. The annexation, hailed with delight by the English in India, awakened a warm controversy between its supporters in England and the ever-growing number of those who either made a

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point of opposing the East-India Company, or more honestly disliked the new plan of consolidating the British dominions at whatever cost to the rights or usages of native states. To the native feeling, no less than to that of many thoughtful Englishmen, acts like this betrayed a wanton disregard of the duties owed by strength to weakness, of customs, laws and ideas which time had long since hardened into a religion.

Progress of the new India Bill through Parliament.

But alike in India and in England the one great topic of this year was the question of renewing the East-India Company's charter. Meetings native and European held in the presidency capitals, letters and articles in the local newspapers, petitions forwarded from all parts of India for redress of all kinds of grievances, real or apparent, betokened the wide-spread interest in a question which, every once in a number of years, has succeeded in arousing the people of England to some show of zeal for the well-doing of their Indian empire. For several weeks of this year a lively debate was waged in the British parliament, on the bill brought in by the new ministry—that of the coalesced Whigs and Peelites under Lord Aberdeen—for the future government of British India. In this bill, founded on the conclusions of a parliamentary committee embodied the year before, the ministry aimed rather at amending than at overthrowing the act of 1833. Retaining the double government by the Board of Control and the Court of Directors, they sought to mould

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it into a closer harmony with the needs and tendencies of a younger age. In its outlines at least the new bill seemed to eschew all sweeping changes, to keep clear of all rash experiments. The number of East-India directors was to be reduced from twenty-four to eighteen. To the Court of Proprietors their old electoral privileges were assured with slight abatements for a further term of years. Addiscombe and Haileybury, the military and the civil college, were both to be thrown open to public competition among the British youth. A special legislative council was to be added to the Indian government. The government of Bengal was to be made over to a lieutenant-governor, subject to the final control of the Governor-General. In due time the Punjab and the North-western provinces were each to form a distinct presidency. For the better administration of justice throughout India, the Sudder Adawlat or High Court of the Company was henceforth to be blended with the Supreme Court of the Crown in each presidency; her Majesty's judges and those of the Company being thus brought together for their mutual instruction, the one in the principles of English law, the other in the laws, manners, and feelings of the Indian peoples. The pay of the smaller native judges was also to be raised, and some of the posts hitherto reserved for members of the "covenanted" service were to be thrown open to the uncovenanted branches. Further, a law commission sitting in England was

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carefully to consider and report on the reforms already contemplated in the laws of India.

All this notwithstanding, there were clauses in the new bill which satisfied the friends of the Company as little as some other clauses satisfied the thorough-going champions of imperial rule in the East. Not without reason did the Court of Directors mildly, the Court of Proprietors more warmly, protest against a measure which, seeming to maintain, was all the while sure to cut down to its lowest mark the old political power of the East-India Company. The double government was still there, the Court of Directors still seemed to hold its ground against the parliamentary Board of Control. But in fact a change was coming on which struck heavily at the balance hitherto maintained between the India-House and Cannon Row. The power represented by the latter, the power whose interference had brought on the Affghan war, had checked the progress of many public works in India, and was presently to hasten the outbreak of a great sepoy mutiny, now began working its silent way into the last stronghold of its once independent rival. The bill which Sir Charles Wood brought before the House of Commons on the 3rd of June proposed not only to cut down the India-House Board from twenty-four to eighteen, but also to make six of the smaller number appointees, and therefore dependents, if not ready tools, of the Crown. Of these six, to be chosen from among men who had served

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ten years in India, three only were at first to be included in the eighteen, the remaining three being to wait for the first vacancies among those elected in the old way. In like manner the opening of Addiscombe and Haileybury to public competition, and the choosing of assistant-surgeons by a like process, cut off some fruitful sources of patronage and consequent power from the old East-India Directorate. Nor could it be deemed agreeable to that body that the Crown should henceforth claim the right to sanction or set aside the appointment of any advocate-general or member of council in the East Indies.

But whether the chiefs of the India-House protested mildly or vehemently, their fate was no longer in their own hands. On the 9th of June, the first reading of the new bill was carried in the Commons after three nights of preliminary debating, in which Sir Charles Wood as president of the India Board, Sir James Hogg and Mr. Hume as advocates for the Company, and Messrs. Bright, Blackett, and Danby Seymour as champions of a yet closer connection between the Crown and the peoples of British India, played the leading parts. The cabinet-minister's opening speech, long, flat, and feeble alike in tone and logic—for it said one thing and meant another—called forth, to some extent justified, the rough, sarcastic humour with which Mr. Bright scoffed at the new plan for improving the old Directorate by mixing "one grain of wholesome nutriment with

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two grains of poison." Sir James Hogg's masterly, almost unanswerable defence of the East-India Company against the reckless, the absurdly sweeping charges of Mr. Bright and Mr. J. G. Phillimore, was followed by other speeches remarkable with one or two exceptions only for general ignorance of Indian politics.

On the 23rd of June, the second reading of the bill was opposed by Lord Stanley with a counter-motion in behalf of further delay with regard to a measure "which, while it disturbs existing arrangements, cannot be considered as a final settlement." A debate of four nights, enlivened by the winning eloquence of Mr. Macaulay, the statesmanlike reasoning of Sir James Graham, on behalf of the government; by the outspoken vehemence of Mr. Bright and the glancing mockeries of Mr. Disraeli on the opposite side; ended in the rejection of Lord Stanley's amendment by a majority of more than two to one in a house of four hundred and sixty-two voters: and so, on the last night in June, the bill was read a second time.

Meanwhile, in the Upper House, on the 14th of June, the government measure was opposed by Lord Ellenborough in a speech ostensibly made for a different purpose. The self-mutilation of the Directorate, a Western refinement on Eastern cruelty, the retaining of the double government in spite of the virtual omnipotence of the India Board, the lowering of the Indian services by a measure which would enable horsedealers' sons to

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cram themselves for a public examination, the danger and the injustice of attempting to foist on all India one uniform system of law such as the Macaulay code, all these and some other points were handled by the erewhile governor-general with his wonted cleverness and not more than his wonted self-conceit. But before the bill itself came up for discussion among the Peers, it had still to pass through a committee of the Commons. On the 8th of July this ordeal began. Clause after clause was keenly debated, amendment after amendment checked the passage, but failed to modify any but one feature of the original bill. Only on the question of throwing Addiscombe open to public competition, did Sir Charles Wood forestal a hostile vote by agreeing to exempt the military from the change reserved for the civil college. After the forty-one clauses had passed through committee and two or three fresh ones had been added to their number, the bill on the 29th of July was read for the third time.

On the 1st of the following month it was introduced by Earl Granville into the Lords. Four days later, it passed through its second reading, unopposed save by the sneers of Lord Ellenborough, who thought the ministry had not gone far enough, and by the calmer protest of Lord Ashburton against a measure which "for a band of distinguished men would substitute an ordinary government department, gathered by the hack secretary of the Treasury at haphazard from the

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needy constituencies of the House of Commons." On the 12th of August, the bill was read for the third time, after undergoing a slight revision in the Lords' committee, especially by the striking out of an additional clause forbidding the Company from making salt after a certain date. On the 15th the Commons finally accepted the revised bill, to which the royal signature presently imparted the one touch wanting to make it law. Thus, by a measure avowedly workable only so long as Parliament might will, was carried a step further the inevitable, if somewhat perilous process of transferring the lordship of British India from the hands of never so great a private company into those of the British Crown.

Opening of the Ganges canal.

The year 1854, the first of the reformed government, opened on Europe heaving with the first throes of a war destined to mock the hopes and shorten the life of Tzar Nicholas, the proud, ambitious, wayward autocrat of all the Russias. Throughout the broad plains of Hindostan however all was yet peace and well-doing, save where a partial famine, a local feud, or an outbreak of border tribes seemed for a moment to blur the general brightness. While France and England were sending forth their armaments in aid of Turkish resistance to Russian greed, British India was chiefly engaged in minding her own business, in driving a successful trade, in paying off some of her public debt, in making good laws, in watching the growth of her railways, canals,

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electric telegraphs, her tea-plantations, her cotton-fields, her mining companies. In spite of a heavy outlay on the Burmese war, Lord Dalhousie found himself able to set aside large sums for public works, and to lessen the Indian state-debt by redeeming certain of the costliest state-loans. One great public work, the greatest up to that time undertaken by the rulers of British India, was carried through nearly the last stage of incompleteness during the cold weather of 1853-4. On the morning of the 8th of April 1854, a vast crowd of people, native and European, high and low, thronged about a certain spot near the aqueduct of Roorkee, under the shadow of the Himalayas, within sight of their loftiest snows, to behold the first letting in of the waters of India's holiest river into the bed of the great Ganges canal. This noble waterway, designed alike for traffic and irrigation, had at length, after seven years' anxious toil, been finished by the same engineer, Colonel Cautley, who had first projected it sixteen years before. Ever since 1847, nothing had been wanting in aid of his great enterprise, that money, zeal, and wise co-operation could bring together for his use. To the eager patronage of Lord Dalhousie and Mr. Thomason, to the unwearied energies of a band of skilful helpmates headed by Captain Goodwyn, was it mainly due that the plan of his own conceiving had so soon been brought to a triumphant issue.

In honour of that issue and of its chief author

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a great inaugural ceremony would not seem out of place. After the reading of a special religious service, the lieutenant-governor, followed by a picked staff of gentlemen and one native prince, the Maharajah of Gwalior, went up to the top of the aqueduct; and presently, amidst the booming of artillery, the crash of musketry, and the soul-stirring music of the national anthem, the eight gates of the sluice were thrown open, and the imprisoned waters, held back with difficulty for some hours past, leapt thundering into their future bed. Cheer after cheer in honour of the great event, of Mr. Colvin, of Colonel Cautley himself, burst forth from every British throat; while the long lines of natives on either bank took up the shouting in homage to their beloved Gunga, and warming up to the true fanatical pitch, threw themselves in frenzied masses into the broad deep-rolling flood. A grand dinner-party given by the lieutenant-governor, whose graceful tribute to the achievements of Colonel Cautley and the officers of the Ganges canal was capped by the colonel's gracefully modest transfer of his own share in the praise to those who had worked so ably under him; a second banquet given by the colonel himself to the overseers and other humble workers in his own department; a show of fireworks that would have done credit to Calcutta, and a grand distribution of tickets for sweetmeats to many thousands of natives employed in making the new canal, closed the public

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doings of a day not soon to be forgotten by those who take any interest in the affairs of British India.

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Retirement of its engineer, Colonel Cautley.

Little more than a month later, on the 11th of May, Colonel Cautley's retirement from the Indian service drew forth from Lord Dalhousie in council the unwonted tribute of a general order commanding a special salute from the guns of Fort William on the day of that officer's leaving India, and regretting the powerlessness of his government to bestow other honours on one to whose genius, skill, and energy was mainly due the completion within eight years of a canal five hundred miles long, which "already stands unequalled among works of its class and character throughout the world." Her Majesty's government however failed not to mark their sense of the worth thus heartily commemorated, and in due time the retired officer of artillery was rewarded with the honours of a knighthood, and the more substantial prize of a seat in the Indian council.

Absorption of Jhansi.

Another native state was this year absorbed into the British pale. The rajah of Jhansi in Bundelkund having died childless, his widow, a lady of high character and wide popularity, claimed the right of heirship for a boy whom he had adopted a few days before his death. But all her prayers and pleadings were alike in vain. As heir to the powers of the old Mahratta Peishwahs, the Governor-General claimed the right to annex a Mahratta fief, whose last ruler had never gained

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leave from his lord paramount to adopt a conventional in default of a lineal heir. Besides, it was clear that a state lying in the midst of other British districts would be all the better for passing under British rule. So for the seeming good of its own people was Jhansi, without their leave, swallowed up by a powerful landlord who liked to see no patches of strange property left within the boundary-line of his own estate. Another state, Kerowlie, one of the oldest of the Rajpoot royalties, narrowly escaped a like doom. For two years since the death of its last rajah, had the question been mooted whether an heir to his throne should be recognised or not by the British government. For once the home authorities, deaf to the charming voice of Lord Dalhousie, agreed with Colonel Low, and his successor Henry Lawrence, in asserting the rights of an independent state, which had been ruled by its own princes from a time far earlier than the rise of the British-Indian power. Muddan Pál, the choice of his own countrymen, the nearest lineal heir to the late rajah, at length became the acknowledged lord of Kerowlie; but the long, the seemingly unjust delay gave birth throughout Rajpootana to dark forebodings, to hurtful comments on British ill-faith, erelong to wide-spread stories touching British policy in the future, stories so loudly repeated, so readily believed, that the Court of Directors were driven publicly to contradict them.

Question of succession to the lordship of Kerowlie.

But the word of the East-India Company

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Rejection of Doondoo Pant, the "Nana's" claim to the pension of Baji Rao.

weighed but little in India against the moral teaching of events like the foregoing, or that which has yet to be told. If the lordship of Kerowlie was left to its rightful owner, the rich pension drawn by the last of the Peishwahs in exchange for wide provinces ceded to the Indian government was steadily withheld from his adopted heir, Doondoo Pant, the infamous Nana Sahib of a few years later. In vain did the Nana appeal to the wording of the treaty, which ensured payment of the pension to the "family" of Baji Rao; in vain did he point to the daily practice of the Company's courts in acknowledging the rights of adoption as laid down by the immemorial laws of Hindostan; in vain did he enter a manly protest against the withholding of his undoubted dues on the plea never before heard in British-Indian story, that Baji Rao had put by some handsome savings from his yearly income. The Court of Directors, siding with the Governor-General, hardened their hearts against a claim which justice, honour, mercy, and large foresight strongly commended to their support. By way of a sop to their consciences, they allowed the Nana to retain with limitations his adoptive father's freehold domain, Bithoor. While the letter of flat refusal in answer to his claim was on its way to India, the Nana's agent, Azimoollah Khan, was hastening Londonward to plead his master's cause in person. Reaching England in the middle of 1853, he found that cause

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irrecoverably lost, and no efforts of his, however cunningly enforced or frequently renewed during the next twelvemonth, availed to undo or lessen the wrong so heavily repaid in after years.

Remaining events of 1854.

Mr. Halliday's appointment as first lieutenant-governor of Bengal, the replacing of Sir H. Pottinger in the government of Madras by Lord Harris, sad loss of sepoys' lives in a gale which caught and shattered many boats of the 36th Madras infantry at the mouth of the Sitang river, a yet more deadly hurricane which on the 2nd of November spent all its force on Bombay harbour, unroofing or levelling many houses, wrecking hundreds of vessels, destroying several hundred lives, and about half a million's worth of property, the reception in Calcutta of a Burman embassy which vainly pleaded for the restitution of Pegu, the approach towards a friendly understanding between Dost Mohammed and the Indian government, Colonel Outram's selection for the troublous duties of Resident at Lucknow in the room of Colonel Sleeman disabled by illness and hard work, such are the minor gleanings offered this year to the reader of Indian history. One other event, of more political moment, may be briefly noticed in this connection. In pursuance of the Act of 1853 the new Legislative Council began its sittings in the following May. Of its thirteen members, three at least were crown lawyers or judges of the Supreme Court, men who would

First sittings of the new Legislative Council for India.

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certainly speak and act in behalf of other interests than those of the Company's civil service, men whose sympathies, as the event proved, would naturally lean to the side of their unofficial countrymen, the small, scarce recognised, but ever-growing community of British merchants, planters, tradesmen, missionaries, scattered through the provinces or clustering in the chief cities of British India. Of the other members, four were chosen from the civil service to represent severally the several governments of Bengal, Agra, Madras, Bombay. One member only, the commander-in-chief, represented the whole of the Indian army. Still the new council with all its faults might be deemed a great improvement upon the old. It was less of a special department, more of a great council for all India. It contained the germ of a true parliament, in which at some future day the voice of all ranks and races under the viceregal sway might make itself heard to good purpose. Almost from the beginning its debates were carried on with open doors, and the dull old process of reading out a series of carefully-written minutes was gradually exchanged for the quicker, if less stately arbitrament of easy-flowing talk.

Events in 1855.

During the greater part of 1855 the current of Indian politics was ruffled only by slight local breezes, such as a passing fight with the hillmen on the Punjab border, or a disturbance easily suppressed in the newly-ceded districts of the Deccan.

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In British Burmah all was quiet, save the cruel sickness which swept off hundreds on hundreds of brave soldiers, English and native, quartered mostly in spots that seemed to have been selected for the very purpose of ensuring them an early death. A treaty of alliance, concluded at Peshá-war on the 30th of March between the Indian Government and Dost Mohammed, through their respective agents John Lawrence and Gholam Hyder Khan, closed the way of Cabul against all possible efforts of a hostile Russia to assail or imperil our Indian empire. About the same time, the opening of a government loan for public works proclaimed for India the formal adoption of that wise forward-looking policy, which shrank not from a heavy outlay in the present, so as to ensure a specially bounteous harvest in the early future. For the great works begun, pushed forward, sanctioned, or mooted during the last two years alone, the canals, roads, bridges, embankments, jails, barracks, public offices, in all parts of India, no outlay short of two or three millions a year would satisfy the imperial requirements of such a ruler as Lord Dalhousie. The money which had hitherto been doled out in pitiful driblets, sometimes yet further lessened by the drain of a costly war, was henceforth to flow in well-timed profusion over a waste too long neglected, but none the less sure to yield immeasurable profit whenever it came to be fairly taken in hand.

Lord Dalhousie's imperial outlay on public works.

One crying evil in the byways of Indian govern-

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Efforts of government to put down the practice of torture on the part of native underlings.

ment was this year fully set forth in the report of the Madras commission on the tortures commonly applied by the native police to persons suspected of a crime, or backward in paying up their taxes. The practice of torture indeed had not been confined to one presidency, nor to a recent term of years. In Bengal, Bombay, in the Punjab itself, instances enough had now and then come to light to prove that wherever native police-officers had the sole or the chief care of collecting revenue or tracking out crime, there the refractory or the suspected native was liable to be tortured even to the death, for the purpose of wringing from him a confession of deeds he might never have done, or the payment of moneys which might never go beyond the pockets of his tormentor. This very year the chief commissioner of the Punjab issued a circular calling on the magistrates under him to use their best diligence in sternly suppressing a crime which, from several cases brought before him in the last six months, seemed still to hold its ground in various parts of the country. But in Madras, where the evil custom flourished in all its rankest ugliness, the new governor Lord Harris, under instructions from the Court of Directors, had meanwhile named a select committee of able gentlemen to conduct a searching inquiry into the extent, the causes, the likeliest counteractives of a plague to which some members even of the covenanted service were charged with having wilfully shut their eyes. The result, if it gave no colour

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to this latter charge, proved at least how little had been done by former governors towards uprooting a practice begotten indeed of native habits, but fostered partly by the dearth, the carelessness, or the preoccupation of British officials. In answer to the commissioners' report, Lord Harris announced a speedy increase to the lower ranks of the European magistracy, a probable division between the duties hitherto combined of revenue-officers and police-sergeants, an early amendment of the law against misused authority; called on his European officers to aid him in extinguishing practices the bare idea of which was hateful to the government; and bade the Revenue Board notify to the peasants in every village their rulers' earnest resolve to guard them from all illegal coercion. With a like-minded zeal for the honour of his own government, John Lawrence ordered that every native police-officer throughout the Punjab should enter into a solemn bond, "religiously to abstain" himself, and make his subordinates abstain also, "from the infliction of torture in any case whatever."

Outbreak of Santhals in Lower Bengal.

In the midst of the general lull Bengal was startled, taken aback, well-nigh panic-stricken, to hear of a sudden, a dangerous outbreak in July among the hill-ranges of Rajmahal. The Santhals, whom Cleveland's kindness seventy years before had won over to peace and peaceful habits, whom a later if less famous benefactor, Mr. Pontet, had taught to colonize and cultivate the fruitful valleys

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of the Damin-i-koh, had suddenly burst forth by thousands from their highland shelter, and were sweeping down with the fury of a rain-swollen flood over the broad, prosperous, well-peopled plains below. Armed chiefly with axes and poisoned arrows, large bodies of these half-reclaimed savages carried fire and sword into scores of happy villages, attacked every outlying European bungalow, murdered with equal readiness English planters and railway-servants, native police-officers, tradesmen, peasants, their wives and children, and even swarmed up to the larger European stations in the districts of Beerbhoom, Rajmahal, and Bhágalpore. A sudden frenzy, hatched by the arts of some Santhal chiefs burning for revenge on the swindling money-lenders and the grasping law-officers of Bengal, a frenzy fostered by tales not wholly groundless of the cruelty, the unfairness, or the licentious habits of English railway-overseers, by other far wilder tales of a glorious Avatar now coming for the Santhal race, seems to have roused the whole of a long peaceful community, many of them against their will, into making one mad merciless onslaught on the fat ill-guarded provinces where dwelt their real or fancied foes. Drunk with hate, fanaticism, a strong craving for plunder, a tigerish thirst for blood, they rushed forth at their leaders' call to turn as much as they could of the surrounding landscape into a weed-grown ruin-scattered wilderness.

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The time, the suddenness of the outbreak, told heavily in the insurgents' favour. It was the height of the rainy season: no troops were anywhere at hand, save the hill-rangers, whose loyalty might go for nothing against the ties of kinship and the calls of superstition. The authorities were taken utterly by surprise. Only in a few stations, such as Rajmahal, Aurungabad, Rampore, could small bodies of Europeans and policemen succeed in making any sort of stand against the swarms of bloodthirsty assailants. From most other places lying in the Santhals' track, all who could escaped while there was yet time. The panic-stricken natives fled by thousands, as from the horrors of a second Mahratta raid. The timely despatch of troops by rail from Calcutta saved from imminent danger the great engineering station of Ránigunge. But for the timely arrival of a sepoy detachment, all Beerbhoom would have shared the ruin that overtook the greater part of it. Between Rajmahal and Colgong the whole country was alight with burning villages and alive with plunder-laden fanatics. Half Bhágalpore came within the fiery circle. Moorshedabad itself quaked for fear of a like disaster.

Even when troops began to appear on the scene of havoc, the insurrection was in no hurry to die out. Broken up in small parties, the sepoys could do little more than hold a few isolated posts against swarms of savages, who fled before the musketry only to tease them with

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fresh attacks from other quarters. If some detachments nobly did their duty, others seem to have quailed before the numbers, the savage shouts, the poisoned arrows of the foe. Twice were the hill-rangers led forward against the Rajmahal plunderers, and twice without due cause they fell back. Out of a hundred men of the 56th native infantry whom Lieutenant Toulmin led across a nullah held by some thousands of the enemy, twenty with their too dashing commander fell overpowered by numbers and fearful wounds. Erelong however, as fresh troops found their way into the disturbed districts, the tide of disaster began to turn. A bold front and a well-aimed musketry-fire were sure to send thousands flying before mere handfuls of disciplined men. But the warfare that ensued was still harassing, for the beaten rebels found safe shelter and fresh means of annoyance in the thick jungle, where their pursuers could seldom go. In some places the very villagers, through fear rather than friendship, kept the Santhals supplied with food and useful tidings. For reasons specially known to itself, the Bengal government would not hear of proclaiming martial law in a country overrun with savage freebooters, and saved from utter ruin only by the exertions of a few hundred sepoys and armed Englishmen.

Early in September the Bhágalpore bands of rebels began to be hemmed in by General Lloyd's detachments, while those in Beerbhoom were hard pressed by the soldiers of Brigadier Bird. But

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the hands of the commanders were tied by the civil power, and the time for beating up the jungle was not yet come. Towards the end of September Beerbhoom became the scene of fresh horrors: the Santhals and the cholera shared the land between them. A popular outburst of revenge or fanaticism had turned into the wildest carnival of blood and plunder. Gorged with the spoils of a large province, the insurgents seemed like to carry them off without much hindrance from troops themselves driven backward by the prevailing sickness. Thousands of Santhals had already fallen by shot or disease; hundreds had been taken prisoners; among them Seedoo Manjie himself, their foremost leader; but by so much greater was the booty left to share among the surviving multitudes.

Suppression of the outbreak.

At length however came November with its bracing coolness, and a change for the healthier in the plans of the Bengal government. While Lord Dalhousie was yet resting his shattered frame among the distant Nilgherrie hills, his colleagues in the Calcutta council were slowly making up their minds to a measure which might as easily have been tried four months earlier. On the 10th of November, by command of the Lieutenant-Governor, martial law was proclaimed for all the disturbed districts. Fresh troops were brought upon the scene; a general burning of Santhal villages began; the jungle ceased to be a safe shelter for ruffians overburdened with rich

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spoils, and pressed by officers no longer afraid of the fever or the law. Cut up in detail, their booty melting away behind them, most of their leaders shot down or taken only to be hanged after due trial, the insurgents by December were making off in small parties to the nearest hills, or slipping away by twos and threes to their old places and employments in the plains. During that month the last of the ringleaders underwent his doom of hanging or imprisonment, the last armed body was hunted down; on the last day of the year General Lloyd's field-force was broken up by order of the Governor-General in council, and on the 3rd of January 1856 martial law was declared to be no longer needful in a land where open rebellion had ceased to be. The newly pacified districts were made over, as a non-regulation province, to the rule of a commissioner, Mr. Stainforth, aided by one deputy and five assistant commissioners.

But the government was reckoning without its rebellious subjects; while the troops were marching to their cantonments, the Santhals in many places were again at their old tricks. In the middle of January bands of armed ruffians were plundering villages, destroying factories, threatening the lives, the property, or the peace of loyal Englishmen and Bengalees. But this was only the last flickering of a fire irrevocably burnt down. Before the end of February quiet reigned afresh, never more to be broken, save for a week or two

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in May, by the bootless efforts of a few desperadoes to breathe new life into a stiffening corpse. Weary of a game for which they had paid so dearly, most of the late insurgents were glad once more to earn their daily rice by hard work on the new railway, on the roads, in factories, in any field of labour open to men cut off by their own folly from the means and the prospects of former years. But the worst of their punishment was yet to come, for the lands they had left untilled during the outbreak withheld their wonted harvests, and thousands of starving wretches died this year in the jungle, or scarce kept body and soul together on the pitiful outcome of their day's toil.

Disturbances in other parts of India.

Meanwhile in Calicut, Boláram, and Goomsoor, all within the Madras border, slighter outbreaks had ruffled the peace of 1855. On the evening of the 11th of September Mr. Conolly, for fourteen years a magistrate of repute among the wild tribes of Malabar, fell hacked almost to pieces by a party of Moplahs, in his own verandah, in the presence or within the hearing of his helpless screaming wife. Ten days later, at Boláram, a noisy train of Mahomedan merry-makers were keeping the Moharram, and breaking the published orders of the division brigadier by passing boldly along the European lines. In vain did Brigadier Mackenzie strive by messages to turn them back. The singers sang the louder, the horns brayed the more defiantly. At length, as they were passing his own bungalow, he rushed

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outside the gate, took away their flags and a sword uplifted against him, and sternly bade them begone. For the moment his boldness seemed to quell their impudence, and the train, including some of his own troopers, slunk away. But the Mussulman's fiery fanaticism blazed the fiercer for the passing check. In less than half an hour a howling mob, led by some troopers of the 3rd Nizam's cavalry, broke into the brigadier's compound, left him for dead with a dozen sword-cuts, wounded an officer of the 3rd cavalry, fired into the house among the frightened ladies, and finished by assaulting several ladies and gentlemen who chanced to cross their mad path. Happily for their chief victim, he recovered slowly from wounds which the Governor-General chose to ascribe to Mackenzie's own rashness, rather than the revengful savagery of men who made fanaticism a cloak for mutiny of the worst kind. For the cruel outrage which drove a worthy old officer from his post to England, a battered wreck, the ringleaders were mildly punished by the civil law. As for the open mutiny of nearly a whole regiment on the night of that outrage, for the fierce defiance shown by the men to their English officers, for the wanton violence with which they fell on many a harmless passenger, man or woman, for all this the Governor-General exacted no heavier atonement than the dismissal of all the native officers, save those few who had either been absent from the scene of riot, or who had

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really striven for the maintenance of discipline or the protection of their officers from open insult.

The Goomsoor outbreak dating from the end of 1854, and suppressed in the following spring by the prompt ability of Lieutenant Macdonald, the political agent in Ganjam, seems to have owed its birth to the renewed plottings of the restless rebel Chokro Bissoi. The timely despatch of troops to the seat of disturbance and the ready help given to his neighbours by the commissioner of Cuttack, enabled the Madras authorities to arrest, erelong to quell a local inflammation which might else have spread over a large part of Khondistan. Again however in the following year were the same tactics called into play for the treatment of a like disorder in another part of the same country. A hill-chief, arrested on a charge of vulgar robbery, got away from his warders and hatched an outbreak among his clansmen in the Kimedy hills. From these the flame of revolt was beginning to spread among their savage neighbours, when the news of what was doing by the Madras government to crush the evil in its birth, frightened the intending rebels into sudden peacefulness. After a brush or two with the troops, most of the insurgents yielded up their arms or broke off to their several villages. Their helpless leader was speedily taken prisoner, and before the end of May Kimedy had become as quiet as Bhágalpore.

Annexation of Oudh, in obedience to orders

Before this time an event had happened, fraught, as the very next year would show, with issues

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from the home government.

fearfully dangerous to the peace, the well-being, the very life of our Indian empire. On the 7th of February 1856 the Governor-General, in obedience to the commands of Leadenhall Street, issued a proclamation declaring that "the government of the territories of Oudh is henceforth vested exclusively and for ever in the Honourable East-India Company." Such was the burden of a state-paper in which Lord Dalhousie, with graphic brevity and judicial sternness, set forth the reasons which had led the Court of Directors to crown the long-suffering of fifty years by a measure fatal to the continuance of a dynasty which, however erring towards its own subjects, "had ever been faithful and true to its friendship with the English nation." In few but telling sentences his lordship surveyed the course of events in Oudh since the treaty of 1801, the steady adherence of the Company to all their obligations, the patience with which they had borne the persistent breach by successive rulers of every solemn pledge for the better government of their dominions, the steady rejection by those rulers of the counsels, censures, warnings, remonstrances, threats, held out to them through more than fifty years by each successive Resident and by several viceroys. In a few more lines he dashed off a powerful picture of the misrule in Oudh, a king wholly withdrawn from public affairs, worthless underlings everywhere doing wrong or doing nothing, collectors of revenue grinding the

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people down at their pleasure by unjust demands, royal troops plundering the villages in return for the frequent withholding of their lawful pay, gangs of freebooters harrying every district, law and justice everywhere unknown, life and property nowhere safe from armed violence and daily bloodshedding. For all these reasons, after fifty years of a sway so hopeless, after repeated failures at shaming Wajid Ali into worthier courses, or winning him to acquiesce in his own deposition, his lordship in the name of the Company bade that dissolute monarch yield up his forfeit crown to a power entitled by treaty and bound in honour to rescue his suffering people from further tyranny and neglect.

Views of Sir W. Sleeman regarding Oudh.

For this, the last great measure of his glorious reign, Lord Dalhousie was hardly more answerable than Sir William Sleeman the late Resident, who lay at that moment dying on board the ship that was carrying him too late towards his fatherland. This able statesman, whose successful warfare against thuggee had been capped by services less showy but not less palpable in the political business of Bundelkund, Gwalior, and Oudh, had, even from the first year of his sojourn in the last-named country, been driven to raise his voice in behalf of British interference with the dreadful, the hopeless anarchy that everywhere met his gaze. Ever since 1849 he had been urging the Indian government to waste no further time in fulfilling the threat on which the young Wajid Ali

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had been left to ponder two years earlier, after his final meeting with Lord Hardinge. But like some other statesmen of his day, like General Low, for example, and Sir Henry Lawrence, he asked for an intervention which fell far short of annexation: English functionaries were to rule the land in the name, for the sole behoof of its king and people; the Company was to do in Oudh what it had sometimes done elsewhere,—take over for a set term of years the management of a kingdom plunged into wild disorder, of a treasury which all the arts of native financiers had failed to rescue from ever-impending bankruptcy.

Advice of Lord Dalhousie.

Not unlike these were the counsels of the Governor-General; with this main difference, that the surplus revenues of the country so administered should be left to the disposal of the Indian government. He was neither for annexing the territory, nor for abolishing the throne: all his utterances aimed only at turning the East-India Company into political trustees for the king of Oudh. The balance of the revenue, if any, might be payable into the British treasury; but he never claimed to hold it expressly for British use. But the home government in all its branches would have nothing short of wholesale annexation, and Lord Dalhousie obeyed an imperative order in proclaiming that Wajid Ali had ceased to reign. Before publishing the fatal decree, Colonel Outram had been sore pressed by the prayers, the remonstrances, the passionate pleadings of the aged

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queen-mother, speaking on behalf of her weak-minded son. But the days of grace were already past, and Outram's orders were only too clear. On the 4th of February 1856 he presented himself at the royal palace with a letter from the Governor-General, announcing the doom of Oudh and its worthless ruler. Besides the letter he bore the draft of a treaty which the ousted king was to be asked to sign.

Grief of the dethroned king.

The poor wretch bowed as a thing of course to the award that robbed him of a throne he had steadily disgraced. But all Outram's courteous pleading could not win him to sign a treaty which he held to be a fit matter for equals only. The British government was all-powerful, and might do with him whatever it pleased; but he, for his part, would ask for nothing, would take no favour at its hands. His rank, his honour, his kingdom, all was gone from him; but the treaty that was to make him a pensioner on British charity he would by no means sign. Thus speaking, amidst a burst of tears and sobs too thoroughly Eastern to be rashly called womanish, he took his turban from off his head and placed it in Outram's hands, in token of utter helplessness, of a self-surrender as pitiable to witness as to all seeming it was complete. One thing only, his prayer for leave to carry his sorrows before the Queen of England, hinted at a heart not wholly in keeping with his outward manner. Beneath the grovelling self-abasement there lurked a something which might

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be wounded pride, or natural resentment of wrong done, but which, in connection with after-events, might also be taken for the faint undertone of a feeling as natural, if less touching, a fierce thirst for vengeance on the wrong-doer.

State of public feeling on the matter.

In India, and still more in England, the news of the annexation of a country proverbially misgoverned for the last fifty years aroused a general murmur of unquestioning applause. Few readers cared to discuss the rights and wrongs of a measure which added to our Indian empire another rich domain peopled by five millions of docile natives, and certain under proper government to yield untold returns to the British-Indian treasury. For the sorrows of a discrowned debauchee no one but his hired pleaders seemed to care. No one denied that the power which, under given conditions, had made his grandfather a real king, was free, if it chose, to deprive the grandson of a crown forfeited again and again by the faithlessness, wilful or undesigned, of each successive wearer. If the late king continued to refuse the handsome pension of a hundred and twenty thousand a year offered him by Lord Dalhousie, that was no reason for regretting the act of justice, of prudence, of mere humanity, which rescued a suffering people from a most unbearable yoke. Under its new government Oudh would speedily be raised from a crying nuisance into a priceless treasure. With Outram for its chief commissioner, aided by a choice staff of subalterns,

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civil and military, what was to hinder the new British province from entering at once on the same path of hopeful amendment in which the land of the Five Rivers had already made so much way? In parliament indeed there was some slight talk about the treaty of 1837, drawn out by Lord Auckland, but never ratified by the Court of Directors; and one or two speakers in the Commons, in the Court of Proprietors, declaimed against cruelty towards a king whose forefathers had often helped the Indian government with large and timely loans, and whose people on the whole were not worse governed than their neighbours under British rule. But the murmurs of the few were drowned in the general hubbub of assent to an issue which, were it never so hasty or impolitic, could not in fairness be called unrighteous.

Retirement of the Marquis of Dalhousie. His character and services considered.

In less than a month after the final annexation Lord Dalhousie yielded up the reins of government to his successor, Lord Canning. Since the days of the great Lord Wellesley, no Governor-General had won so high, so lasting a place in the annals of British India as the high-bred Scotch nobleman who, after eight years of steady toil, marked indeed by a long array of brilliant successes in the cabinet, in the field, in every sphere of public usefulness, left Calcutta on the 6th of March 1856, broken down in body, maimed in his dearest affections by the death of his sonless wife, but upheld in spirit by the consciousness of great

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things done, of great ends already achieved at an age when, in England, most public men have their honours all to win. Not even Wellesley had brought under the British yoke so large, so populous a cluster of new provinces as the viceroy during whose long reign the Punjab, Pegu, Oudh, and various smaller realms had passed out of the hands of their native rulers. But Wellesley himself could not have pointed to a list of public services half so splendid or so many as those briefly recounted by Dalhousie in the masterly minute which summed up and vindicated his Indian career. That he left the Punjab peaceful, prosperous, well governed, Pegu fairly started on the like course, Oudh quietly accepting her change of masters, the Indian treasury overflowing with cash-balances, all parts of India thriving under the new impulses given with a wise profusion to the industry, the trade, the moral and social advancement of the several races subject to the viceregal sway,—for these many undoubted blessings the chief share of our praise must be awarded to the viceroy himself, the one quickening spirit of a government always able, but commonly slow-moving and shy of wandering off the old beaten paths.

It was Lord Dalhousie's forward statesmanship that enabled Sir W. O'Shaughnessy to cover India with telegraph-wires, in time to break the worst force of the blow that fell upon her in that year of sharp suffering, 1857. To him too was it owing

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that before he left Calcutta, the Great Northern railway was carrying its thousands daily between Howrah and Ránigunge; that the Ganges canal had already begun to fertilize a long belt of plain stretching from Hurdwar down to Etawah and Cawnpore; that great public works of every kind were pushed on at one same moment in the Punjab and Pegu, in the North-west Provinces and on both sides of southern India. Bengal nearly freed from the old plague of gang-robberies, the wild tribes on the Punjab frontier reduced to virtual order, all India blessed with a cheap postage, all special customs-duties wholly done away, some of the general taxes lightened or revised, trial by jury established throughout India, the rights of inheritance secured to native Christians, such are among the lesser achievements that claim to help in lighting up the memory of this great governor. Not least remarkable of those concise, exhaustive, clearly worded minutes, which attest the high literary power and varied energy of him who wrote them, was the paper in which he proved the surest way of cooling the hot air, of moistening the parched plains of Upper India, by careful planting of fit trees about cantonments, along roadsides, over all bare spaces where a leaf might possibly grow. Nearly the last of his public services was an order, bidding the heads of the different governments and great provinces send in yearly to the central government in Calcutta a full but concise report of the progress made within

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their several dominions during the past year. All matters of the least public moment, each new measure of reform in legislation, in finance, in the administering of justice, each new outlay on public works, each new effort in the domain of prison discipline, of education and civil advancement for the natives, would thus from time to time be grouped together in one general view, for the ultimate good of the whole empire, through the rivalry kept up thenceforward among its several rulers.

Remarriage of Hindoo widows.

Zealous to the last in his crusade against olden barbarisms, Lord Dalhousie left his successor to carry through its final stages a measure supported, if not first proposed by himself, for rescuing Hindoo widows from the doom which Brahminism, however weakened by the laws against suttee, was still powerful enough to enforce. In a bill decreeing the right of Hindoo widows to marry again, the Indian government struck a merciless blow at the custom, in orthodox eyes the heaven-whispered ordinance, which left poor lorn girls of twelve or thirteen to choose between the forced privacy of lifelong widowhood, and the unhonoured freedom of marriages disallowed by Vedic law. Against this measure, which followed logically in the track of former enactments, the Brahmins of the old school raised the usual cry of interference with the national creed. If Hindoo widows were made free to marry again and the children of the second marriage were placed in all respects on an

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equal footing with those of the first, there was an end to all religion, to all faith in British honour, in British forbearance: the reign of infidelity and wrongdoing was indeed begun. But Dalhousie was not to be frightened by never so fierce an outcry from carrying out his settled purpose of making the old world Brahminism reverence, even while it cursed, the might of modern civilization. It was an insult alike to the pride of a great ruler and to the moral sense of an English statesman, that the women of India should be debarred from any of the civil rights secured to their white-skinned sisters by the laws of England.

Dalhousie's choice of subalterns.

Like his great forerunner of fifty years before, Lord Dalhousie had the gift of drawing around him a band of subalterns quick to appreciate, and zealous to further the plans of a leader, whose thorough mastery of smaller details not often tempted him to encroach on the free action of those officers whom experience or ready insight had once taught him specially to trust. If two such stars as he and Sir Charles Napier could not long shine together in the same heaven, the fault will hardly be found to lie with him whose own greatness at once enhanced and caught fresh lustre from the bright achievements of a John Lawrence, a Thomason, a Montgomery, a Phayre. Like Napoleon surrounded by his marshals, did the greatest of Indian viceroys seem to stand forth, the fitting centre of a group of heroes only less distinguished than himself. Under his leading

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there had grown up a school of statesmen, whose services in the fiery trial of the year following his departure redounded hardly more to their own glory, than to that of the master who then lay slowly dying in his northern home, his past career already denounced by the uninformed many as a splendid failure leading up to its natural issue, a widespread, a nearly successful revolt.

His Indian policy approved of in India.

Of those who were afterwards to join in casting down their former idol, few indeed were found among the helpmates or the near witnesses of his Indian career. The hold he had once gained by the twofold spell of his genius and his personal bearing on the hearts of all who worked under him, was not to be weakened by the rash charges of those home-bred critics who believed, and taught their countrymen to believe, that the late viceroy's policy of state absorption had brought about the Indian mutinies. They remembered that if he had annexed some, he had refrained from annexing other states, that lay at least as temptingly at the mercy of a hungering Ahab. They knew that, even in annexing Oudh by order of the home government, he had strongly insisted on the need of largely reinforcing the British troops in India. If, imbued with the growing temper of his time, he sometimes overrode or misreckoned the strength of native feeling, it was no fault of his, they felt sure, that the ship he had steered so long with unchanging fortune was afterwards all but lost through the blind economy

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CHAP. IV. A.D. 1856. that kept down the numbers of her English crew. If Dalhousie's advice had been followed, if the prayer of the East-India House for leave to raise more English troops had been granted by Downing Street, the revolt of 1857, if it had broken out at all, would never in all likelihood have reached so fearful a height.

Against the reproaches afterwards levelled at him by his countrymen at home, may be set the many tokens of public gratitude, admiration, reverence, even love, which glorified the last moments of the great viceroy's rule. At the capitals of the three great presidencies the meetings held in his honour were unusually thronged, and the speeches at Calcutta bore special witness to the breadth and depth of that regard which his varied services had bred in all classes of a very mixed community. Among the farewell addresses that reached him from all parts of India, not the least flattering was one presented by the Indigo Planters' Association, a body of men by no means given to praise a Governor-General without good cause. Not a journalist in India but added his own offering to the common heap. Hardly an officer, civil or military, but spoke with regretful pride of the ruler whose past career seemed to attest his fitness for the highest offices, if any higher could be found, in the government of his own country. Among intelligent natives of all races the name of the great Lord Sahib stood high above most former viceroys. Nor was

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Leadenhall Street backward in honouring the successful ruler, whose zeal for the well-being of a vast dependency had wrought no harm to the worldly interests of his nominal employers. The grant of a pension of five thousand pounds a year, awarded by the Court of Directors and confirmed by a telling majority of the proprietors in special meeting assembled, was announced in a resolution whose very length, unavoidable for all its studied brevity of phrase, attested his lordship's right to whatever bounty a grateful, a well-doing Company could bestow on one of the ablest servants whose health had ever been ruined in its behalf.

Too soon for his country, not too soon for his own fame, James Andrew Ramsay's public life closed with his departure from the East. All too prophetic were the words in which he assured the people of Calcutta that he had played out his part, and could be well content if the curtain should drop now upon his public course. Out of the retirement for which alone he was just then fit, he never passed save into the deeper retirement of the grave. On the 19th of December 1860, the great Marquis of Dalhousie had ceased to breathe.

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APPENDIX TO VOL. I.

ONE of the ablest, most instructive of all Indian state-papers is the farewell-minute in which Lord Dalhousie surveys and sums up the work done by his government during the eight years of his rule. This close, comprehensive statement, in which "no attempt has been made to embellish the narrative," extends to more than forty pages of bluebook size, In itself almost a complete history, it is far too long to grace an appendix. But some few passages will bear quoting as samples either of what he did and planned, or of his excellence as a literary workman. In the nervous clearness of his diction, free alike from baldness and bombast, Lord Dalhousie had no equal among former viceroys, few if any among Indian statesmen, with whom the writing of minutes had grown to be a needful accomplishment.

Passing over his retrospect of India's wars, conquests, and foreign relations, let us start with Paragraph 10, on "The Internal Condition of India": —

Internal condition of India.

10. As regards the internal tranquillity of the empire, I have already observed that no man can presume to warrant its continuance, with certainty, for a day. In territories and among a population so vast, occasional disturbance must needs prevail. Raids and forays are and will still be, reported from the western frontier. From time to time marauding expeditions will descend into the plains, and again expeditions to punish the marauders will penetrate the hills. Nor can it be expected but that, among races so various and multitudes so innumerable, local outbreaks will from time to time occur, as little looked for as that of the Sonthal tribe in the Damun-i-koh.

But the rising of the Sonthal tribe has been repressed; and measures of precaution have been taken, such as may be expected to prevent all risk of its recurrence.

With respect to the frontier raids, they are and must for the present be viewed as events inseparable from the state of society which for centuries past has existed among the mountain tribes. They are no more to

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be regarded as interruptions of the general peace in India, than the street brawls which appear among the every-day proceedings of a police-court in London are regarded as indications of the existence of civil war in England.

General revenue of India.

20. Stated in general terms, the revenue of India has increased from £26,000,000 in 1847-48, to £30,000,000 in 1854-55; and the income of the present year, exclusive of Oude, has been estimated at the same amount of £30,000,000 sterling.

Without entering into any close detail, it may be stated that the main sources of revenue are not less productive than before; while the revenue derived from opium has increased from £2,730,000 in 1847-48, to £4,700,000 in 1854-55, and is estimated at upwards of £5,000,000 for the present year.

Trade of India.

21. The increase which has gradually and rapidly taken place in the external trade of India may be fairly estimated by the shipping returns of its principal port, Calcutta.

In 1847-48 there arrived in the Hooghly 625 vessels (exclusive of native craft), amounting to 274,000 tons. In 1854-55 the number of vessels had increased to 866, and the tonnage to 481,000 tons; while in the first ten months of the present year there have already arrived 1,010 vessels of 556,000 tons. Thus, in these eight years, the tonnage which sought the port of Calcutta has more than doubled in amount.

Surplus and deficiency of general revenue.

23. During the years 1847-48 and 1848-49 the annual deficiency which had long existed still continued to appear in the accounts. But in each of the four following years the deficiency was converted into a surplus, varying from £360,000 to nearly £580,000.

During the years 1853-54 and 1854-55 there has again been a heavy deficiency, and the deficiency of the present year is estimated at not less than £1,850,000.

But these apparent deficiencies are caused by the enormous expenditure which the Government is now annually making upon public works, designed for the general improvement of the several provinces of the Indian empire.

Wherefore a large annual deficiency must and will continue to appear, unless the Government shall unhappily change its present policy, and abandon the duty which I humbly conceive it owes to the territories intrusted to its charge. The ordinary revenues of the Indian empire are amply sufficient, and more than sufficient, to meet all its ordinary charges; but they are not sufficient to provide for the innumerable and gigantic works which are necessary to its due improvement. It is impracticable to effect, and absurd to attempt, the material improvement of a great empire by an expenditure which shall not exceed the limits of its ordinary annual income.

King of Delhie.

41. Seven years ago the heir-apparent to the King of Delhie died. He was the last of the race who had been born in the purple. The Court of

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Directors was accordingly advised to decline to recognise any other heir-apparent, and to permit the kingly title to fall into abeyance upon the death of the present king, who even then was a very aged man. The Honourable Court accordingly conveyed to the Government of India authority to terminate the dynasty of Timour, whenever the reigning king should die. But as it was found that, although the Honourable Court had consented to the measure, it had given its consent with great reluctance, I abstained from making use of the authority which had been given to me. The grandson of the king was recognised as heir-apparent; but only on condition that he should quit the palace in Delhie, in order to reside in the palace at the Kootub; and that he should, as king, receive the Governor-General of India at all times on terms of perfect equality.

Maharajah Duleep Sing and Princess of Coorg.

46. There are two incidents connected with the families of native princes which remarkably signalize the period we are now reviewing, though they may not be regarded as of political moment.

47. The first is the adoption of the Christian faith by Maharajah Duleep Sing, the last of the rulers of the Punjab. The act was voluntary on the part of the boy, and, under the guidance of God's hand, was the result of his own uninfluenced convictions. It is gratifying to be able to add that his life has hitherto been strictly consistent with the injunctions of the faith he professes.

48. The other incident is of a similar nature. I refer to the Christian baptism of the daughter of the ex-Rajah of Coorg, under the special protection of Her Majesty the Queen.

The desire for the baptism of the young princess proceeded from the Rajah himself, and was intimated to me so early as in 1848.

Prison discipline.

67. Two great subjects, which command the deepest interest and attention in England, have received, during these years in India, a large measure of consideration and practical development,—I mean prison discipline and education.

It was in the North-west Provinces, under the administration of Mr. Thomason, that the first effectual effort was made for the improvement of prisons and prison discipline.

The appointment of an inspector of prisons within that jurisdiction was found to be so beneficial in all respects, that a similar office was created in Bengal. The governments of Madras and Bombay have since been authorized to establish the office within their respective Presidencies. It has long since been found necessary to employ an officer in that capacity for the non-regulation province of the Punjab; and the advantage which would have been derived from possessing the control of such an officer there from its first annexation having been made apparent, the government has profited by experience, and has included an inspector of prisons among the necessary administrative officers of the province of Oude.

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In connection with this subject, it may be added that the punishment of transportation to the colonies having been abolished in respect of all civil European prisoners, measures have been taken for preparing a general prison for persons of that class convicted in India.

Education.

68. Until of late years the progress of education in India, under the auspices of the several local governments, must be admitted to have been languid and inconsiderable.

It received its first great impulse, as a general system, from the hand of the late Mr. Thomason, who obtained permission to establish a government school in every tehsildaree within eight districts in Hindoostan. The measure was declaredly experimental; but it was attended with such signal success, that in 1853 the government of India very earnestly recommended that the system of vernacular education, which had proved so effectual, should be extended to the whole of the North-western Provinces. Not only was this large measure recommended for immediate adoption, but similar measures were advised for the lower provinces of Bengal, and for the Punjab; with such modifications as their various circumstances might be found to require.

The Supreme Government did not fail to give its attention to the subject of vernacular education in Bombay and Madras, in the former of which some progress has been made.

About the same period the Hindoo college and the Madrissa in Calcutta were revised and improved. In connection with them, the Honourable Court was requested to sanction the establishment of a Presidency college at Calcutta, which should be open to all classes of the community, and which should furnish a higher scale of education, especially of English education, to the youth of Bengal, than was supplied by any existing institutions.

The establishment of the college has since been sanctioned.

While the proposals for that institution, and for the extension of vernacular education, were still before the home authorities, the Honourable Court addressed to the government of India their great education despatch, dated 19th July 1854. It contained a scheme of education for all India, far wider and more comprehensive than the local or the Supreme Governments could ever have ventured to suggest. It left nothing to be desired, if, indeed, it did not authorize and direct that more should be done than is within our present grasp.

Vernacular schools throughout the districts, government colleges of a higher grade, and a university in each of the three Presidencies of India, were the main features of this great plan.

The bestowal of grants-in-aid on all educational institutions was also sanctioned, subject to certain rules, and on the condition of government inspection being at all times and fully admitted.

Immediate steps were taken in India for giving effect to the orders of the Honourable Court.

A distinct department for the superintendence of education was constituted. A director-general of public instruction has been appointed by

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each governor and lieutenant-governor, and in the Punjab; and suitable aid by inspectors and others has been allotted to each of them.

Provisional rules for regulating grants in aid have been sanctioned, for the guidance of the several local governments.

Lastly, a committee has been appointed for the purpose of framing a scheme for the establishment of universities at the Presidency towns of Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay. It is still engaged on its difficult task.

Great measures of material improvement.

70. While it is gratifying to me to be thus able to state that the moral and social questions which are engaging attention in Europe have not been neglected in India during the last eight years, it is doubly gratifying to record that those years have also witnessed the first introduction into the Indian empire of three great engines of social improvement, which the sagacity and science of recent times had previously given to the Western nations,—I mean railways, uniform postage, and the electric telegraph.

I propose to advert to each of them briefly, in their order.

Railways.

71. The subject of railway-communication in India was first laid before the Supreme Government by Mr. Rowland Stephenson in 1843.

In 1849, the Honourable Company engaged in a contract with the East-Indian Railway Company, for the construction of an experimental line, at a cost not exceeding one million sterling. The line was to be selected with a view to its forming a portion of a future trunk line to the North-west Provinces.

On that ground the section from Howrah towards Rajmahal was chosen, with a branch to the coal-field at Raneegunge.

In the cold weather of 1851, a line was surveyed between Burdwan and Rajmahal. In the following season that survey was continued to Allahabad.

In the spring of 1853, the Government of India submitted to the Court of Directors its views upon the general question of railways for the Indian empire. The Honourable Court was respectfully advised to encourage the formation of railways in India to the utmost. It was urged not to hesitate to engage in the enterprise upon a scale commensurate to the vast extent of the territories which had been placed under its government, and to the great political and commercial interests which were involved.

It was specifically recommended that, in the first instance, a system of trunk lines should be formed, connecting the interior of each Presidency with its principal port, and connecting the several Presidencies with each other.

The trunk lines which were proposed, and of which the general direction could alone be given, were,—

1st. A line from Calcutta to Lahore.

2nd. A line from Agra, or some point in Hindoostan, to Bombay; or, alternatively, a line from Bombay by the Nerbudda valley, to meet at some point the line from Calcutta to Lahore.

3rd. A line uniting Bombay and Madras.

4th. A line from Madras to the Malabar coast.

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The Honourable Court was pleased to give its approval to the general plan which the Supreme Government had sketched.

Some progress has already been made in the construction of most of these lines; and measures have been taken for the construction of them all in due course of time.

In the Bengal Presidency the line from Calcutta to Raneegunge, a distance of 120 miles, was opened on 3rd February 1855.

The Court of Directors has sanctioned the construction of a line from Burdwan to Delhie, on a capital of £10,000,000 sterling.

The direction of the line from Burdwan to Allahabad having been previously approved, that from Allahabad to Cawnpore was sanctioned in June 1854; from Cawnpore to near Agra in December 1854; and thence *viá* Agra and Muttra to Delhie in November 1855.

Surveys of two alternative lines from Delhie or Agra to Lahore were executed in 1854-55. Additional surveys have been authorized from Mirzapore to Jubbulpore, and from Cawnpore to Bhilsa.

It has been stated above that the trunk line from Calcutta to Burdwan, with a branch to Raneegunge, has already been opened.

It is expected that the section of this trunk line which lies between Mirzapore and Agra (except the bridge over the Jumna at Allahabad) will be completed by the end of 1857; and arrangements are in progress for opening this portion of the line separately.

It is further expected that the section between Burdwan and Rajmahal will be completed in 1858, and the remainder probably not till 1859.

In the Bombay Presidency the Honourable East-India Company has recognised and made engagements with two railway companies for executing the several lines proposed—the first, the Great India Peninsula Railway Company; the second, the Bombay, Baroda, and Central India Railway Company.

In 1849 a contract was entered into with the former, for constructing an experimental line from Bombay towards the Ghats.

The first section of the Bombay line, which was the first line of railway employed for public traffic in India, was opened on the 16th of April 1853.

A length of fifty-one miles on this line, from Bombay to Wasindra, has been open since October 1855.

After much discussion, and many surveys, in regard to the competing lines for the traffic between Candeish and Bombay (the one proposed by the Great India Peninsula Railway Company, direct, by the Thull Ghat in the Syhadree Range; the other proposed by the Bombay, Baroda, and Central India Railway Company, circuitous, by way of the Taptee Valley), the Government of India was enabled to form a well-founded conclusion in the autumn of 1855. The Supreme Government recommended that the line from Bombay to Candeish by way of the Thull Ghat should be sanctioned by the Honourable Court as a highly-important local line.

At the end of the year, the Supreme Government recommended further, that an extension of this line from Candeish to Nagpore should receive the sanction of the Honourable Court.

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Thus, direct and easy and cheap conveyance will be afforded to the magnificent port of Bombay, not only for the produce of the rich province of Candeish, but for all the raw cotton of the famous districts of Berar and Nagpore, to whose value allusion has already been made in a previous paragraph of this Minute.

Surveys have also been executed for this company from Candeish to the iron and coal districts on the Nerbudda, and as far as Jubbulpore, where they will meet the survey, already mentioned, from Mirzapore.

In December 1854, the Supreme Government recommended to the Honourable Court to give its sanction to the line from Bombay by the Bhore Ghat to Poona, as the first section of the trunk line from Bombay to Madras.

In the autumn of 1855, the Honourable Court was advised to sanction the prolongation of this line from Poona as far as the river Kristna, where it is intended to meet the trunk line from Madras.

In November 1854, the Government of India resolved to recommend to the Court of Directors to give its sanction to the line which had been surveyed by the Bombay, Baroda, and Central India Railway Company, from Bombay to Baroda and Ahmedabad, and which was intended to form the first section of a trunk line from the western coast of India to Hindoostan.

The Honourable Court was pleased to approve of the section from Surat to Ahmedabad; but it withheld for the time its sanction to the section between Surat and Bombay.

The line of junction which should be selected between the Presidency of Bombay and Hindoostan has been found beset with difficulties. But in the very last hours of my administration, I have had the satisfaction of receiving plans and sections which appear to show that a very practicable and eligible line may be found from Baroda over the Ghats to Indore, and thence by Bhilsa and Gwalior to Agra. I trust that this line, forming an excellent junction between Bombay and Hindoostan, and giving easy access to the rich products and important trade of Central India, may ultimately be adopted.

In the Madras Presidency, all the railway engagements of the Honourable East-India Company have been formed with the Madras Railway Company.

A line from Madras through Variembaddy, Salem and Coimbatore to Poonany, on the Malabar coast, was sanctioned by the Honourable Court.

No portion of this line had been opened as yet for public traffic. But I had the satisfaction of travelling upon it for about fifty miles in November last, and I saw every reason to approve of the execution of the line, and of the vigour with which the works were being carried on.

Sanction has also been given by the Honourable Court to a branch line from Variembaddy to Bangalore.

Two plans have been proposed for the trunk line which is to unite the Presidencies of Madras and Bombay.

The one line would proceed by Cuddapah and Bellary to the river Kristna. The other would form a continuation of the line first men-

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tioned, and would be carried from Bangalore to Bellary, and thence to the river Kristna.

The Supreme Government has given the preference to the trunk line by way of Cuddapah, and has referred the question for the final decision of the Honourable Court.

It seems to me that the Honourable Court have every reason to be satisfied with the progress that has been made in the construction of Indian railways since 1849, and with the prospect of future return.

Post-office. 72. The inferiority of the postal system in India, and the unsatisfactory manner in which the post-office department had been found to work in every Presidency, induced the Supreme Government, in the year 1850, to appoint a commission, consisting of one member from each Presidency, to examine into the post-office system, and to report on some scheme for its improvement.

The report prepared by the commission was submitted for the consideration of the Honourable Court of Directors. It resulted ultimately in the adoption of the following principal changes and improvements in the Indian postal system:—

1st. The institution of the post-office throughout India as a distinct department, superintended by the "Director-General," under the immediate control of the Government of India.

2nd. The establishment of an uniform single rate of postage, of half an anna (¾d.) for letters, and of an anna (1½d.) for newspapers, irrespective of distance.

3rd. The substitution of postage-stamps for cash payments.

4th. The restriction of the privilege of official franking to as few officers as possible.

Very recently Her Majesty's Government have consented to the adoption of an uniform rate of postage, payable in one sum, on letters between England and India. The rate has been fixed at 6d. per half-ounce.

As yet, it is too soon to form any correct estimate of the actual effect of these changes upon the amount of general correspondence, and upon the public revenue. So far as we may venture to form a conjecture, the increase in correspondence has already been at the rate of 25 per cent., while the loss of revenue has been less considerable than was expected.

On the other hand, it would be difficult to form any conception at all of the real magnitude of these changes, and of their social effects, unless by illustration and contrast. Two simple facts may, perhaps, enable a bystander to estimate in some degree the extent of our postal reform, and its value.

In England, a single letter is conveyed to any part of the British Isles for 1d.; in India, a single letter is conveyed over distances immeasurably greater—from Peshawur on the borders of Afghanistan, to the southernmost village of Cape Comorin, or from Debrooghur in Upper Assam, to Kurrachee at the mouth of the Indus—for no more than ¾d. The postage chargeable on the same letter three years ago in India would not have been less than 1s., or 16 times the present charge.

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Again, since uniform rates of postage between England and India have been established, the Scotch recruit who joins his regiment on our furthest frontier at Peshawur may write to his mother at John o'Groat's House, and may send his letter to her free for 6d. Three years ago the same sum would not have carried his letter beyond Lahore.

It has rarely happened that a departmental revolution so complete, having consequences so wide-spread and so generally beneficial, could be recorded in so few lines as have now sufficed to exhibit the reform of our Indian post-office, and its excellent results.

73. It was in the beginning of April 1852, that the report of Dr. W. O'Shaughnessy, on the full completion and the successful working of the experimental line of electric telegraph, which had previously been authorized by the Honourable Court, was laid before the Government of Bengal. On the 14th of that month the Governor of Bengal strongly urged the Governor-General in Council to obtain the sanction of the Honourable Court to the immediate construction of lines of electric telegraph from Calcutta to Agra, to Bombay, to Peshawur, and to Madras. He also advised that Dr. O'Shaughnessy should be forthwith sent to England for the furtherance of the measure. On the 23rd of the same month the Governor-General in Council recommended these measures to the Court of Directors, and Dr. O'Shaughnessy proceeded to England. Electric telegraph.

The Honourable Court entered into the proposal with the utmost cordiality and promptitude, and on the 23rd of June it signified its assent to the whole proposal of the Government of India. During the rest of that year, and through the greater part of the next year, Dr. O'Shaughnessy was employed in procuring and despatching from England the immense mass of materials which was required for the vast work which had been projected.

In November 1853, the construction of the telegraph line from Calcutta to Agra was commenced. On the 24th of March 1854, a message was sent over the line from Agra to Calcutta, a distance of 800 miles, which had been completed in less than five months.

The vigour which was thus apparent at the commencement of the work was fully maintained throughout all its subsequent progress. On the 1st of February 1855, 15 months after the commencement of the work, the superintendent was able to notify the opening of all the lines from Calcutta to Agra, and thence to Attock on the Indus, and again from Agra to Bombay, and thence to Madras. These lines included 41 offices, and were extended over 3,050 miles of space.

Nor is this all. Since the commencement of the past year, the line of electric telegraph has been completed to Peshawur; it has been extended from Bangalore to Ootacamund, and is nearly finished from Rangoon to Meeaday upon the Burmese frontier.

To sum up in a single sentence. The superintendent has stated in his last report, that 4,000 miles of electric telegraph have been laid down and placed in working order since the month of November 1853.

The difficulties which have been encountered in the construction of the

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Indian telegraph lines were such as have no existence in the civilized and cultivated countries of Europe.

Throughout Central India, for instance, Dr. O'Shaughnessy states—"The country crossed opposes enormous difficulties to the maintenance of any line. There is no metalled road; there are few bridges; the jungles also in many places are deadly for at least half the year; there is no police for the protection of the lines. From the loose black cotton soil of Malwa to the rocky wastes of Gwalior, and the precipices of the Sindwa Ghats, every variety of obstacles has to be encountered."

On the lines that have been mentioned, about 70 principal rivers have been crossed, some by cables, others by wires extended between masts.

Some of these river-crossings have been of great extent. The cable across the Soane measures 15,840 feet; and the crossing of the Toonbuddra river is stated to be not less than two miles in length.

The cost of constructing the electric telegraph in India cannot yet be accurately calculated. The superintendent, in his last report, has stated it as his belief that the "total cost of everything, construction of 4,000 miles as they at present stand, working of all the offices for two years, spare stores in hand, instruments, houses, &c.," will not exceed 21 lakhs of rupees, or little more than Rs. 500 a mile.

It is to be observed, that the construction of the line, though rapid, is for the most part already substantial. The superintendent states that the line, "for three-fourths of the distance from Madras to Calcutta, is superior in solidity to any ever erected elsewhere." On some portions of its length it stands without a rival in the world. For instance, in the Madras Presidency, the line for 174 miles is borne on stone masonry pillars capped with granite, while for 332 miles it is sustained "on superb granite, 16 feet high above the ground, in single slabs."

It is satisfactory to be able to add, that the superintendent has officially stated that the tariff of charges on the Indian lines "is now as cheap as that in use in any other country, having lines of such length as permit a fair comparison with ours."

Thus it is stated, that in England a message of 20 words sent 400 miles would be charged 5s. The charge in India for 24 words to Benares, 420 miles, is 3s.

Again, in the lines on the continent of Europe, a message of 24 words, sent from London to Trieste, would cost 22s. A similar message of 24 words, sent from Calcutta to Bombay (about the same distance, 1,600 miles, as from London to Trieste), would be 12s.

For a comparison of the charges for greater distances than these, we must look to the United States of America.

The superintendent states, that a message of 16 words sent from New York to New Orleans, 2,000 miles, would cost 13s. 6d. A similar message of 16 words, sent from Calcutta to Bangalore, which is more than 2,000 miles, costs only 10s.

Allusion has been made to the physical difficulties which obstructed the formation of the telegraph lines in India; but these were by no means the most serious difficulty with which the superintendent has

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had to contend. An entire establishment for the working of the lines was to be formed from the commencement, and the materials from which to form it were scanty, and by no means of the best description.

Hence the superintendent states, even in his last report, that his "chief and almost insurmountable difficulty" has lain in the sudden and simultaneous training of some 300 persons, employed in 60 different offices. And while the superintendent affirms that the signallers generally are expert, and capable of accurate manipulation, yet, in respect of steadiness and other requisite qualities, he records that there is both room and need for great improvement.

I could myself bear testimony to the accuracy and rapidity with which the telegraph is worked, but I prefer to quote the recorded statements of the superintendent.

Referring to allegations of inaccuracy in the telegraph department, the superintendent observes, "I can further establish by facts and official records beyond dispute, that the Indian lines have already accomplished performances of rapidity in the transmission of intelligence, which equal that achieved on the American lines. We have repeatedly sent the first bulletin of overland news in 40 minutes from Bombay to Calcutta, 1,600 miles. We have delivered despatches from Calcutta to the Governor-General at Ootacamund, during the rainy season, in three hours, the distance being 200 miles greater than from London to Sebastopol. We have never failed for a whole year in delivering the mail news from England *viâ* Bombay within 12 hours.

The superintendent has been permitted by the Honourable Court to proceed a second time to England and to America, to obtain the means of improving our present system, and of extending it still further.

Several new lines are in contemplation within India itself.

The Supreme Government has further expressed its readiness to co-operate with the Government of Ceylon in extending the Indian lines from the Presidency of Madras to Point de Galle.

And as the Honourable Court has indicated its willingness to join in any practicable scheme for laying down a submarine telegraph across the Mediterranean and the Indian Seas, it may be hoped that the system of electric telegraphs in India may yet one day be united with those which envelop Europe, and which already seek to stretch across the Atlantic Ocean.

It is not the object of the Government of India to derive any surplus revenue from its telegraph establishment. If, therefore, mention is here made of the financial results of the year, it is only for the purpose of showing the important fact, that increasing resort is made to the telegraph for the transaction of private business throughout the country. The superintendent states that the "monthly cash receipts have, even in the first year, very largely exceeded the sum anticipated (namely, Rs. 10,000), and that they exhibit a steady and constant increase from month to month."

The political and the military advantages which the government of the country derives from the possession of such an engine of power are too obvious to call for notice. But two remarkable instances of its efficacy,

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which have fallen within my own immediate knowledge, will afford an illustration of its political value, which will not be without interest.

When Her Majesty's 10th hussars were ordered with all speed from Poona to the Crimea, a message requesting instructions regarding their despatch was one day received by me at Calcutta from the Government of Bombay, about nine o'clock in the morning. Instructions were forthwith sent off by the telegraph in reply; and an answer to that reply was again received at Calcutta from Bombay in the evening of the same day. A year before, the same communications for the despatch of speedy reinforcements to the seat of war, which occupied by the telegraph no more than twelve hours, could not have been made in less than 30 days.

The other instance was of a similar character.

When it was resolved to send Her Majesty's 12th lancers from Bangalore to the Crimea, instead of Her Majesty's 14th dragoons from Meerut, orders were forthwith despatched by telegraph direct to the regiment at Bangalore.

The corps was immediately got ready for service. It marched 200 miles, to Mangalore, and was there before the transports were ready to receive it.

In both cases the effect was the same, The electric telegraph enabled the authorities in India to give to Her Majesty's government, in its hour of need, two magnificent cavalry corps of not less than 1,300 sabres; and to despatch them to the Crimea with a promptitude and timely alacrity which exceeded all expectations, and which in the circumstances of the previous year would have been utterly impracticable.*

I have now given a brief history of the construction, of the working, and of the results of the electric telegraph in India.

In the Minute in which, as governor of Bengal, I first proposed the construction of a general system of telegraphs to the Governor-General in Council, it was observed, "Everything, all the world over, moves faster now-a-days than it used to do, except the transaction of Indian business."

Whoever shall peruse the paragraphs that have just been written, will be ready to admit, that, so far as the electric telegraph is concerned, the reproach of tardiness has been removed.

Furthermore, I make bold to say, that whether regard be had to promptitude of executive action, to speed and solidity of construction, to rapidity of organization, to liberality of charge, or to the early realization

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* I venture to add another and a recent instance of the political value of the electric telegraph, which has occurred since this Minute was signed.

On the 7th February, as soon as the administration of Oude was assumed by the British Government, a branch electric telegraph from Cawnpore to Lucknow was forthwith commenced. In 18 working days it was completed, including the laying of a cable, 6,000 feet in length, across the river Ganges. On the morning on which I resigned the government of India, General Outram was asked by telegraph, "Is all well in Oude?" The answer, "All is well in Oude," was received soon after noon, and greeted Lord Canning on his first arrival.—(Signed) D.

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and vast magnitude of increased political influence in the East, the achievement of the Honourable Company in the establishment of the electric telegraph in India may challenge comparison with any public enterprise which has been carried into execution in recent times, among the nations of Europe, or in America itself.

81. An Agricultural and Horticultural Society having been established in the Punjab, the Government has given to it a liberal annual contribution, and constant support and aid. Agriculture.

Different kinds of seeds have been procured from Europe for the improvement of agriculture in that province.

The growth of flax has been largely encouraged, and the cultivation of it at once extended to very considerable dimensions.

An experiment for the growth of silk having been undertaken, work men skilled in the business, mulberry plants, and every other requisite, were provided abundantly by the government.

Measures also have been taken for preserving the breed of horses, which was formerly much prized in the Punjab.

And to aid the exertions of the society for introducing a better breed of sheep into the country, Merino rams were procured by the Government, and application was made for the importation of a further supply from the Australian colonies.

An experiment has been made of the practicability of introducing a breed of sheep into Pegu. The practicability had always previously been denied; but the success which has already attended the establishlishment of large flocks in Upper Pegu gives the strongest reason to believe that the animal will speedily be naturalized in those districts, and multiply. The natives show a strong desire to possess them; they thrive perfectly, and are singularly fruitful.

The object is one of great importance; for the absence of sheep leads to a privation in respect of food, which is severely felt not only by European soldiers in the province, but also by all of every class who are employed therein.

Corresponding measures for the encouragement of agriculture have not been wanting in the elder provinces; and a large pecuniary grant was recently sanctioned by the Supreme Government, on the application of the Government of Madras, for the establishment of periodical agricultural shows within that Presidency.

87. Of all the works of public improvement which can be applied to an Indian province, works of irrigation are the happiest in their effects upon the physical condition of the people. And foremost among all the works of irrigation that the world as yet has ever seen, stands the Ganges Canal, whose main stream was for the first time opened on the 8th of April 1854. Ganges Canal.

When the opening of the canal was reported to the Honourable Court, the work was thus briefly described:

"Within eight years the main lines of the Ganges Canal, applicable to the double purpose of irrigation and navigation, have been designed, executed, and opened.

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"Extending over 525 miles in length, measuring in its greatest depth 10 feet, and in its extreme breadth 170 feet, the main irrigation line of the Ganges Canal is justly described 'as a work which stands unequalled in its class and character among the efforts of civilized nations.'—(Letter, Lieutenant-Governor, April 1854, par. 8.)

"Its length is five-fold greater than that of all the main lines of Lombardy united, and more than twice the length of the aggregate irrigation lines of Lombardy and Egypt together—the only countries in the world whose works of irrigation rise above insignificance.

"As a single work of navigation for purposes of commerce, the Ganges Canal has no competitor throughout the world. No single canal in Europe has attained to half the magnitude of this Indian work. It nearly equals the aggregate length of the four greatest canals in France. It greatly exceeds all the first-class canals of Holland put together; and it is greater, by nearly one-third, than the greatest navigation-canal in the United States of America.

"I have spoken here of the main line alone. When the branches in progress shall have been completed, the extent and influence of the work will be vastly increased throughout all its gigantic proportions.

"Wonderful and admirable in all respects as the Ganges Canal is felt to be, it has been well said, in the words which the Lieutenant-Governor has quoted, 'that there is no more striking fact in connection with it, than that such a truly gigantic undertaking should have been in its design the work of a single intellect, and in its execution the work of a third part of one man's professional life.'"

All the plans for the prosecution of the works upon the canal had been formed before the government of India was placed in my hands. But of the sum of £1,400,000 which had been expended upon the canal at the time of its opening in 1854, all, excepting £170,000, has been granted since my administration commenced. No financial pressure, no exigencies of war, were suffered to interrupt the progress of that great work. Its main lines have now been opened for nearly two years; the water has been admitted over their whole length; the works have stood the test, during the last monsoon, of some of the severest floods that have ever been known; and as yet the success has been in all respects complete.

When the branches shall be finished, the canal will extend to about 900 miles in length. It is estimated that the area which may be irrigated by its waters will not be less than 1,470,000 acres; but none can estimate, in their full extent, the blessings which its fertilizing influence will confer upon millions, whom it will place henceforth beyond the reach of those periodical calamities of season which from time to time, as in 1837, have brought upon the plains of Hindoostan the wide-spread desolation of famine and death.

I trust I shall not be thought vain-glorious if I say that the successful execution and completion of such a work as the Ganges Canal would, even if it stood alone, suffice to signalize an Indian administration.

I rejoice to know that the gracious favour of the Sovereign was promptly shown to the man whose genius designed and whose energy so

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rapidly completed this noble work, and that Sir Proby Cautley has been worthily decorated with high honours from the Crown.

151. The position of the native soldier in India has long been such as to leave hardly any circumstance of his condition in need of improvement. The European soldier.

The condition of the European soldier, on the other hand, was susceptible of great improvement, and has received it liberally. His terms of service, his food, his lodging, have all been bettered during these years; and infinitely greater care than heretofore has been bestowed upon his occupation, his recreation, and his health.

The regiments in Her Majesty's service, no longer condemned to the prolonged banishment to which they were formerly subject, are to be relieved every 12 years.

The rations of the European soldiers have been greatly improved.

Strict rules have been laid down to insure that the rations should be of proper quality; and, as a further security, a victualling sergeant has been attached to European corps.

The pernicious system under which a morning dram was served out to every soldier before his breakfast has been abolished.

The use of spirits at all by the soldier has been discouraged to the utmost.

To that end malt liquor is annually imported from England in enormous quantities by the Government, and is served out to the troops at reasonable rates. The benefits which are likely to arise from the introduction of this change cannot be estimated too highly.

In like manner, to remove from the soldier temptations to excess under which he lay before, the system, which prevails in Her Majesty's army of paying the troops daily, has been extended to the troops of the Honourable Company.

The lodging of the soldier has been greatly improved, and no nation can show better or more appropriate quarters for its troops than the Government now provides for European soldiers in the East.

No barrack in the plains is now built with less than 24 feet of height within. All are raised from the ground; and every appliance for cleanliness, ventilation, and healthiness, which experience has suggested or ingenuity can devise, is introduced into the buildings.

At Peshawur and in the hills, the height of the barracks has been adapted to the colder nature of the climate, at the wish of the military authorities themselves.

Within eight years new barracks have been built, or are being built, at Peshawur, Noushera, Rawulpindee, Seealkote, Lahore, Rangoon, and Thayetmyo.

Old barracks have been replaced, or are being replaced, by new buildings at Ferozepore, Subathoo, Kussowlee, Umballa, Agra, Cawnpore, Fort William, Moulmein, and Hyderabad in the Deccan.

In every case, as a general rule, separate barracks are built for the married men of every regiment.

Proper provision for washing and cleanliness has been made in all the

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new plans; and of late, reading-rooms have been included in the design for each barrack.

The scanty comforts of the soldier within his quarters have also been increased.

Punkhas are hung in every barrack, as in a private house.

In the colder provinces additional bed-covering is now issued, and a certain proportion of fuel is allowed.

A chest, too, is provided for every man at his bedside by the Government, and canvas bags are supplied for the conveyance of his baggage when marching, instead of the cumbrous wooden boxes which the men dragged with them from station to station when they were their own property.

Lastly, it has been ordered, that wherever means can be found, swimming-baths shall be constructed for the European soldiers at every station.

For the instruction of soldiers and their children, books and stationery and furniture for regimental schools are now supplied by the Government. Further, a Normal school for training schoolmasters (non-commissioned officers or privates) has been attached to the Lawrence Asylum.

For the recreation of the soldiers, and for encouraging them to useful occupations, soldiers' gardens have in some stations been already formed, and it is intended that a soldiers' garden should form a part of every cantonment in which European troops are quartered.

Worksheds also have been authorised in connection with every barrack; and implements and materials for different kinds of handicraft are to be provided by the Government.

For the encouragement of the class of non-commissioned officers, it has been ordered that annuities, not exceeding £20, should, as in Her Majesty's service, be granted to sergeants of the Honourable Company's armies, as rewards for distinguished or meritorious services.

More especially of late years, solicitous care has been shown for the preservation and for the restoration of the health of the European soldier.

Measures have been taken for the early despatch by steam to the Upper Provinces of all recruits who arrive from England; and the departure of the invalids of every season has been facilitated and expedited by making use of the Indus route.

Seniority no longer allowed to determine appointments to command.

155. The evils inseparable from a seniority system had long been felt in the advanced age, and consequently the frequent incapacity, of officers who succeeded in their turn to commands of divisions and brigades in the Indian army. The Government of India at length found it necessary to interfere. The Government declared, that while the claims of seniority in the appointment of officers to divisional and brigade commands should always be allowed due weight, they should be less deferred to than heretofore. The Government further declared, that in making such appointments the governing principle should not be the rejection of no man unless he were notoriously and scandalously incapable, but rather

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the selection of no man, whatever his standing, unless he was confessedly capable and efficient.

The Supreme Government has done its utmost to act up to this principle in all appointments made since the time at which it was promulgated.

164. Two other measures connected with military affairs still remain to be noticed. Military prisons.

It had long been known that the punishment of transportation was not viewed with apprehension by the European soldiers serving in India. On the contrary, it has seemed in many instances to be regarded rather as an advantage to a convict who should be sent from India. The risk of transportation, therefore, had ceased to deter men from crime.

In order to correct this great evil, the Government, at the recommendation of the military authorities, has resolved to build a general military prison, where soldiers now annually condemned to transportation, may be imprisoned for the long terms to which they may be sentenced.

It is hoped that this measure will check the grave and growing evil which has already been noticed.

END OF VOLUME I.

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